THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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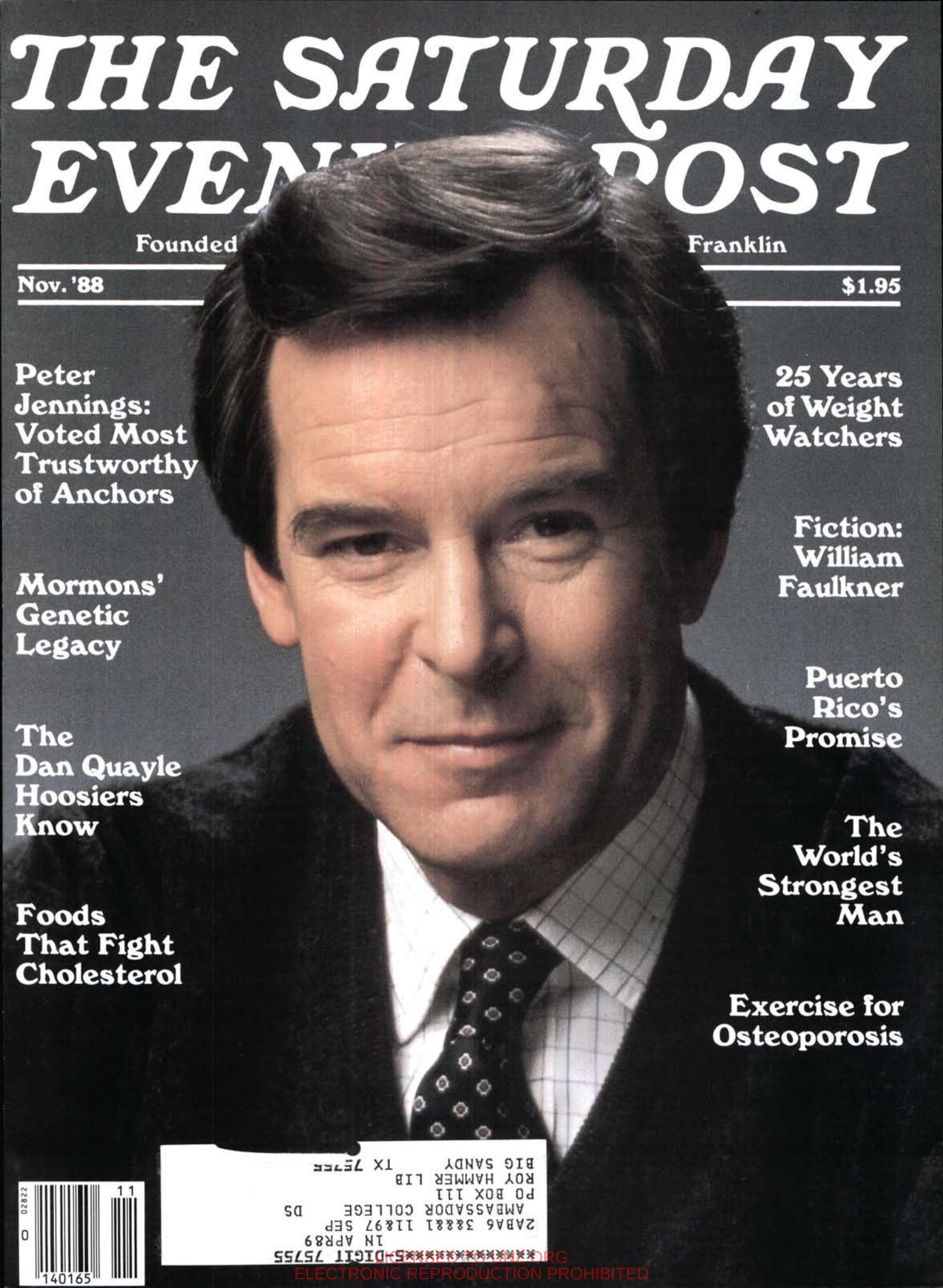
Nov. '88 $1.95



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You receive this beautiful portrait doll at no extra charge!

The Princess Diana Royal Wardrobe Collection

Receive a stunning portrait doll of Princess Diana... and dress it in reproductions of her world-famous fashions

THE PRINCESS OF WALES. Often called "The Fashion Princess," her meteoric rise to the top ranks of the world's best dressed women has been nothing short of phenomenal.

Now, to celebrate the beautiful fashion of this beautiful Princess, the Danbury Mint has created an exciting new collection that consists of Princess Diana's personal royal wardrobe . . . and a portrait doll of the Princess that can be dressed up to model each stunning ensemble. You will be able to dress your doll in clothes just like you have seen the Princess wear in magazines and on TV!

Start your collection with one of Princess Diana's favorite ball gowns

To begin your collection, we will send you a replica of one of Diana's favorite ball gowns, hand-tailored in pink satin with a fitted bodice and a bow-trimmed jacket. It comès complete with matching shoes, a replica of the famous Queen Mary tiara, faux pearl earrings, and a nosegay.

The gown will be sent to you outfitted on a beautiful portrait doll of the Princess. You'll be amazed at how closely the doll resembles Princess Diana! Crafted of lifelike vinyl, this 14"-tall, fully jointed doll is yours *at no additional charge.*

Build an entire wardrobe of authentically recreated outfits – complete with accessories

Every other month, you will receive two additional outfits hand-tailored in luxurious fabrics – each complete with matching shoes, hat or other accessories, as well as its own dress form so that you can display it properly. These ensembles will be meticulously reproduced from outfits that Princess Diana has made famous on tours and official state occasions.

Receive the portrait doll at no extra charge!

You need send no money now. Simply complete and return the Reservation Application. Soon your doll dressed in the magnificent pink ball gown will arrive. The ball gown is priced at just $24.50. *You receive the beautiful portrait doll at no extra charge!*

Then every other month, you will receive two additional outfits, which can be paid for in two monthly installments of $24.50 each.

A Danbury Mint exclusive

The Princess Diana Royal Wardrobe Collection is available exclusively from the Danbury Mint. Of course your satisfaction is guaranteed. If you are not satisfied with any outfit, return it within thirty days for replacement or refund. Return your Reservation Application today!

Doll shown smaller than actual size of 14" in height.

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RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
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Norwalk, Conn. 06857

The Princess Diana Royal Wardrobe Collection

Please return promptly.

Please accept my reservation for *The Princess Diana Royal Wardrobe Collection*, consisting of a 14" vinyl portrait doll of Princess Diana and reproductions of her famous fashions. The cost of each outfit is $24.50* (there is no extra charge for the doll itself).

I need send no money now. My first shipment will consist of the portrait doll with pink ball gown and accessories. Then every other month, I will receive two outfits which can be paid for in two monthly installments of $24.50* each. Any outfit I am not satisfied with may be returned within thirty days for replacement or refund, and this subscription may be cancelled by either party at any time.

*Plus $2.50 for shipping and handling.

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☐ Check here if you want each monthly installment charged to your:
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You will be billed for your first shipment shortly before it is ready to be sent.

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Peter Jennings—the "anchor of the future," has helped bring ABC News from the cellar to the top of the stairs. **42**

Mormon Family Ties—are leading to revelations about the causes of cancer. **52**

Weight Watchers—The heavyweight among diet plans is still shaping losers into winners. **48**

An Island on the Upswing—Puerto Rico is striving to become the success story of the Caribbean. **66**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SOCIETY
a division of THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LITERARY & MEDICAL SOCIETY

TABLE OF CONTENTS, NOVEMBER 1988

RECEIVED OCT 10 1988

Vol. 260, No. 8

FICTION

The Getaway ..... *John Savage* 46

Race at Morning ..... *William Faulkner* 60

FEATURES

Roberta Baskin's Radon Gas Attack (Benjamin Franklin Award) ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 14

Trimming with Turkey (Microwave) ..... *Jacquelyn Nyenhuis* 18

Houseplants: Clearing the Air ..... *Dr. Ellen Henke* 26

Don't Take Bone Loss Sitting Down (Exercise for Osteoporosis) ..... *Diana Benzaia* 28

In Quest of Excellence: Dr. Murl E. Kinal ..... *Brian Kinal* 36

The Fairest of Them All (Peter Jennings) ..... *Ryan P. Murphy* 42

Hip, Hips Away! (Weight Watchers) ..... *Holly G. Miller* 48

The Mormons' Genetic Legacy ..... *Michael Waldholz* 52

Not All the Turkeys Are in the Oven ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 56

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4

Post People 12

Home Improvements: Taking the Plunge ..... *Jack Hayes* 16

Vets on Pets: In Praise of Pets ..... *H. Ellen Whiteley, D.V.M.* 22

Post Scripts 34

Sports: The Uplifting Story of Paul Anderson (The World's Strongest Man) ..... *Bob Barnett and Bob Carroll* 58

Travel: Legendary San Juan (Puerto Rico's Promise) ..... *John McCollister* 66

Yankees Go Home ..... *Lewis Green* 70

Food: Thanksgiving's New Traditions 76

Heart Beat: Controlling Cholesterol: How Good Are "Mono" Fats and Oats? ..... *Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., M.P.H.* 90

Medical Mailbox: We Knew Him When— Dan Quayle on Health Care ..... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 98

(Cover photo by Eddie Adams/Sygma)

The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN: 0048-9239), is published monthly in 1988, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June, and July/Aug., by the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc., at 1100 Waterway Blvd., P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, IN 46206, and at additional mailing offices.
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Membership Subscription Prices: U.S. and possessions: 1 year, $12.97. Canada and all other countries: $18.47. *The Saturday Evening Post* editorial, circulation, and business offices are located at 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. **Postmaster: Send address changes to *The Saturday Evening Post* Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 10675, Des Moines, IA 50336.** Allow six weeks for change of address.

Unsolicited manuscripts, artwork, and photographs submitted to *The Saturday Evening Post* must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork, or photographs.

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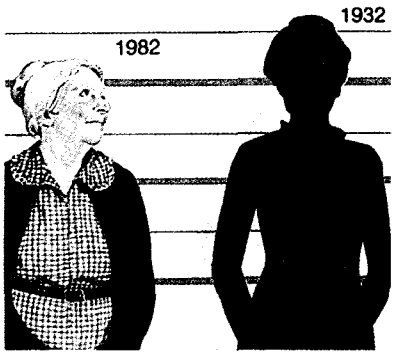
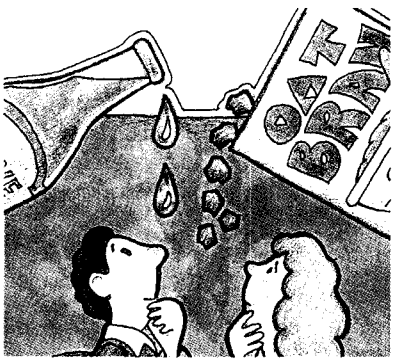


Bone Up—with easy exercises that help prevent osteoporosis. **28**

Weight Lifter Paul Anderson—gave Americans a powerful big lift during the Cold War, and he's still a motivating force. **58**



"Mono" Fats and Oats—How to combat dangerous cholesterol. **90**

William Faulkner—takes us back to fabulous Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi. **60**

Letters

Lost Contact

I would like to tell you about an unusual prayer meeting.

I was driving to Myrtle Beach. I stopped at a combination service station-convenience store to ask for directions. Four different answers from four different people. I rubbed my eyes in frustration, and one of my contact lenses fell out at the entrance to the store. I shouted, "Please help me find my contact lens. I can't drive without it." The clerk (female) and three customers and I were on our knees looking for my lens.

A man came to the entrance, obstructed by us on our knees. He said, "What's going on? Are you all having a prayer meeting?"

I said, "You better believe it."

I was looking and praying. We found it.

A consistent finding—everyone will give directions even if they don't know the directions.

Claude A. Frazier, M.D.
Asheville, North Carolina

Poisoned Pen

Thank you for the article "The Fumigation Chamber," July/August '88. Like Betty Page, I suffered odd symptoms several years ago. My weariness, depression, confusion, nausea, and muscle pains were eventually traced to gas heat and cooking in our apartment. Unfortunately, in spite of the multiplication of chemical poisons in our modern world, few doctors are trained to recognize and treat environmental illness.

I personally feel that environmental illness is a much more widespread and misunderstood illness than is AIDS. While not always fatal, it does ruin the lives of those who suffer from it.

Judy Stephenson
Matthews, North Carolina

Strike 4

In the feature article "Casey Hits 100," in the May/June issue of the *SatEvePost*, Mr. Isaacs states that the poem "Casey's Revenge" was written by Grantland Rice.

I have the book "The Best Loved Poems of the American People," poems selected by Hazel Felleman, © 1936 by Doubleday and Company, Inc., which on page 285 shows the

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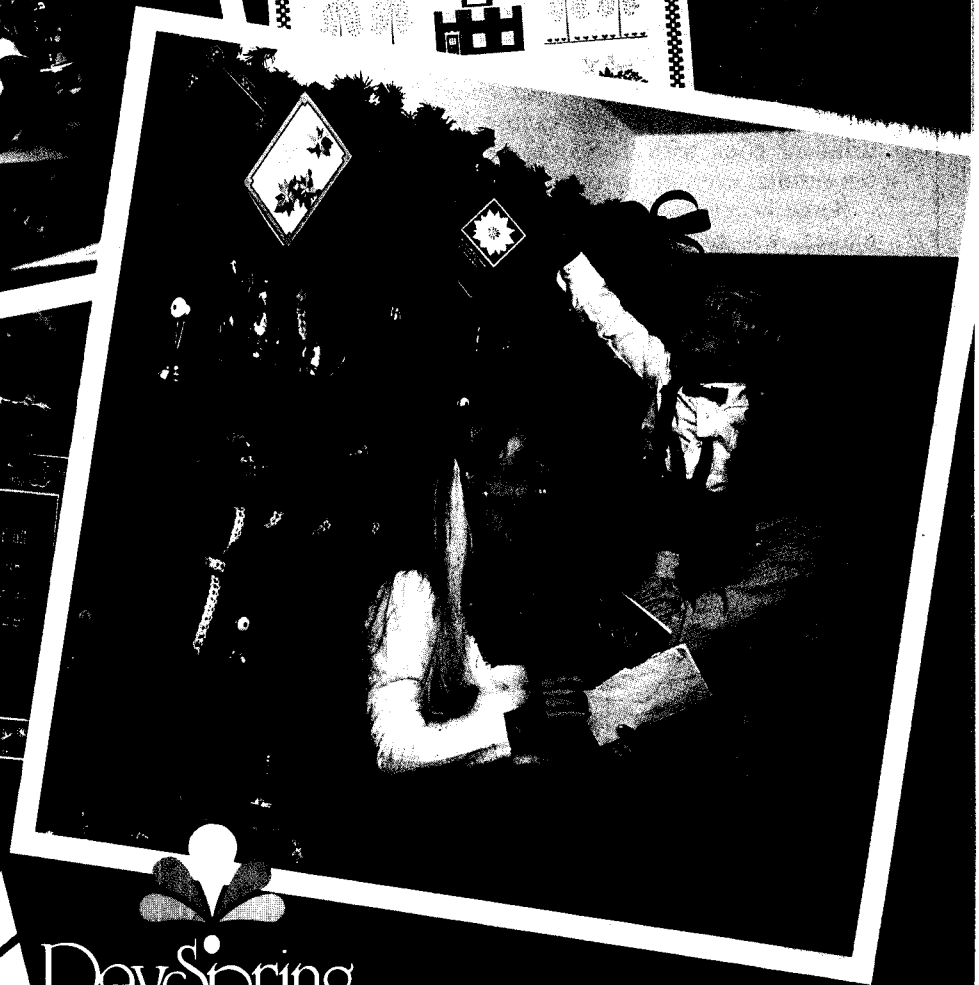
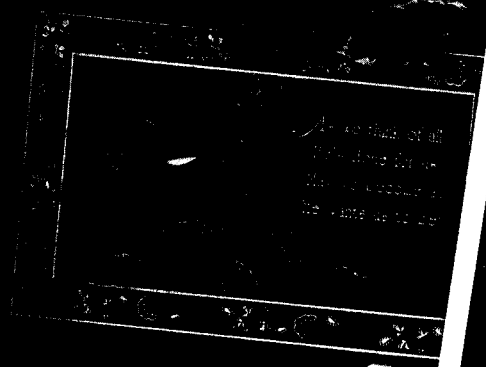
This Christmas, Say it with DaySpring





HIS HANDS...

I healed His sick—so we could know His compassion
Held a child so we could know His kindness
Touched the oppressed so we could know His concern
Bore two spikes so we could know His love!

DaySpring
Greeting Cards

"When You Want to Share Your Heart and God's Love"

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author of "Casey's Revenge" as being a James Wilson. Is this a case of plagiarism, or did Rice sometimes use a pseudonym?

I've read these poems many times, and if Rice is the author of "Revenge" I will correct my book to show that he did this "masterpiece."

I love *The Saturday Evening Post*!

Joseph C. Caperton
Weleetka, Oklahoma

Editor's note: Our office copy of "Poems," though newer, also credits a James Wilson with writing "Casey's Revenge." However—according to Martin Gardner, an authority on Casey and all his strikeouts—James Wilson was a pen name for Rice.

A Small Whine, Please

For many years have "loved" and enjoyed the *Post* . . . especially since you became editor. However, I must protest the "Creative Cooking with Wine" article [April '88]. Really, I am outraged!

Have dealt with "winos" for years and those who use any excuse to drink or cook with it. So sad to see the results, even in my own family.

Some believers, Christians, charismatics, will certainly use this article to continue drinking. What a pity.

Please don't ever again print such an offensive article. Thank you.

Mrs. Earl W. Dorrance
Sun City, California

Rockwell Makes Up

In 1945 Janis McClelland was four years old and an avid magazine fan when she spotted a "blunder" on a cover of the *Post*. The cover featured

a Norman Rockwell painting of a sailor on leave lying in a hammock with a dog on his lap. Janis perceived the sailor as wearing lipstick and found this inappropriate. A neighbor relayed this information to the artist. Mr. Rockwell promptly responded.

Virginia B. Brown (Janis' neighbor)
Tucson, Arizona

October 1945
Dear Norman:

A shrewd art critic, four-year-old Miss Janis McClelland, has just exposed a blunder in your composite sailor in the hammock. The critic placed a disapproving finger on the lips of your sailor and said, "Mothers do that." (Use lipstick.)

I think a word from you in self-defense would be fitting.

Respectfully,
Ernest A. Kelford
Eaton Rapids, Michigan

December 1945
Dear Miss McClelland:

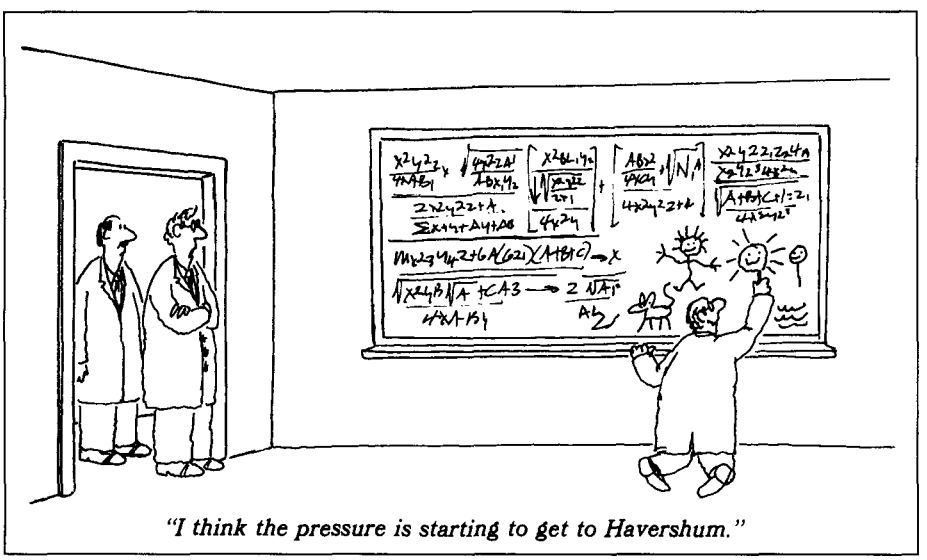
I admit the sailor looks as tho he had used lipstick, but that was because the engravers (who put the picture on the magazine) did not make it look the way I painted it!

Best regards to an observant young lady.

Sincerely,
Norman Rockwell

Editor's note: The 1945 Post *cover was described in the issue as follows:*

"A lot of returned sailors will soon be doing the kind of sack duty shown in Norman Rockwell's cover, gladly trading all the palm trees in the Pacific for the shade of one apple tree in their own yard at home. Just to show you how artists work, however, let's disassemble this picture, now [that] it's finished. The sailor goes back to the Navy—Rockwell borrowed him from Williams College. The sailor's blouse goes back to a shipmate—he borrowed that because his own had none of that fleet salad on the chest. Rockwell borrowed the dog from his son Tommy, borrowed the hammock from Mrs. Robert Smith, a neighbor. The house that shows is neither Rockwell's nor the sailor's; it belongs to another neighbor, "Vic" Yalo. The shoes were Rockwell's own. He didn't have any cigarettes at the moment, and couldn't borrow any from the sailor, so the cigarettes are painted from memory.



"I think the pressure is starting to get to Havershum."

Bakers Pan Column

I sure like your microwave muffin recipes.

What I am wondering is where I could get a muffin pan with vents.

I have looked all over here and nobody seems to know about them.

I hope you can give me some places and prices so I could send for one.

Do you have recipes in the *Post* regularly? This is my first time reading it since ages and ages ago. I thought they had dropped it.

Virginia Krantz
Waterloo, Iowa

In the July/August issue of the *SatEvePost* you had a great article, "Here's-to-Your-Health Muffins." We have tried them and they are delicious.

What I am writing about is the microwave hint you gave—use a muffin

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DRAGNET	2227032

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BACK TO THE FUTURE	2114172
THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534472
BLACK WIDOW	3630022
PATTON	0043332
STAKEOUT	5488002
BACK TO SCHOOL	6524042
TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD	1022282
NUTS	6328102

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LETHAL WEAPON	6308062
THE KARATE KID	1710412
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THE BIG CHILL	1527362
CHARIOTS OF FIRE	6014432
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OUT OF AFRICA	2131162
HEARTBREAK RIDGE	6289332
SALVADOR	4879182
COCOON	3553882
M*A*S*H	0055382
CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD	4294072
SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS	2518192
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	1510272
THE CAREBEARS MOVIE	7110102
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CAN'T BUY ME LOVE	5485032

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
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SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	2554552
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THE FLY (1986)	3617332
THE COLOR OF MONEY	5470592
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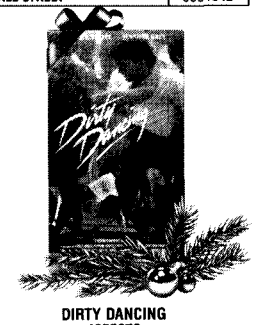
WALL STREET	3661042



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There's no membership fee for joining, nor do you have to buy a lot of movies. Just six more within the next three years. And you'll have no problem in finding six movies you want, because our library holds over 2,500 titles; from the very newest releases to classical favorites. Our regular Club prices currently range from $79.95 to $29.95, plus shipping and handling; and we also offer a selection of lower-priced videocassettes, down to $14.95. Your only membership obligation is to buy six movies in three years for as little as $29.95 each—and you may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club operates: about every four weeks (up to 13 times a year) we send you our *CBS Video Club Magazine*, reviewing our Director's Selection, plus many alternate movies. And up to four times a year, you may also receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 17 buying opportunities.

Choose only the movies you want: if you want the Director's Selection, don't do a thing—it'll arrive automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate movie, or none at all, just mail the card always provided by the date specified.

You'll always have two full weeks to decide. (If you ever receive a tape before having had two weeks to decide, just send it back at our expense.)

Half-Price Bonus Plan: after buying your six movies, you'll automatically become eligible for our Half-Price Bonus Plan. With each movie you buy at regular Club prices, the plan currently allows you to take another movie of equal value or less at 50% off.

10-Day Risk-Free Trial: join today and we'll send your five movies, along with more details on how the Club works. If for any reason you're not satisfied, return everything within 10 days for a full, prompt refund and no further obligation.

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Send me these 5 movies for $1.00 each

#	plus $5.00 shipping & handling. (Total $10.00)
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Check one: ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Please check how paying:

☐ My check is enclosed. Q58/Q60

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Advance Selection

SAVE UP TO $65 MORE—HAVE LESS TO BUY LATER!

Order a sixth movie now for only $14.95—and your membership obligation is immediately reduced (you then need buy only 5 more, instead of 6).

Just fill in the number of your first selection below, and add $14.95, plus $1.75 shipping/handling, to your $10.00 payment.

_____

Note: CBS Video Club reserves the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Offer limited to continental U.S. (excluding Alaska) and Canada. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto (offer may vary). **Applicable sales tax added to all orders.**

100/F88

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pan with vents (bottom holes). Well, you certainly sent me and friends to the stores, trying to find said object. We have scoured the shelves in every store we can get to. No can find. We can't even find a muffin pan for the microwave.

Please let us know where to buy such a pan as this is driving a bunch of women straight up the wall.

Thank you and give us more good microwave recipes.

Mrs. K.J. Rolph
Chicago Park, California

In the July/August issue of the *Post* are some delicious-sounding recipes for muffins to be baked in a microwave.

Now, there are some of us who do not have microwaves.

In this issue, several recipes sound so good. I'd like to try them—the "Carrot-Bran Muffins," the "Pineapple Muffins," and "Banana Oat-Bran Muffins."

My question is, how can these recipes be changed so they can be baked in the conventional oven? Or do the ingredients have to be adjusted anyway?

I will appreciate any help you can give me.

Marjorie Shane
Long Beach, California

Editor's note: Jacque Nyenhuis' microwave muffins have been a hit with many Post *readers and a disappointment to many others who do not have microwave ovens.*

Unlike some microwave dishes, microwave muffins cannot be directly converted, Jacque tells us, so she offers the following recipes for the Post*'s conventional-muffin fans.*

Vented muffin pans for microwave baking are made by Rubbermaid, Nordic Ware, and "Microwave." They can be found in microwave specialty stores and in Wal-Mart, K Mart, and Target stores.

Old-Fashioned Bran Muffins
(Makes 1 dozen)

1 cup unprocessed bran
1 cup all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup plain yogurt
¼ cup molasses
3 tablespoons honey
⅓ cup melted margarine
½ cup grated carrots
¼ cup raisins

Combine bran, flour, baking soda, baking powder, salt, and cinnamon in mixing bowl. Stir in egg, yogurt, molasses, honey, and melted margarine. Fold in carrots and raisins. Spoon batter into 12 greased muffin cups. Bake at 425° F. 15 minutes or until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean.

Apple Granola Muffins
(Makes 2 dozen)

2 cups flour
1 cup sugar
1 cup granola
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt, if desired
2 cups peeled, grated apple
3 eggs
⅔ cup vegetable oil
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup chopped nuts

Combine flour, sugar, granola, baking powder, baking soda, cinnamon, and salt in mixing bowl. Stir in apple, eggs, oil, vanilla, and lemon rind. Fold in nuts. Spoon batter into paper-lined muffin cups. Bake in preheated 350° F. oven 20-25 minutes or until wooden pick comes out clean.

Whole-Wheat Sweet-Potato Muffins
(Makes 2 dozen)

1¼ cups mashed, cooked sweet potatoes
½ cup softened margarine
1¼ cups sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups whole-wheat flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon pumpkin-pie spice
1 cup milk
½ cup chopped nuts

Beat sweet potatoes, margarine, and sugar until smooth. Blend in eggs. Combine flour, salt, baking powder, spice, and milk. Blend dry ingredients in alternately with milk. Fold in nuts. Spoon into greased muffin cups. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven 25-30 minutes or until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean.

"So are you actually qualified to hire me or are you just filling in on this job for some man?"

Real Scare

I appreciate your informative and interesting articles, especially the March '88 issue with the article on Ryan White—the innocent victim of AIDS. I'm sorry this child is dying but I hope he's encouraged by the town people who have accepted him and his family; they must be a great bunch of people!

You are to be commended for printing the truth and the facts; for not letting the organized groups intimidate or "scare" you into not printing the article on the hemophiliacs.

I'm appalled at what's going on right now: organized groups pressuring businesses, magazines, individuals, church organizations and schools, and groups like the hospitals

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A RING MADE FOR A PRINCESS

A stunning replica of Princess Diana's Engagement Ring

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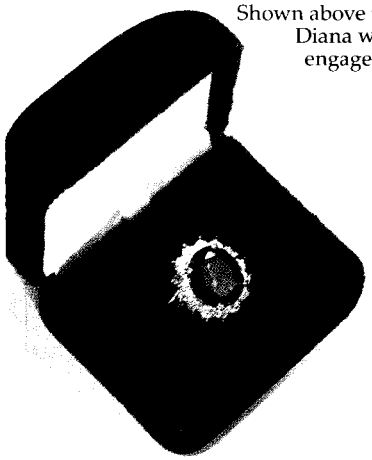
Shown above is Princess Diana wearing her engagement ring.



On February 24, 1981, Prince Charles presented Lady Diana Spencer with a magnificent gift of love – a sapphire and diamond engagement ring. Now, the Danbury Mint is pleased to announce *A Ring Made For A Princess* – an exquisite replica of Diana's world-famous ring.

Crafted in solid sterling silver, the replica ring features a large, Kashmir blue cubic zirconium surrounded by fourteen hand-set, fully-faceted, clear cubic zirconia. Even experts can have difficulty telling the difference in appearance between high quality zirconia and unaffordably expensive jewels, like those in Diana's real ring.

To add to the splendor, the ring comes in a satin-lined, velvet jewelry case and is accompanied by a serially numbered Certificate of Registration.

Act now to acquire the ring inspired by royal love! *A Ring Made For A Princess* is available from the Danbury Mint at the original issue price of $130 – payable in four monthly installments of just $32.50. It will not be available in stores. You need send no money now; simply return the Reservation Application.

the Danbury Mint

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and blood bankers to cover up the truth.

I hope what has happened to all these innocent children will be a lesson for us: Do not be intimidated to hide what's going on, when it could help and save so many!

Dr. Don Francis, Dr. Curran, Dr. Evatt, Alan Brownstein, and Randy Shilts are all to be praised and should be encouraged to keep doing what they're doing.

I appreciate men (and magazines) who have commitments and standards like you and these men. Please keep informing the public in an honest and unbiased way.

D.L. Hunt
Johnson City, Tennessee

Man of Letters

The feature by M.D. Franklin K. Paddock on Norman Rockwell [July/August '88] was fantastic! I have always admired this wonderful man. Even today I collect his plates. I want to share a story with you about Norman Rockwell. February of 1972 I wrote him a letter. Not knowing his address, I mailed it to Stockbridge. I wanted him to know that he was the best American artist that ever lived. And he is still the best. He took the time to not only answer my letter, but sent me an autographed picture! There will never be another Norman Rockwell. He not only was the artist of all time, but also a gentleman. Thank you, Dr. Paddock, for your wonderful story. And thank you, *Saturday Evening Post*, for keeping Norman Rockwell's works alive.

Pastor Thomas Hamilton
Greentown, Indiana

Proposed Offer Withdrawn

I impose on your good nature by enclosing a picture of me at nine years.

Then, I was selling the *Post*—apparently by the cart load! As a result of my impressive sales, a representative of the *Post* came to our home in Dover, New Hampshire (unaware of my age), to employ me as a district manager. However, when he met me and discovered my youth, he withdrew his proposed offer, and left me under the supervision of the proprietor of our neighborhood drugstore. And thereby my ambition to be a top salesperson was thwarted, and I lapsed into the ranks of the ordinary "seller of the *Post*" for three

more years.

The label enclosed with the picture attests to my continued appreciation of the *Post*.

Lloyd B. Byron
Yukon, Oklahoma

Boning Up

I like to read your reports on the research. What does anyone know about treating the soft bones of the back? I didn't start calcium in time, of course, and never drank milk. Now, I'm three to four inches shorter and due to two falls and arthritis it is so painful. Now the only thing the doctors know is injections of calcium. I want to know if there is any research on this. Don't want to go to the trouble if it isn't proven helpful.

Mildred Haviland
Coal City, Indiana

Your doctor probably fears that you have trouble absorbing calcium from your gastrointestinal tract. That's why he probably feels that bypassing the GI tract with calcium injections might be of benefit. A sufficient magnesium intake is also necessary for calcium to be absorbed properly. In addition to calcium supplementation, estrogen replacement is sometimes recommended to prevent osteoporosis. If you would like a second opinion about your osteoporosis, you might ask for a consultation with an endocrinologist.

Dr. Howard Fillit at Rockefeller University in New York City and Dr. Lila Nachtigall at New York University both specialize in estrogen replacement for postmenopausal women. And Dr. Conrad Johnston in the Endocrinology Division of the Indiana University School of Medicine does research in osteoporosis.

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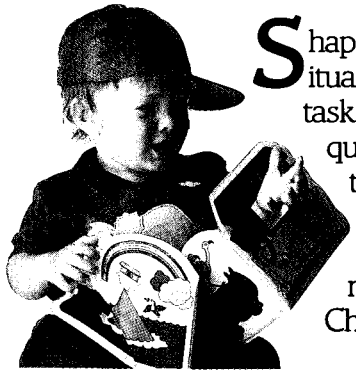
Give Your Children Spiritual Values That Last a Lifetime



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Post People

Dr. Frank Young, commissioner of the FDA, has won acclaim for making waves in the often-maligned FDA. It took his kind of courage for the FDA to report preliminary results of its investigation of the first 192 blood banks inspected. A shocking 12 percent had violated the agency's regulations. Fourteen Red Cross centers were cited for violations, and seven have recalled products. In response to these problems, the Red Cross has demoted or fired several officials in St. Louis; Washington, D.C.; and Nashville. One embarrassment to the American Association of Blood Banks was the demotion of its president-elect, Dr. Lawrence Sherman, who was involved in safety-related problems in St. Louis.

"It's embarrassing, but I'm glad the FDA officials came in and pointed it out to us," one blood banker said. His remarks were echoed throughout the country among those who have sensed the cover-up of blood-banking hazards. Dr. Frank Young is to contaminated blood what Surgeon General Koop has been to the perils of tobacco.

TV viewers know Terry Ingstad, a.k.a. ***Shadoe Stevens,*** as the announcer and permanent "square" on the new "Hollywood Squares." Radio tuners-in know this 41-year-old sex symbol as a disc jockey, who at age 11 began his first broadcasting job and became the world's youngest disc jockey a year later, playing rock 'n' roll at his local station.

Before turning 30, Shadoe Stevens would capture 34 percent of the listeners with his Boston radio show, take three Los Angeles stations to No.1, and win *Billboard*'s Contemporary Radio Personality of the Year award.

Today, the "very married" Stevens has settled into perhaps his most important achievement yet: taking over Casey Kasem's popular "American Top 40" radio show.

"Who would ever have thought that from a game show—a game show I

had to be talked into doing," Shadoe Stevens told *USA Today*, "I would be received this well? It's the single greatest music radio show in the world. . . . I'm thrilled."

After captivating millions of viewers with her hosting duties on "Real People" and her candid interviews and on-location adventures on "America," ***Sarah Purcell*** now delves into the private sides of public personalities in her new show, aptly titled "Public People/Private Lives." When not on location at some star's home or workplace, Purcell divides her time between heading her own SJP Productions, acting as spokesperson for Big Sisters of Los Angeles and being with her husband and her teenage stepson and their four felines. A cat fancier, Purcell likens her interviewing style to relating with the furry friends. "If you want to give cats affection, you can't chase them; you have to let them come to you," she says. Likewise, when interviewing, she prefers not to use tough inter-

rogations that make home viewers squirm. "You can ask pretty difficult questions," she says, " but with respect."

A beloved guest at the 1988 Famous Greater Cincinnatians Homecoming Bicentennial this year was Leonard Franklin Slye. Who? Add Saturday mornings and hum a few bars of "Happy Trails to You," and half the world would recognize ***Roy Rogers,*** the singing cowboy who got the girl galloped off triumphantly on his faithful horse, Trigger.

Trigger has since galloped into his last sunset, but Roy Rogers still stars in extremely successful business en-

terprises: the Roy Rogers/Dale Evans Museum, Happy Trails Resort, and more than 600 Roy Rogers restaurants. Roy and Dale now call Apple Valley, California, home and expect all 6 children, 17 grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren to make the happy trail there for Thanksgiving.

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by Cicely Mary Barker

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The Danbury Mint

Reply by December 31, 1988 03

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Benjamin Franklin Award Winner

ROBERTA BASKIN'S RADON GAS ATTACK

by Maynard Good Stoddard

As Roberta Baskin tells it, "It's not easy to focus attention on something you can't see or smell, taste or feel." Making sense of radon gas, the derivative of decaying uranium responsible for 5,000 to 20,000 cases of lung cancer each year in the United States, has been a special challenge to this consumer-affairs editor for Washington, D.C.'s Channel 7 television.

When Baskin first went on the air to urge home testing for radon in station WJLA's viewing area, her message was met with a lack of enthusiasm that ranged from apathy to downright resistance. But that didn't stop the veteran investigative reporter, who has won local and national awards for her exposes on unsafe trucks, inaccurate drug testing, alcoholic pilots, and colorectal cancer.

Baskin made radon real for viewers by explaining the dangers of the gas and helping her station launch a radon-watch campaign. To help viewers test for radon she found a way to make home testing kits available for a paltry $4.75, and got Safeway stores to stock the kits. As the *Washington Post* reported, "The radon watch became a radon race"; people actually lined up at stores as kits became available. "You'd have thought they were selling Redskins tickets," one reporter quipped.

The result: more than 100,000 kits sold, making the D.C.-area effort the largest radon test ever conducted in the United States.

Test-kit findings were startling. Some 29.5 percent of the structures tested registered radiation levels *over* 4 picocuries per liter of air. In laymen's language, this means that spending a single day in those structures is like smoking half a pack of cigarettes. Another 8.8 percent of buildings hit the 10-plus picocurie mark—equal to smoking a full pack a day. Even worse, if miners were to work in the 4.3 percent of environments that registered 16 or above, they would be required to wear full-face breathing masks. One house in the test may even have qualified for the *Guinness Book of World Records* by registering an unbelievable 500—well off the Environmental Protection Agency chart.

Other alarming statistics include a middle school with readings of 48 and 43 respectively in a teachers' lounge and a classroom.

What galvanized Roberta Baskin into taking up arms against radon was the report of a Pennsylvania man who set off a radiation detector on his way into a nuclear power plant. His house, as it turned out, was the hottest radon spot ever tested until then. The house next door checked out at a very low level. Testing, therefore, must become an individual, rather than a neighborhood, project.

One piece of positive news: through a special station effort, officials were persuaded to place radon test kits in the White House. They turned up safe readings.

Before *you* go looking for a $4.75 test kit, be advised that kits at this price have gone the way of the 5¢ pack of chewing gum. Prices now vary from $12 to $50—worth it, since you can't place a price on your peace of mind. Even if your residence tests high, you need not resign yourself to radon, Baskin says: "Look for a private contractor who will guarantee his work to put your house below four picocuries per liter." The fix-up bills may run as high as $1,500, but are often far less.

"The fact that dozens of television, radio, and newspaper reporters contacted us from all around the country is a hopeful sign that the story will continue to unfold everywhere," Baskin says of her anti-radon campaign. That's important, since there is a temptation to ignore a problem like radon because it's unseen.

"The whole idea of the campaign," Baskin says, "has been to attack apathy." The fact that people are using the tests and are doing something about high readings can be verified by the contractors—who say business is booming.

For alerting her viewers—and now *Post* readers—to the continuing radon problem, and showing the way to the solution, The Saturday Evening Post Society salutes WJLA consumer editor Roberta Baskin. We are proud to add her name to the honor roll of Benjamin Franklin Award recipients.

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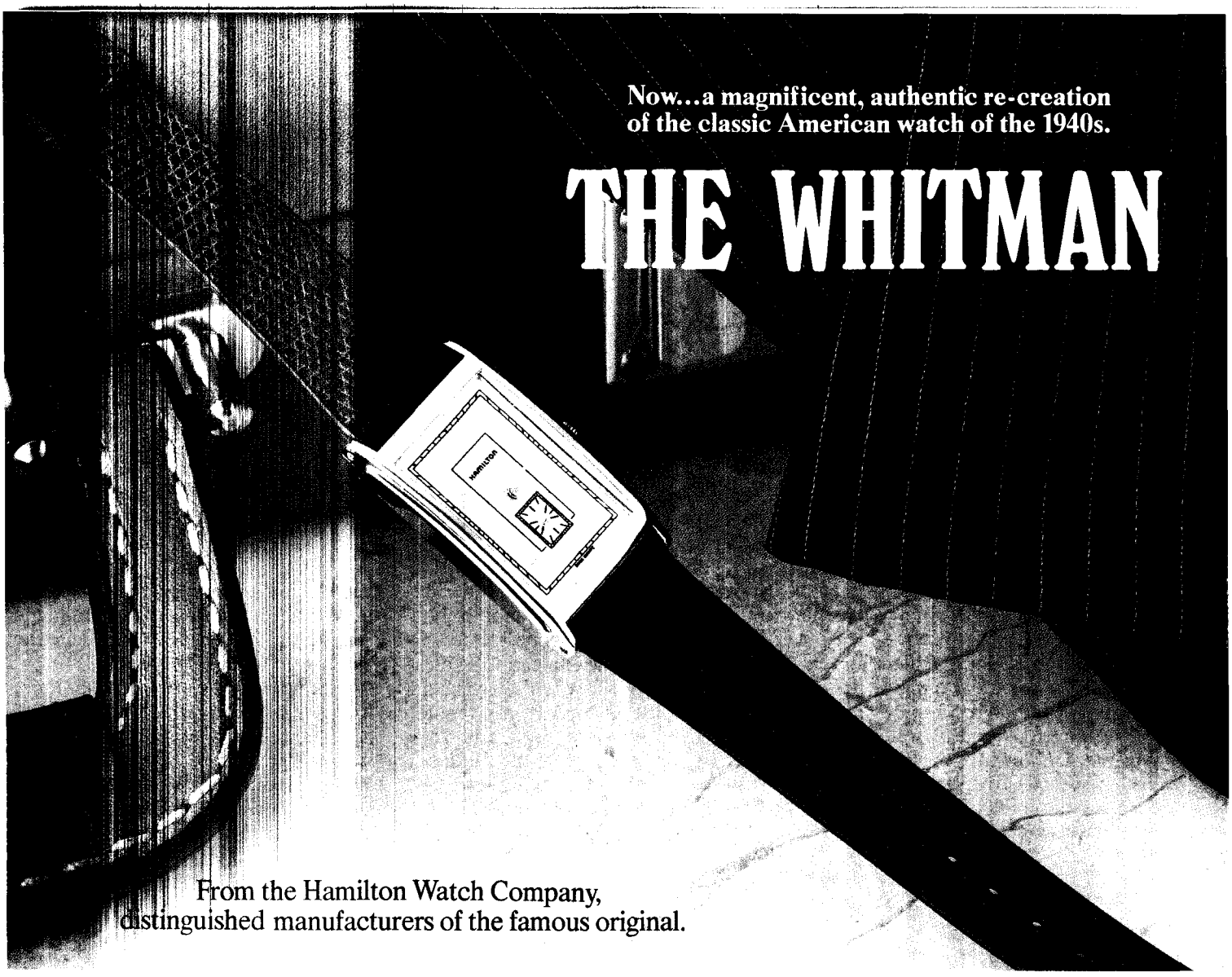
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TAKING THE PLUNGE

Hot tubs, spas, and whirlpool baths are the hottest things in home additions.

by Jack Hayes

A good soak in a steamy whirlpool is the ticket to a soothing retreat from the daily beat. Hydrotherapy, as it is known, has been massaging man's minor aches and pains for centuries, and aside from its therapeutic value, soaking is simply a very efficient and enjoyable way to relax. But until recently, spas were reserved for the glamorous and affluent or enjoyed only after enrolling at an expensive health club.

No longer. Home spas are appearing more frequently on the requisite lists of prospective home buyers who firmly believe the costly investment is worth every cent. The benefits of a home spa are particularly appealing to the thousands of users who find therapeutic relief from physical ailments ranging from strained muscles to arthritis.

Choosing a hot tub, spa, or whirlpool can be somewhat bewildering. To meet the growing demand, the hot-water industry, as it fondly refers to itself, has produced an almost endless variety of options. When you go shopping for spas, buy only from a reputable dealer. A list of dealers in your area is available from the National Spa and Pool Institute, 2111 Eisenhower Ave., Alexandria, VA 22314.

Before shopping, consider the amount of space and money you wish to devote to your spa. Determine which of the three types of equipment best suits your needs. *Whirlpool baths,* basically similar to the ordinary bathtub, are outfitted with a built-in pump that aerates and automatically recirculates the water. Whirlpool baths are emptied after each use, unlike spas and hot tubs, which are kept full of water and treated regularly with chemicals. A *hot tub* is a freestanding wooden structure; a *spa,* usually made of fiberglass or concrete, requires a supporting structure, or must be installed into the ground—or you can choose a portable spa suited for indoor-outdoor use. Hot tubs and spas require careful maintenance. The water quality must be tested daily and the chemicals balanced to prevent the growth of algae and bacteria.

Nearly all spas come with filters, pumps, blowers, and covers. Half of them have thermostats and heaters—and a few include cleaning systems, skimmers, lights, and chemical feeders. That's a lot to worry over, not including the cost of power to run them.

A safer, cleaner, and less expensive jet tub offers most of the spa's hot-water features, but not nearly as much maintenance. However, the typical jet tub is also smaller (bathtub size), meaning it's a solo rather than a social experience.

Before purchasing a unit, actually sit in the tub. Is it the size and shape you want? Are you comfortable sitting in it? A simple test dip can help you avoid making an uncomfortable and costly mistake.

Exercise some caution when using your spa or hot tub. Don't set the temperature above 104° F. Don't drink alcohol before or during your hot bath. And don't stay in too long.

People with high blood pressure, heart disease, or diabetes should stay out of hot tubs and spas. If in doubt, consult your physician before taking the plunge.

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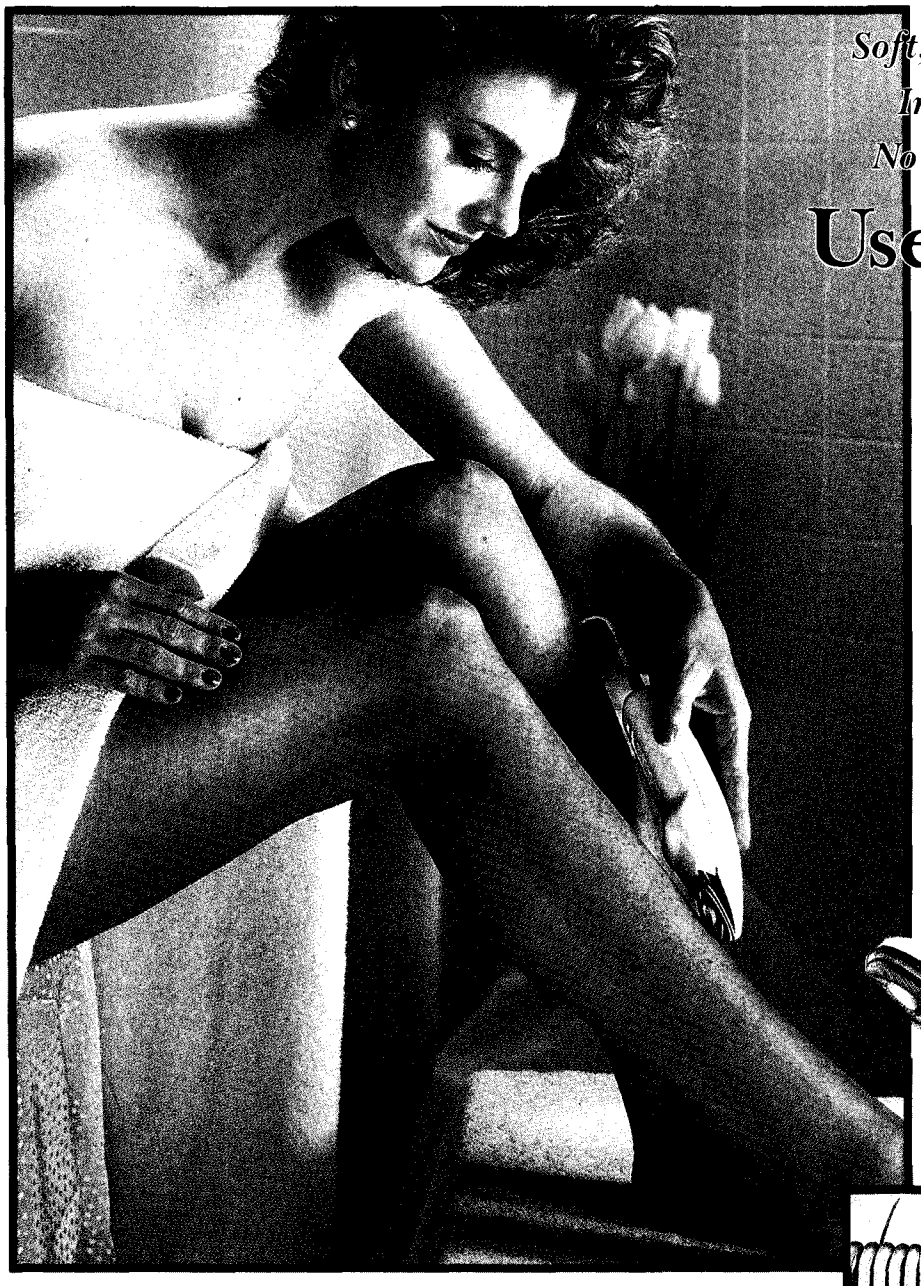

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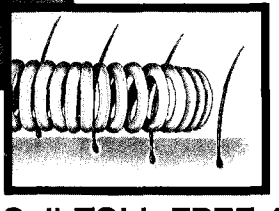

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MICROWAVE

TRIMMING WITH TURKEY

America's favorite food for feasting is also great for your diet.

by Jacquelyn Nyenhuis

Illustrated by J.C. Leyendecker

No matter how you slice it, turkey is one of the most healthful foods around. Pound for pound, the traditional holiday bird offers more protein and less saturated fat than other meats offer. Because turkey is mild in flavor, it can assume the flavors of accompanying foods and spices. Thus, turkey may be substituted for pork or beef in many dishes.

So to beef up your diet this winter, use turkey instead. Try ground turkey in chili, cabbage rolls, and burgers. You'll be pleasantly surprised at the variety of recipes that can be improved with the taste of turkey.

When cooking turkey in the microwave, remember to stir, turn over, or rotate the turkey after half of the cooking time. After cooking allow dishes to stand while the turkey undergoes "carry-over cooking" (generally about one-third of the original cooking time). To check for doneness, follow these simple guidelines:

1. For white meat, ground turkey, and smaller cuts, the thickest part should turn from pink to light in color.

2. For larger cuts, meat thermometer should register 170° F. for breast meat or 175-180° F. for dark meat. Place thermometer in deepest part of meat, not touching bone.

3. For bone-in parts, meat should readily separate from bone with the help of a fork.

Chili con Carne

(Makes 6 servings)

1 pound ground turkey
1 cup chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, minced
3 medium tomatoes, diced
1½ cups beef stock
1 teaspoon salt, if desired
1 can (15 oz.) tomato sauce
1 can (15½ oz.) chili beans
1 can (4 oz.) chopped green chilies
1 tablespoon chili powder
1 tablespoon ground cumin

Combine turkey, onion, and garlic in 2-quart casserole. Microwave at High (100%) 5-6 minutes or until no longer pink, stirring once; drain. Add remaining ingredients; cover with casserole lid. Microwave at High until boiling, about 8-9 minutes. Then microwave at Medium (50%) until flavors are blended, about 15-20 minutes; stir once during cooking time.

Conventional directions: Brown meat, onion, and garlic over medium heat. Add remaining ingredients and simmer about 1 hour.

Cabbage Rolls

(Makes 12 servings)

Head of cabbage
1 pound ground turkey
1 egg, beaten
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
¼ cup minced onion
¾ cup cooked wild and white rice
2 teaspoons salt, if desired
¼ teaspoon pepper
Dash hot-pepper sauce
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed tomato soup
1 tablespoon brown sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Remove 2" cone from core of cabbage. Cover cabbage tightly with plastic wrap. Microwave at High (100%) until leaves are softened, about 6-8 minutes. Detach 12 leaves and set aside. Combine turkey, egg, tomato sauce, onion, rice, salt, pepper, and hot-pepper sauce. Cut and remove thick center rib of each cabbage leaf. Place ¼ cup of turkey mixture in each cabbage leaf; roll up with filling in center. Place open end down in 8" x 12" baking dish. Combine tomato soup, brown sugar, lemon juice, and Worcestershire sauce; pour over cabbage rolls. Cover with plastic wrap. Microwave at High or until steaming hot, about 10 minutes. Then micro-

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wave at Medium (50%) until tender, about 30-40 minutes.

Conventional directions: Steam cabbage in large pot of boiling water to loosen leaves. Pour sauce over cabbage rolls. Bake at 350° F. 1½ hours or until tender; occasionally baste cabbage rolls with sauce.

Turkey Burgers with Fresh Mushroom Sauce
(Makes 6 servings)

1 pound ground turkey
¼ cup minced onion
2 tablespoons commercial steak sauce
1 tablespoon minced fresh parsley
½ teaspoon salt, if desired
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Microwave browning powder

Mushroom Sauce:
½ pound sliced fresh mushrooms
3 tablespoons margarine
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons chopped chives
6 kaiser rolls, sliced
1 large tomato

Combine turkey, onion, steak sauce, parsley, salt, pepper, and lemon rind until well-mixed. Form into 6 patties; place on microwave meat rack. Sprinkle with microwave browning powder. Cover with waxed paper. Microwave at High (100%) 5-6 minutes or until tender. Microwave mushrooms and margarine at High 2-3 minutes. Stir in mustard and chives. Place patties on kaiser rolls and top with mushroom sauce. Top with tomato.

Conventional directions: Fry patties until browned. Cook mushrooms and margarine in small saucepan over medium heat until mushrooms are tender. Continue as directed above.

One-Pot Goulash
(Makes 5-6 servings)

2 pounds turkey thighs (or boneless turkey roast)
1 large onion, chopped
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed beef broth
½ teaspoon minced garlic
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
2 tablespoons paprika
1 teaspoon caraway seeds
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups uncooked medium noodles
1 cup plain yogurt or sour cream

Remove skin and bone; discard. Cut thigh meat into ¾" cubes. Put onion into 3-quart round casserole. Cover with lid or plastic wrap. Microwave at High (100%) 2-3 minutes. Add meat, broth, and garlic to onions; re-cover. Microwave at High 10 minutes; stir halfway through cooking time.

Add tomato sauce, paprika, caraway seeds, and pepper; stir well. Stir uncooked noodles into casserole so that all noodles are below surface of liquid. Re-cover and microwave at High 12-13 minutes; stir halfway through cooking time. Stir in yogurt or sour cream. Cover and let stand 5 minutes before serving.

Shanghaied Turkey
(Makes 3-4 servings)

1 pound boneless raw turkey breast meat (cutlets or tenderloins may also be used)
3 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 can (15¼ oz.) pineapple chunks, drained, scant ½ cup of juice reserved
¼ cup cider vinegar
1 cup jellied cranberry sauce
1 small onion, thinly sliced
1 green bell pepper, cut into squares
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper

Cut turkey meat into bite-sized chunks. Combine turkey and soy sauce in 2-quart round casserole. Microwave on High (100%) 4-5 min-

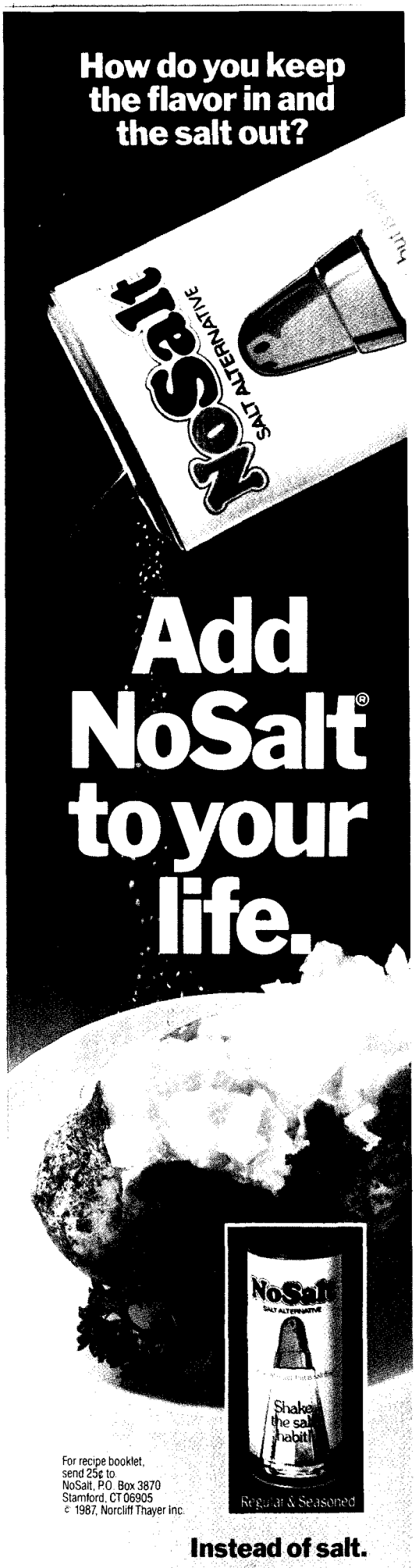
continued on page 86

Microwave Defrosting

GROUND RAW TURKEY: Remove all packaging and place in microwave-safe bowl or casserole. Microwave at Medium-low (30%) 4 minutes. Use fork to scrape off defrosted ground turkey, and remove it from microwave oven. Repeat process with frozen portion 2 minutes at a time at Medium-low. Total time required should be 8-10 minutes.

BONELESS TURKEY: Remove all packaging and place turkey in microwave utensil to be used for recipe. Microwave at High (100%) 1 minute per pound. Turn over, rotate, and shield if necessary. Continue to microwave at Medium-low; allow 2-3 minutes per pound.

For defrosting whole turkey or whole breast, follow your microwave-oven manufacturer's instructions.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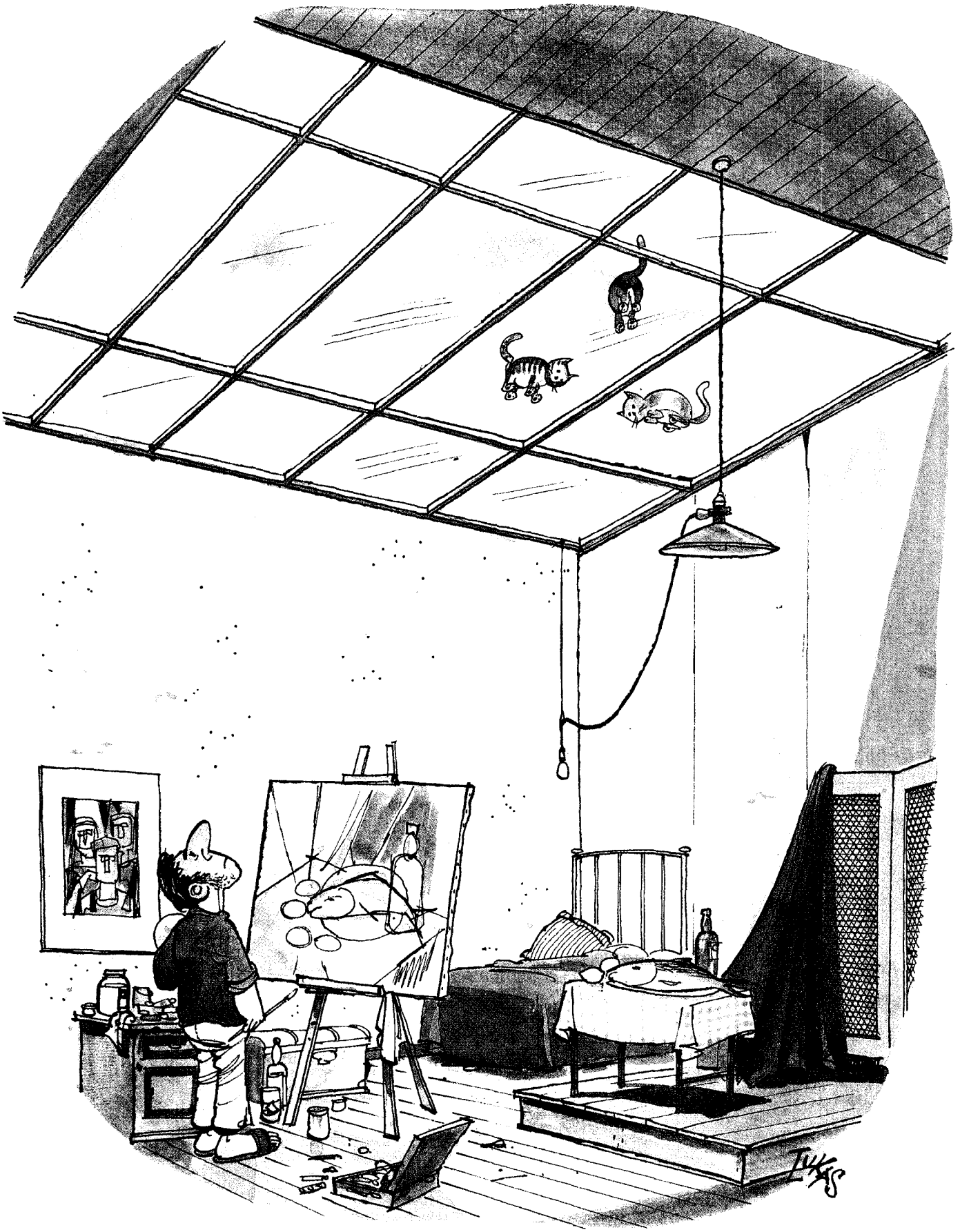

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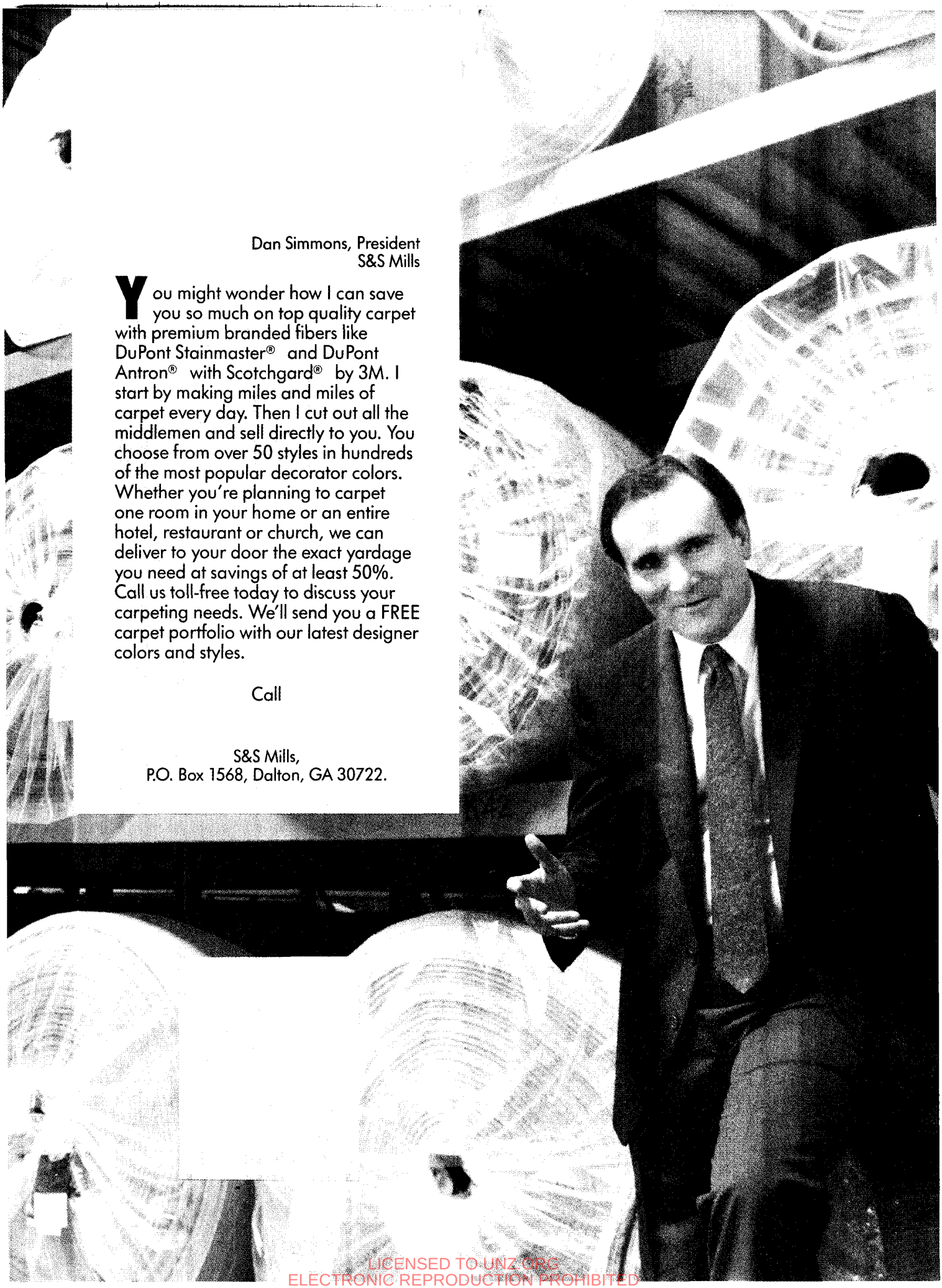

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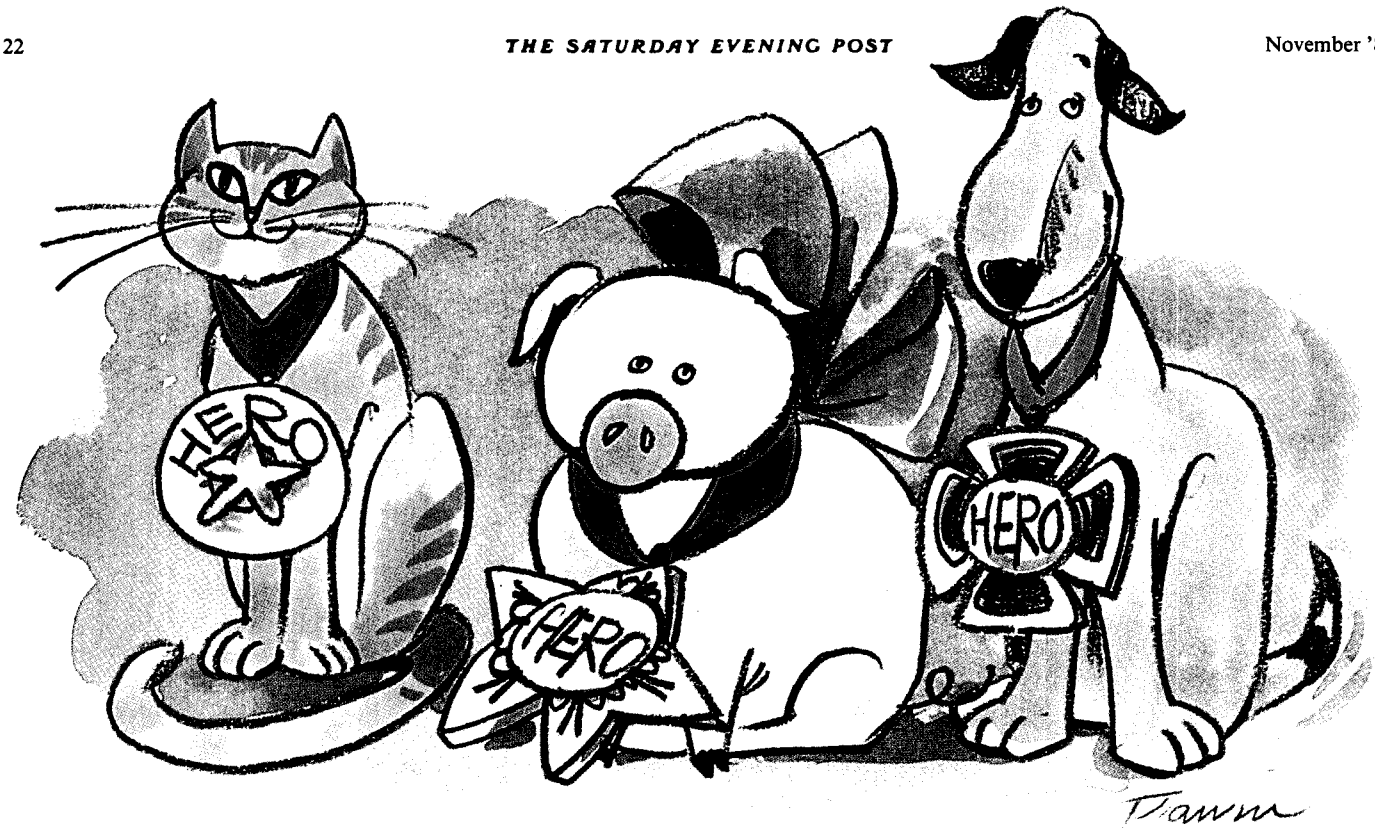

VETS ON PETS

IN PRAISE OF PETS

Superior senses of smell and hearing help pets serve as sentinels to danger—and the animals often become heroes by saving the lives of those they love.

by H. Ellen Whiteley, D.V.M.

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Ruth and her husband, Robert, of Amarillo, Texas, were home asleep when Uggy, their six-year-old mixed-breed cat, jumped on top of Ruth and began meowing and tugging at the bed sheets. This was unusual behavior for Uggy, an antisocial creature. Ruth reluctantly followed Uggy to the other room, where she discovered a paper sack smoldering on top of the radiator heater. Ruth immediately removed the sack. She credits Uggy with preventing a fire.

"Uggy has always been a real proud cat, and if something does not go to suit her, she lets you know about it," Ruth told me. That trait may have saved Ruth's and Robert's lives. It has also left me, Uggy's vet, with scars to prove that Uggy doesn't like what I do.

Scratch One Burglar

Six months ago, Renee, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was awakened from a deep sleep by loud, vicious howling from her four-year-old Siamese cat, Simon. "The first thing that crossed my mind was that another cat had somehow gotten in the house and Simon was involved in a cat fight," Renee said. "I could now hear a lot of scuffling, along with all the noise from Simon." Renee started down the stairs toward the racket and discovered the TV and VCR missing from the living room. She entered the kitchen in time to see a figure run out the kitchen doorway with Simon on his heels. "The intruder had kicked in the kitchen door. I was sleeping so soundly that I didn't hear any of this, but Simon must have gotten up to investigate," Renee said. "Simon probably attacked when the burglar started up the stairs."

The police found the intruder's blood on the dishwasher, located near the kitchen door, and human blood on Simon when he returned home after chasing the burglar for ten minutes. Simon is normally an affectionate lap cat; however, he has also been known to attack visitors as they climb the stairs. Apparently, Simon considers the upstairs floor his territory. Even without front claws, he persuaded one "cat burglar" to avoid houses with "attack cats."

Pig Makes Waves

Victoria, a teenager who lives in Houston, Texas, is the proud owner of a pet pig named Priscilla. Victoria had a lot of fun teaching Priscilla to walk on a leash and to swim. Then, during the summer of 1984, Priscilla made national news when she rescued a young boy in danger of drowning.

Priscilla was swimming with Victoria and a group of Victoria's friends when Anthony, an 11-year-old nonswimmer, wandered into deep water. He went under and began screaming for help. Priscilla, three months old and 25 pounds, reached the boy first. Anthony managed to grab Priscilla's harness, and the pig dragged him to safety.

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I met Priscilla when she was named the first member of the Texas Pet Hall of Fame in February 1985. She was a beautiful snow-white juvenile, dressed in a large blue bow. She just snorted when presented with her plaque, but she seemed to love the attention. Today, I understand that Priscilla is a mother; I'm sure she will teach all her offspring to swim.

Unterrified Terrier

Mike believes that Mr. Ed, a pit bull terrier, saved his life. Mike was asleep when gas began leaking from a propane gas heater. Mr. Ed tried to alert Mike that something was amiss, but Mike was already heavily drugged from the fumes. Ed grabbed Mike by the arm and pulled him off the bed. Mike finally managed to crawl out the back door. Mr. Ed licked Mike's face and arms and kept him warm in the freezing weather until Mike recovered enough to get help.

A Good Shepherd

King, a mixed puppy of German shepherd heritage, adopted Howard and Fern of Granite Falls, Washington, one Christmas Eve. King repaid Howard and Fern's kindness a year later by saving the family when an electrical fire consumed the house. King awakened Pearl, the couple's daughter, and together King and Pearl alerted Fern. The two women thought Howard had escaped. However, King refused to jump out the window to safety. He repeatedly barked and ran back toward the smoke-filled hall. Fern finally realized that Howard was still inside; she grabbed King's collar and followed him to Howard. Together, she and King dragged the unconscious Howard from the burning house. The pads of King's paws were burned and his hair was singed. In 1981, King was presented with the Ken-L Ration Dog Hero title.

Animals serve as sentinels to danger because of their superior senses of smell and hearing. Pets also perform heroic deeds while protecting their territories or trying to save their own lives. Yet altruism, an unselfish concern for others, may be an attribute of animals as well as people. It is inspiring to read about animals that save other animals or people from danger. They deserve the special awards. Millions of pets save us daily from the dangers of loneliness, and they too deserve to be recognized.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. Whiteley,

I have a Chinese Shar-Pei dog with a *very short* horse coat. (His hair covering is so thin you can see his skin through his hair on his tail and on his tummy and legs and feet.) We live in southern Minnesota, where our winters can be quite severe. Our Shar-Pei is two years old and likes to play outside with our blue heeler and likes to roam our grove following interesting scents. We have a nice coat for him to protect him from his neck to his tail, but we know of no way to keep his feet warm and dry when he is out in snow up to his neck. He goes out at about 10° to 20° above zero or colder and plays for half-hour or so and comes back with his feet all red and frostbitten and possibly freezing.

But what really happens to his pads and feet in these circumstances? Do his pads and feet have so little circulation that they really freeze? If my toes froze they would fall off—what happens to my Shar-Pei's pads and toes?

Will his feet get tougher and tougher with time—like a callus—so they can take more and more cold without causing damage?

I hope you can find room in your column. I'm sure a lot of other people would like to know about this.

Ruth A. Shore
Washington, Minnesota

Dear Ruth,

Frostbite causes inflammation and, in extreme cases, destruction of body tissues (human or animal). Minor cases of frostbite result in redness, heat, pain, and swelling. After these signs subside, irritation and itching may occur; the body part is usually sensitive to cold. In severe cases, circulation to the body part is destroyed, and the affected part may shrivel or drop off. A dog acclimated to your cold Minnesota winters survives better in ice and snow than a dog from the South or one kept indoors at all times. Your dog might appreciate a pair of booties to go with his winter

continued on page 86

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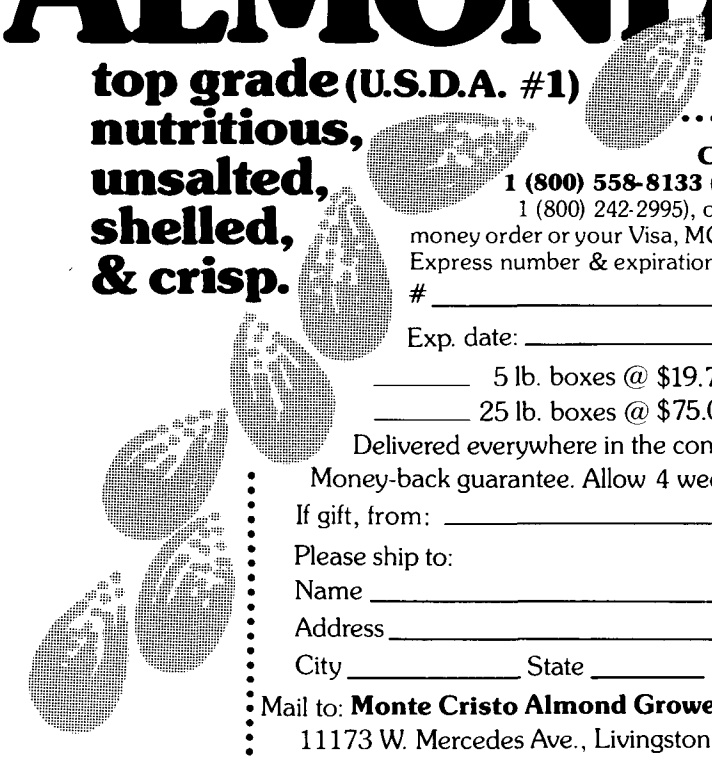

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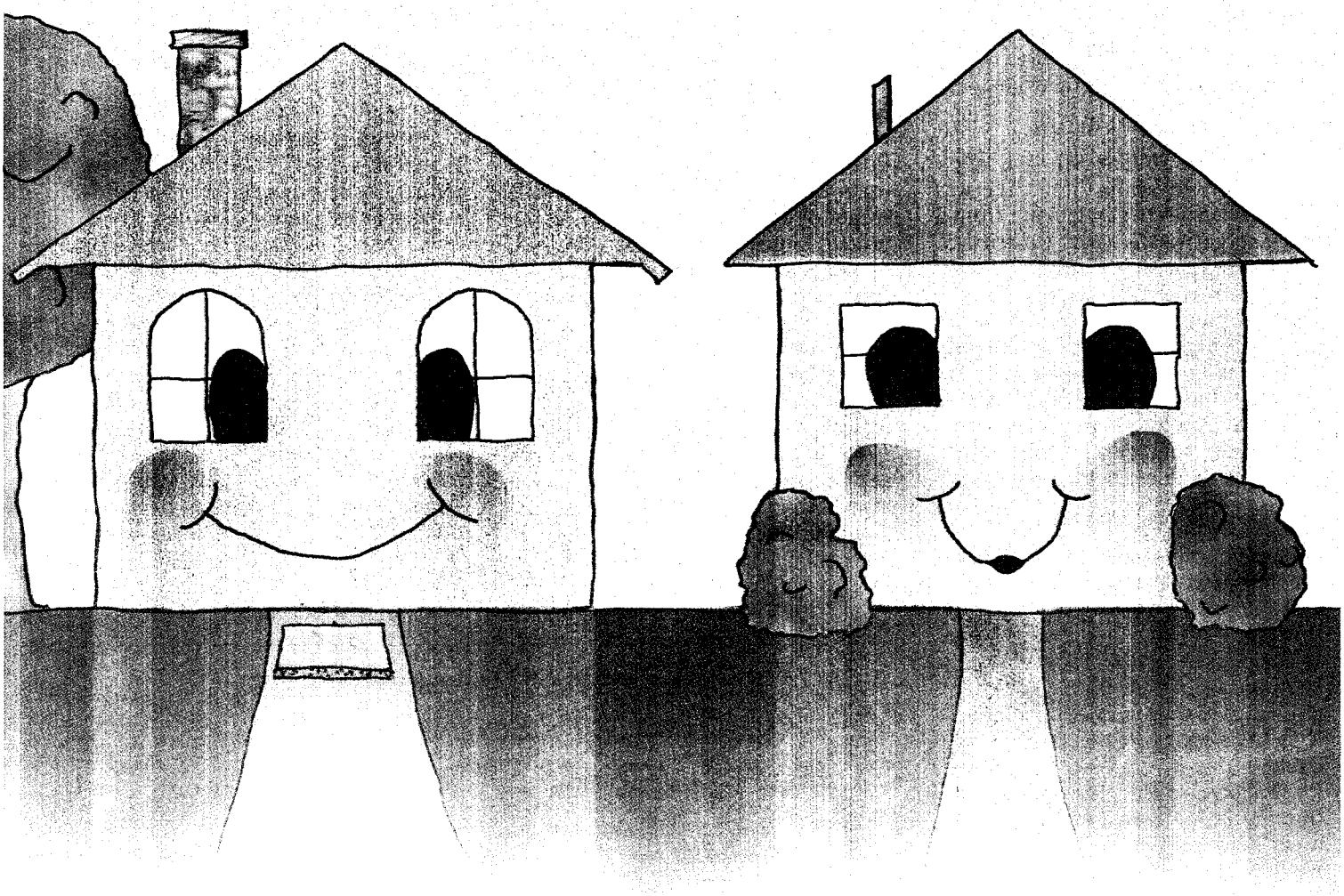

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There is an easy way to measure the level of radon gas in your home, and we'll send it to you FREE with your new subscription or renewal extension to the *The Saturday Evening Post*. Hang the teabag-like detector in your home for three days, and then mail it (along with $8.95) to a laboratory for analysis. A report of the results will be returned to you within 24 hours.

If your home's radon level is high, you may seek guidance from your local environmental agency or public health department. Included with the detector are instructions for safeguarding your home as well. Cracks in the floor, joints between the floor and walls, and openings around loose-fitting pipes can be sealed with silicone caulking. Sump pumps can be boxed and sealed tight, then vented to the outside. Basement drains can be covered and fireplaces closed. Opening windows to increase ventilation is an inexpensive way to eliminate the gas.

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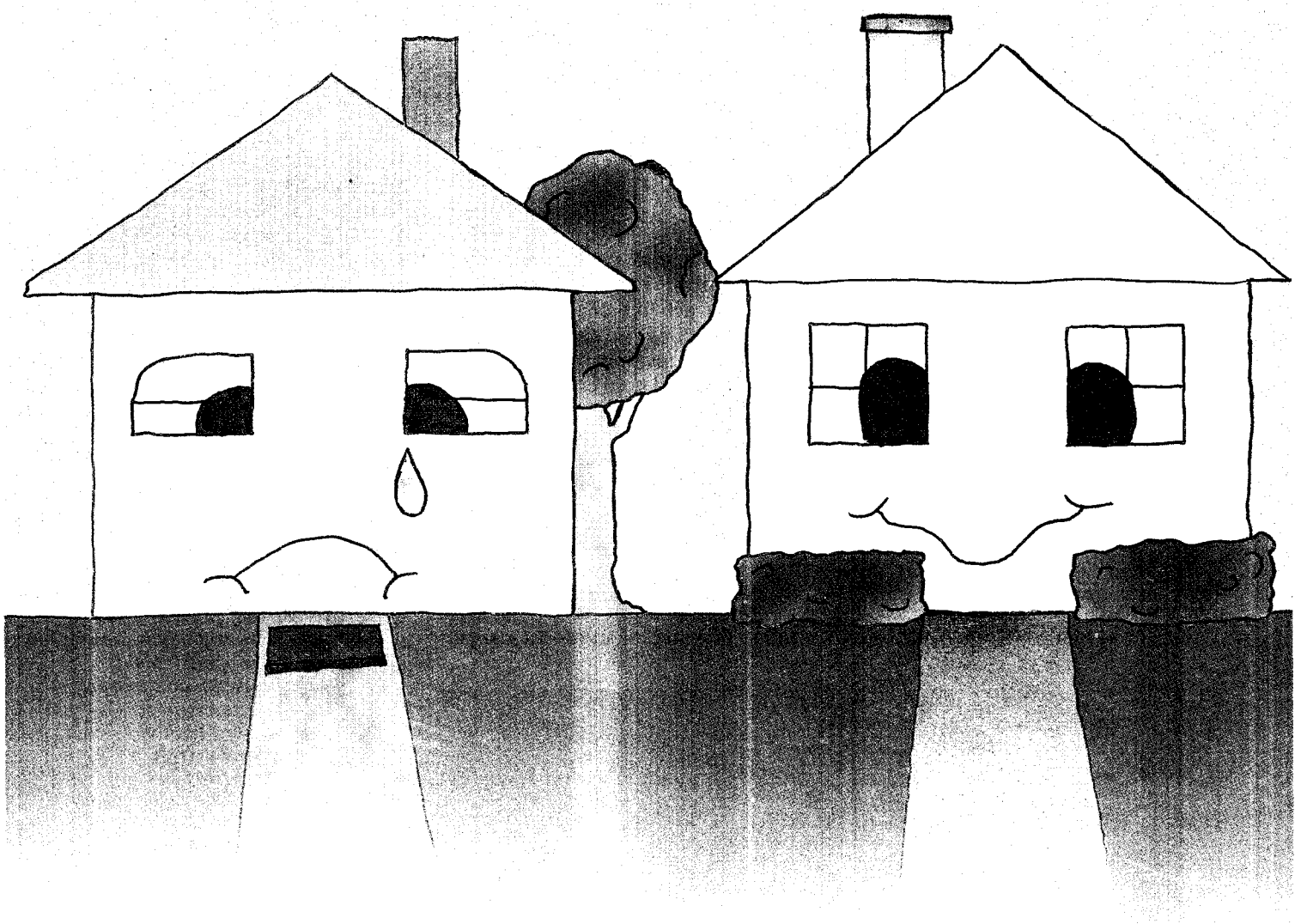

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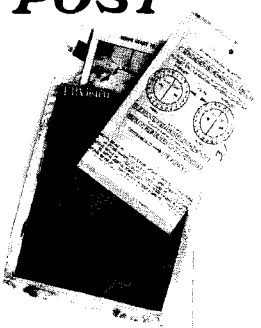

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HOUSEPLANTS: CLEARING THE AIR

What NASA researchers have discovered about the anti-pollution properties of plants in orbit can help you be healthier in your own home.

by Dr. Ellen Henke

Scientists have long been aware that plants improve the quality of people's lives. In ways not fully understood, living foliage affects our attitudes, lowers stress levels, and increases job performance. It even reduces noise levels in our environment. Researchers have discovered that patients with plants present during convalescence get well faster than those with no visual contact with nature.

The mere tending of plants seems to have a calming influence on most people. In fact, just watching others tend plants can be beneficial.

But the salutary effects from our leafy benefactors extend beyond the psychological. During photosynthesis, plants act like chemical vacuum cleaners, taking in dangerous gases through tiny openings, or stomata, on their leaves and converting the pollutants into less harmful compounds.

Dr. B. C. Wolverton, a National Aeronautics and Space Administration scientist who heads the Environmental Research Laboratory at the Stennis Space Center in Mississippi, believes air "scrubber" green plants will keep air clean in contained environments, whether in the rarefied realms of space or in modern super-energy-efficient homes on earth.

Wolverton says studies aboard the Skylab space station showed traces of more than 300 volatile organic compounds similar to compounds the EPA has measured inside energy-efficient buildings. On earth, the pollutants come from gas stoves, converted heaters, and pressure-treated wood products—which can release formaldehyde into the air—among other sources. They can cause allergic reactions, cancer, and other chronic health problems.

Thus, homeowners who wish to breathe freely would do well to develop their green thumbs, Dr. Wolverton believes. He recommends using 8 to 15 plants per 1,800 square feet of floor space. Houseplants won't get rid of all the dust and smoke, he says, but they will effectively filter out unhealthful gases.

Some of the most common houseplants are the best. The lowly philodendron stands at the top of Dr. Wolverton's list:

Pollution-Eating Plants

Heart-leaf philodendron
Elephant-ear philodendron
Green spider plant
Saddle-leaved philodendron
Aloe vera
Golden pothos
Chinese evergreen
Mini-schefflera
Peperomia (Baby rubber plant)
Peace lily
Corn plant
Mother-in-law's tongue
Oyster plant (White velvet)

In general, plants with large leaves tend to be the most effective cleaners. If your favorite houseplant is not included in the list, don't worry. It is most likely doing *some* good.

If you are thinking that tending houseplants—even though they are effortlessly tending to you—will take too much time, consider using self-watering pots, which hold water in a reservoir. You can choose one with a wick system or with a water-sensor system, either of which will keep plants growing with a minimum of work. Plants that thrive in low-light conditions may even go several months between waterings. Group plants together for the most effective displays. The extra humidity they create will keep them happy and add to the comfort of your home in cold weather.

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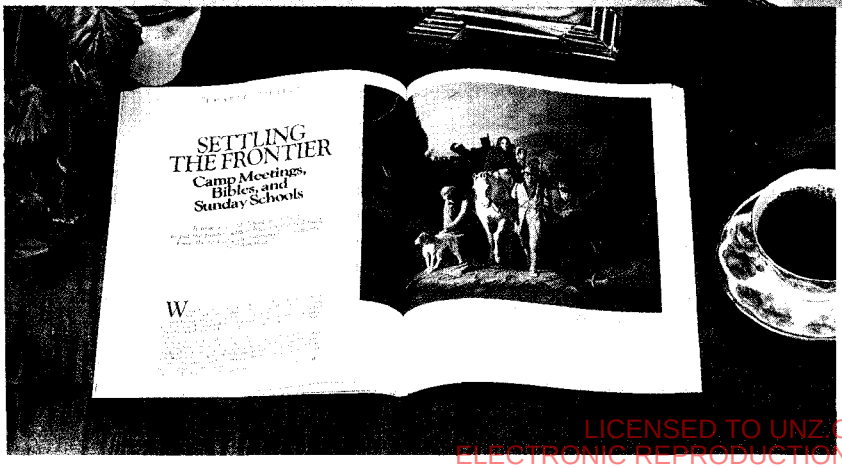

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DON'T TAKE BONE LOSS SITTING DOWN

The right kinds of physical activity can help you build better bones and stop the progress of "senile" osteoporosis.

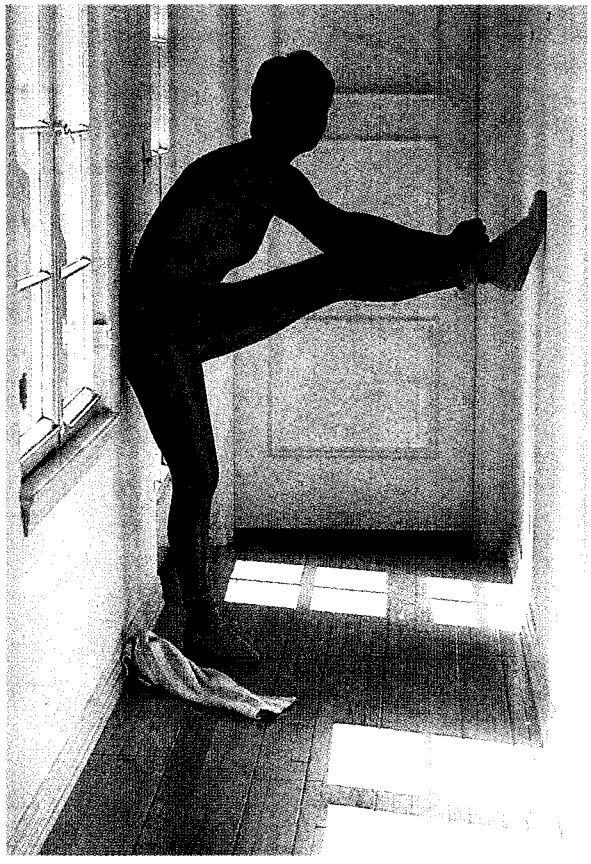
Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

The classic image of aging is that of an elderly woman, stooped, her back humped, several inches shorter than in her younger days. Will it happen to you? Not necessarily—if you take action now.

This "shrinkage" is not due to normal aging. It is caused by osteoporosis, a disease that causes bone to become fragile because of calcium loss and other factors. About 20 million Americans, including one of four women over age 45, are believed to have osteoporosis—a disease that can lead to broken bones during everyday activities. Just the short-term cost of medical care for these fractures is estimated to be more than $1 billion per year, a figure that doesn't include long-term rehabilitation: 15 percent of elderly people do not survive after hip fractures, and 50 percent of those who do usually must enter nursing homes.

Can anything be done? Yes! Medical research has now shown that exercise, calcium, and, for some women, estrogen supplementation can be effective weapons in the battle to prevent osteoporosis. "It's best if an appropriate calcium-intake and exercise regimen are begun during the teen years, but it's never too late to begin," says J. Edward Puzas, Ph.D., director of the Musculoskeletal Research Unit at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry.

Estrogen replacement after menopause, the third part of osteoporosis prevention, is recommended only for women at high risk of developing the disease—but it has become considerably safer in recent years.



All women, particularly those at risk for osteoporosis, are advised to develop a daily exercise regimen.

Understanding Osteoporosis

Although bone seems rock hard and stable, it is actually being reformed every day of your life. "Two types of cells are important for maintaining the skeleton: osteoblasts—which form bone—and osteoclasts—which resorb it," Dr. Puzas explains. "Normally, they work continuously and in balance with each other to maintain normal bone density and strength."

However, as we move past age 40, the process tends to get out of balance. Loss of bone is virtually universal as we age. By definition, osteoporosis results from too little bone formation relative to resorption, or vice versa. A progressive thinning of bone density follows. In women, the sharp drop in estrogen after menopause can further uncouple the formation-resorption balance.

Severe bone-loss disease can lead to fractures at the slightest pressure. Most common are fractures of small bones in the back, which decrease height and lead to the classic dowager's hump; hip fractures, which can lead to long-term nursing-home care; and fractures of the forearm bones at the wrist.

Dr. Puzas believes that so-called "senile" osteoporosis is triggered when osteoblasts don't put back as much bone as osteoclasts remove. Although the process usually begins after age 40, it is so slow that problems are not likely to occur until after age 65. "Indeed, those who have built up a higher bone mass in their early years may never have problems," he emphasizes. "But especially women who may be at high risk for osteoporosis should take preventive measures."

The Role of Exercise

"While scientists don't fully understand the physical and mechanical signals that strengthen bone, we do know that lack of use causes dramatic bone resorption," Dr. Puzas says. For example, astronauts in weightless environments, people with legs in casts, and bedridden patients all experience "disuse" osteoporosis and lose bone at rapid rates.

Weight-bearing exercise can reverse such bone loss as well as help pre-

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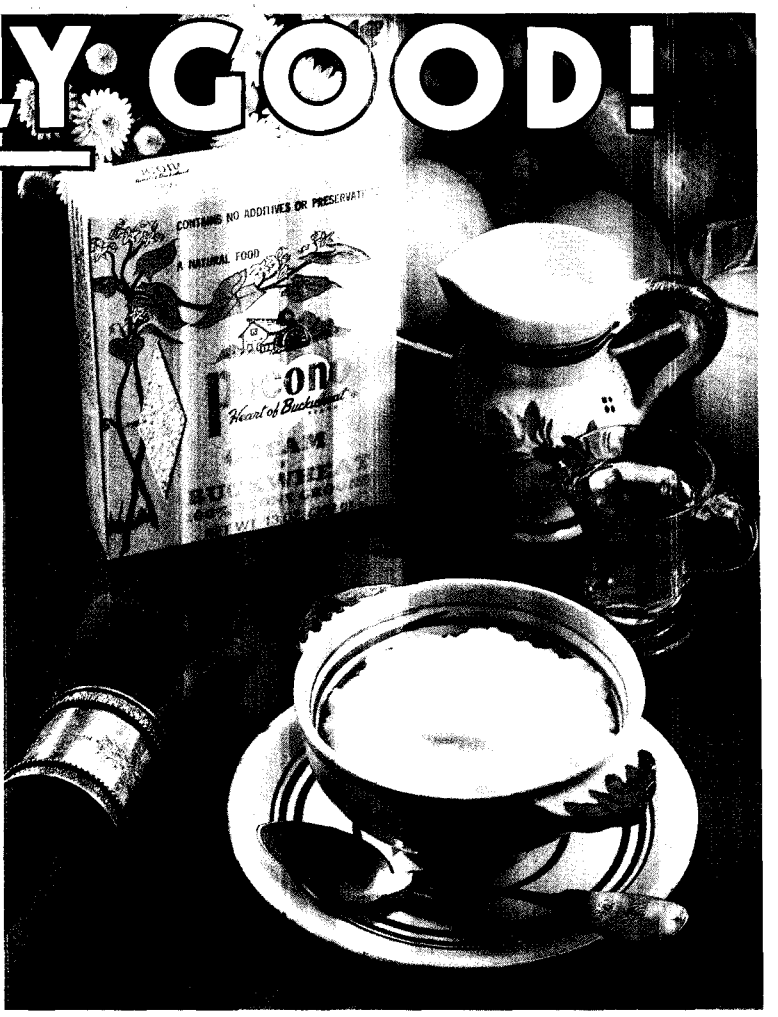

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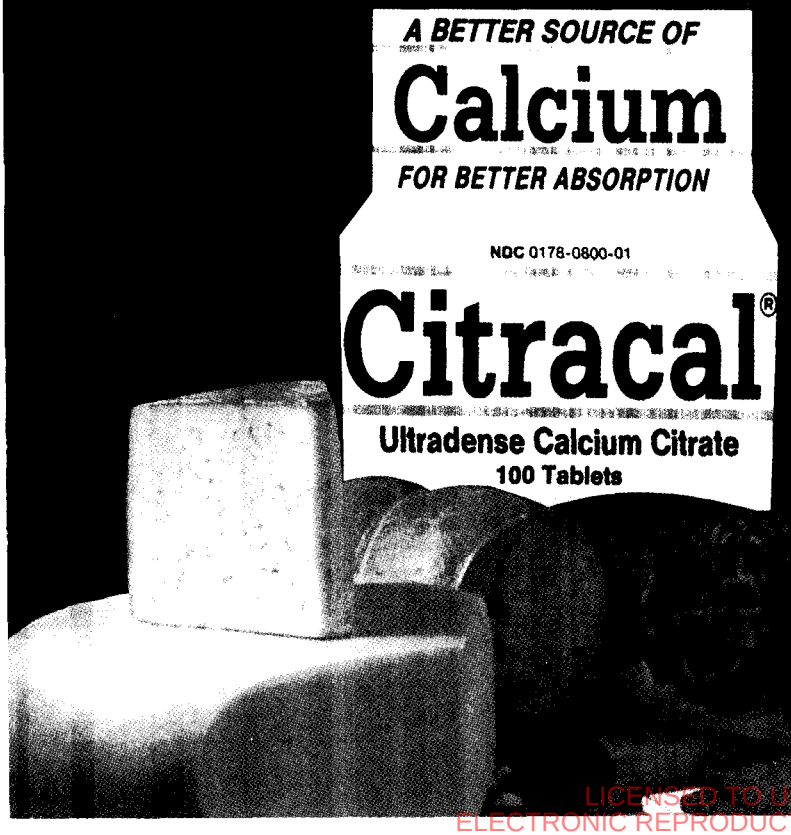

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Compression fractures of the vertebrae can lead to height loss over the years. Those at highest risk are light-skinned women who smoke, drink alcohol and coffee, or are physically inactive.

vent "senile" osteoporosis. Something about placing stress on bone—such as your foot hitting the ground while you walk to the store—seems to stimulate the osteoblasts to increase bone formation and repair. So don't count on swimming or bicycle riding to help.

"Just daily walking at a brisk stride—with arms swinging at your sides—can help protect the bones of the legs, hips, and arms," reports Valery F. Lanyi, M.D., a clinical associate professor of rehabilitation medicine at New York University School of Medicine. Dr. Puzas believes that the incidence of osteoporosis would be halved if everyone walked a mile or two a day.

But further exercise is needed to promote bone strength in the trunk, upper back, and neck. To strengthen these areas, Dr. Lanyi recommends doing the following exercises ten times daily and holding the poses for six seconds each time:

- SEMI-SIT-UPS: Lying on your back, with knees bent and feet flat on the floor, raise only your shoulders and upper torso off the floor.
- PELVIC TILTS: Starting in the same position, tighten your buttocks and press down with your stomach muscles so the pelvis tilts upward and your body forms a straight, diagonal line from knees to shoulders on the floor.
- LEG RAISES: Lying on your side, with the leg on the floor bent and head resting on your lower arm, keep the upper leg straight and raise it slowly.

Low-impact aerobics—as well as simply clapping your hands, at the theater or as part of "jumping jacks"—can also strengthen bones surrounding the wrist, another high-risk spot. "Even if osteoporosis has already begun, daily walking can help women by slowing down the rate of further bone loss," Dr. Puzas says. Of course, he emphasizes that any sedentary woman over 35 should consult her physician before starting an exercise regimen.

The Role of Calcium

Most women have heard about the importance of calcium in preventing osteoporosis. Calcium is a vital component of bone. But women are not likely to get adequate calcium in their food—especially if they are trying to maintain ideal weights by avoiding milk products.

Although the current recommended dietary allowance (RDA) for calcium is 800 mg per day, most Americans don't get that much. Recent government surveys have found that most middle-aged-to-older adults consume only about 450 to 650 mg per day. And remember, the RDA is the recommended *minimal* intake. Many researchers now believe that a higher intake—1,000 to 1,500 mg—is needed by women over 40.

So your daily diet should include foods high in calcium. Although milk, cheese, and yogurt are the best sources, other, lower-calorie choices include dark green leafy vegetables (spinach, broccoli, watercress), salmon, sardines, oysters, and tofu.

If you suspect that diet alone is not providing enough calcium, discuss supplementation with your physician.

The Role of Estrogen

The female hormone estrogen is another vital component protecting the skeleton from bone resorption. During menopause, as estrogen decreases, bone turnover speeds up—and resorption can take the lead over formation. The bone-loss increase continues for about ten years until the female body adjusts; then the rate slows down, closer to older men's far slower rates.

"About 45 percent of women need long-term estrogen replacement

continued on page 103

CALCIUM CONTENT OF VARIOUS FOODS

(Requirement of 800 milligrams per day)

Food	Amount	Calcium (mg)
Nonfat milk	1 cup	300
Buttermilk	1 cup	285
Ice cream	½ cup	88
Plain yogurt	1 cup	415
Flavored yogurt	1 cup	389
Cottage cheese	½ cup	77
American cheese	1 ounce	174
Cheddar cheese	1 ounce	204
Mozzarella cheese	1 ounce	183
Ricotta cheese	½ cup	337
Collard greens	½ cup	150
Kale, raw	½ cup	113
Green beans	⅔ cup	3
Green peas	¾ cup	20
Dried beans, cooked	½ cup	90
Salmon, with bones	3 ounces	167
Chicken	3 ounces	11
Beef	3 ounces	11
Whole-wheat bread	1 slice	20
Noodles	½ cup	16
Cantaloupe	1 cup	68
Orange	1 medium	71
Peach	1 medium	6

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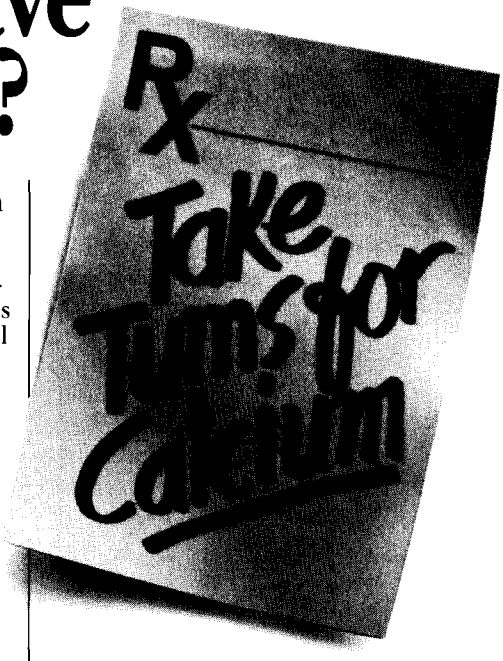
Why are doctors recommending Tums to women who don't have heartburn?

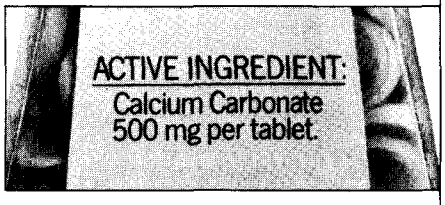


For one simple reason: Tums®—the very same Tums that is America's best-selling antacid tablet—also happens to be an unbeatable source of calcium. For women (and teenage girls!) who need extra calcium in their diets, there's no better source than Tums.

That's why thousands of doctors across the country are now recommending Tums to their patients over other, more expensive calcium supplements.

How can an antacid be a calcium supplement?

For over 50 years, Tums has been made from calcium carbonate. In other words, the calcium in Tums isn't an *extra* ingredient that's been added to the Tums formula...it's been there all along.



Besides being a fast-acting, effective acid neutralizer, calcium carbonate is also one of the purest, most easily-absorbed forms of calcium. It's by far the most preferred source of calcium for supplementation, and most leading calcium supplements are made from it.

What other antacid ingredients does Tums contain? None—just calcium carbonate.

So whether you need antacid relief or extra calcium—or *both*—you can take Tums with complete confidence.

Are all antacids rich in calcium?

No. Most other antacids contain *no* calcium. They're made with ingredients like aluminum and magnesium.

What makes Tums better than other calcium supplements?

Even though most calcium supplements contain calcium carbonate, this does not necessarily mean they are all the same. For example, laboratory tests* prove that Tums tablets are totally dissolved in less than half the time most leading calcium supplements take. And any doctor will tell you that unless calcium carbonate is completely dissolved before it leaves your stomach, it's not delivering the maximum calcium benefit to your body.

You'll also appreciate the fact that Tums tablets are less expensive than most calcium supplements—they're only about *half* the price of the largest selling brand. And good-tasting Tums tablets are chewable—they can be taken anytime, anywhere ...without water.

Should you take your calcium supplement with your meals?

Yes. Medical research has shown that the most beneficial way to supplement your diet with calcium is by spreading your recommended intake throughout the day...preferably with meals.

If you're like most women, you need an additional 400 to 600 milligrams of calcium daily. Since each Tums tablet provides 200 milligrams of calcium (300 milligrams with Tums E-X), Tums is ideal for this type of regimen.

Don't wait till you have heartburn to get the extra calcium you need. Ask your doctor about Tums for calcium.

Does your calcium supplement dissolve in time to work?

A recent study published in *American Pharmacy*, the journal of the American Pharmaceutical Association, reported on the dissolution rates of the leading calcium supplement products. While most of the major brands passed the test, only Tums tablets were completely dissolved at the end of the 30-minute test period. The other leading supplements were only partially dissolved...and many bargain brands hadn't even begun to break down.

Product	*% Dissolved in 30 min.*
Tums®	*100*
Suplical™	*98*
Os-Cal® 500	*87*
Caltrate® 600	*69*

*For a copy of these test results send your name and address to: TUMS, P.O. Box 3830, Dept. SP, Stamford, CT 06905

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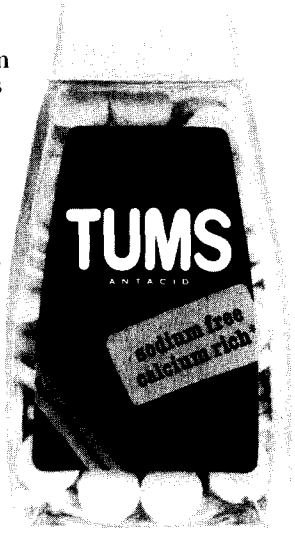

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POST SCRIPTS

Weigh to Go!

Aghast at what she saw on the drugstore scales, the cute young lady doffed her coat and weighed herself again. Results still unsatisfactory, she removed her shoes. When she found herself out of coins, a nearby onlooker stepped forward.

"Don't stop now!" he said. "I've got a handful of coins, and they're all yours!"

—Kris Lee

A Bloody Coup

Tact: The art of building a fire under people without making their blood boil.

—Rose Sands

Too Much, Too Little, Too Late

If you think you're getting too much government, just be thankful you're not getting as much as you're paying for.

—Mrs. J. B. Blass

Fun for the Whole Family

A man was entranced by a toy train that whistled, belched smoke, and did almost everything a real train could do, so he decided to buy it.

"I'm sure your grandson will love it," the clerk said.

"You're right," the man said. "I'd better take two."

—B. M. Cooley

Relieving the Pressure

A physics professor, trying to start a discussion on the subject of friction, asked the class, "What keeps the cork in a wine bottle?"

"Self-control!" a student in the back yelled.

—Martha J. Beckman

You're on Candidate Camera!

It's time to choose a president
To lead this great big land;
We need a daring leader
To take us by the hand.

We need a man of vision,
And a man who's brave and bold;
One who's truly steadfast,
With heart of purest gold.

So how do we select one?
What must the secret be?
We pick the lucky fellow
Who looks best on TV!

—Melvin Lukenbach

The Hole Truth

"Why did you tell that boarder of yours he had to move?"

"Well, ordinarily I try not to be suspicious of others, but when a man puts his hat over the keyhole, I can't help but suspect that something is going on."

—Thomas LaMance

Cinematic Triumph

Sign on the door of a movie-theater manager: "All juvenile complaints must be accompanied by responsible adult solutions."

—Ivern Ball

Blamed for Trying

The consistently grouchy husband was overcome with guilt and decided to make amends. Arriving home that evening, he gave his wife a bouquet of roses, told her he was taking her out to dinner, and tenderly embraced her.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "First I have a flat tire, then the washing machine breaks down, and tonight, of all nights, *you* come home drunk!"

—Robert Brooks

Boys Will Be Boys

(or, Infamous Things a Boy Naturally Does)

Making up stories and sticking to them, no matter what.

Inventing subplots to distract from the truth.

"Your wife wants to know if the trousers you left on the bed are to be sent to the cleaners."

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Exaggerating and bending the truth to avoid pain.

Telling a lie just to watch it unravel.

Scaring the wits out of kid sister just for fun.

Making sister laugh at dinner table 'til milk comes out of her nose.

Betting lunch money on insane, dangerous physical stunts.

Blaming bad grade on the fact that teacher had a speech impediment.

Claiming that the dog really *did* eat up your homework.

Surviving room inspection by sticking the whole mess in attic.

Pushing your parents to their breaking points.

Forcing parents to wish they never had children.

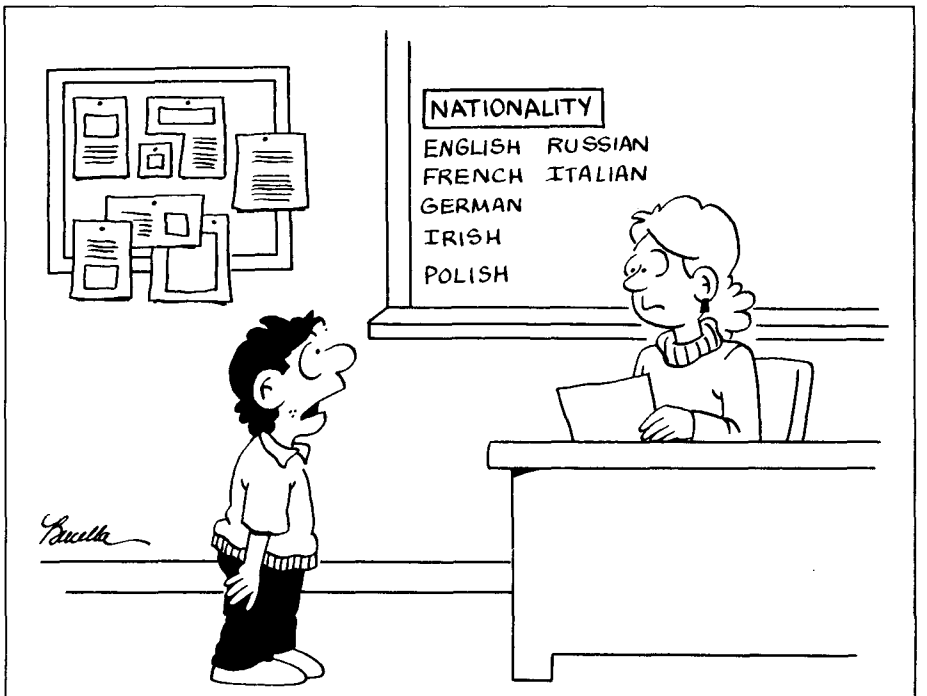
—Luigi Caridi

The Things You Learn with Age

A woman was giving her husband some last-minute advice on putting the children to bed.

"Forget the bedtime stories that begin with 'Once upon a time. . . ,' " she said. "If you really want to put them to sleep, start off with, 'Now, when I was your age. . . .' "

—Oliver E. Frazier



"My mother's Norwegian and my father is decaffeinated."

Seeing Red

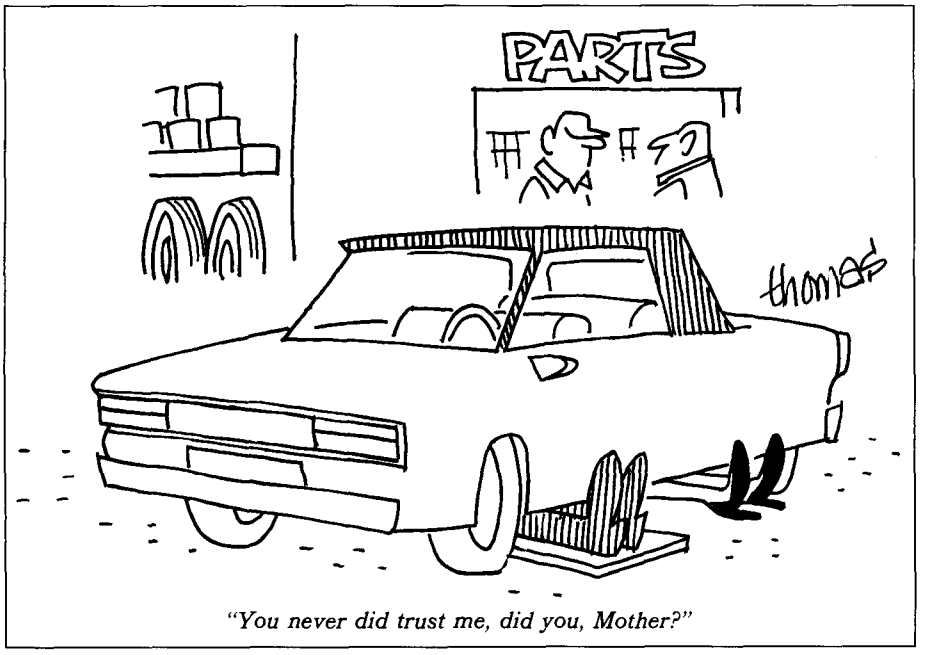
Old Satan is sneaky,
As preachers remind me.
That's why I'm reluctant
To put him behind me.

—Henry F. Hill

No Rest in the Nest

Do not wail or beat your breast
When they grow up and leave the nest.
Save your tearful, sad refrain
For when they all come home again.

—Marie Scholding



"You never did trust me, did you, Mother?"

"Just a Housewife"

Why do I say, "Just a housewife"
When asked my occupation,
As if it were the lowliest
Of any in the nation?
It's a hundred jobs in one,
Other housewives would agree,
And we quickly learn to be experts
In versatility.

We raise kids, flowers, and hopes,
And often we raise Cain.
And dogs and cats and parakeets—
And each must have a name.
Chauffeur, nurse, and dietician,
Moderator and emcee—
Now isn't that a full-time job
For beleaguered housewife me?

I hope I can accomplish
All the things to which I've vowed.
I'm raising future citizens
To do their country proud.
And if I do my job well,
My reward will surely be
To baby-sit for little tykes
Who quite resemble me!

—Elsa Maresh

Zoo's Who?

A family of bears, rummaging in a park garbage dump, looked up when a car with eight tourists pulled up at the side of the road.

"Isn't it cruel," papa bear commented, "to keep them caged up like that?"

—Trenda Leigh

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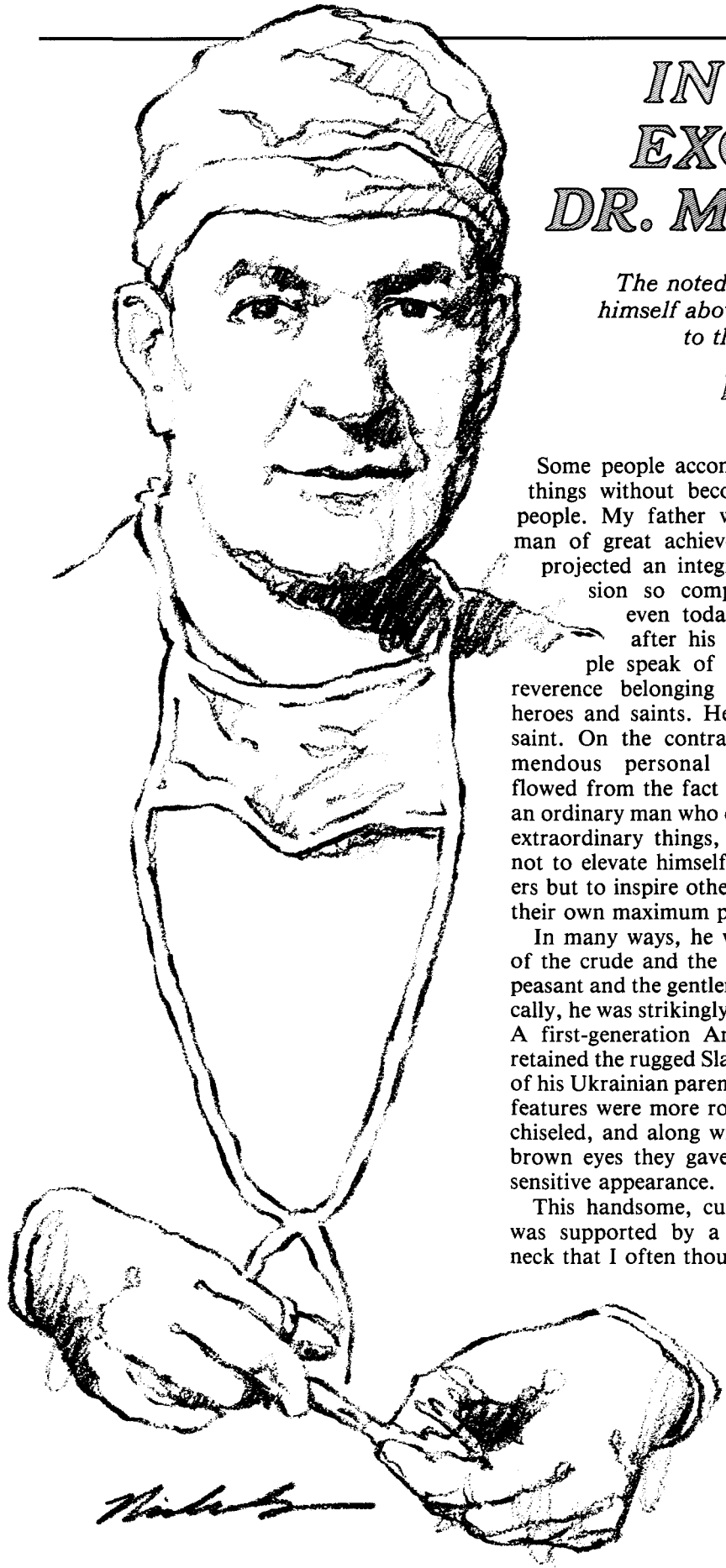

IN QUEST OF EXCELLENCE: DR. MURL E. KINAL

The noted neurosurgeon strove not to elevate himself above others but to inspire others to rise to their own maximum potential.

by Brian Kinal

Illustrated by Garry Nichols

Some people accomplish great things without becoming great people. My father was a great man of great achievements. He projected an integrity and vision so compelling that even today, 23 years after his death, people speak of him with a reverence belonging to historic heroes and saints. He was not a saint. On the contrary, his tremendous personal magnetism flowed from the fact that he was an ordinary man who did and said extraordinary things, who strove not to elevate himself above others but to inspire others to rise to their own maximum potential.

In many ways, he was a blend of the crude and the refined, the peasant and the gentleman. Physically, he was strikingly handsome. A first-generation American, he retained the rugged Slavic features of his Ukrainian parentage. Those features were more rounded than chiseled, and along with his deep brown eyes they gave his face a sensitive appearance.

This handsome, cultured head was supported by a thick, bull neck that I often thought was the source of my father's considerable physical strength. That neck grew out of a burly pair of shoulders that belonged more to a lumberjack than a neurosurgeon. Like his brother, Emil, Dad had muscular biceps and sinewy forearms, and at the end of those arms were the most remarkable hands I have ever seen on a man. They were at once large and strong, yet elegant and refined. Although his profession called for the most delicate work that hands can do, my father in his spare time sought crude uses for his hands. He was a fair rough carpenter, enjoyed cutting trees with a handsaw or chainsaw, and especially loved planting trees by hand at our farm in Findley Lake, New York. He wasn't afraid of dirt or mud, cuts, bruises, or blisters.

When the work was done, he would wash his hands as if scrubbing for surgery. One of my earliest memories is of my father washing his hands at the sink, working each finger separately, the two hands cleaning each other in a ritual that transcended the simple act of washing hands. No wonder one of his favorite observations about social relationships was "One hand washes the other."

That physical blend of the crude and the refined carried over to his personality. He was capable of the most impeccable manners and genteel charm. Like some educated men, he could adjust the level of his vocabulary to the company in which he found himself. But no matter whom he was talk-

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ing to, he spiced his language with profanities. He didn't particularly care who was in the vicinity, either.

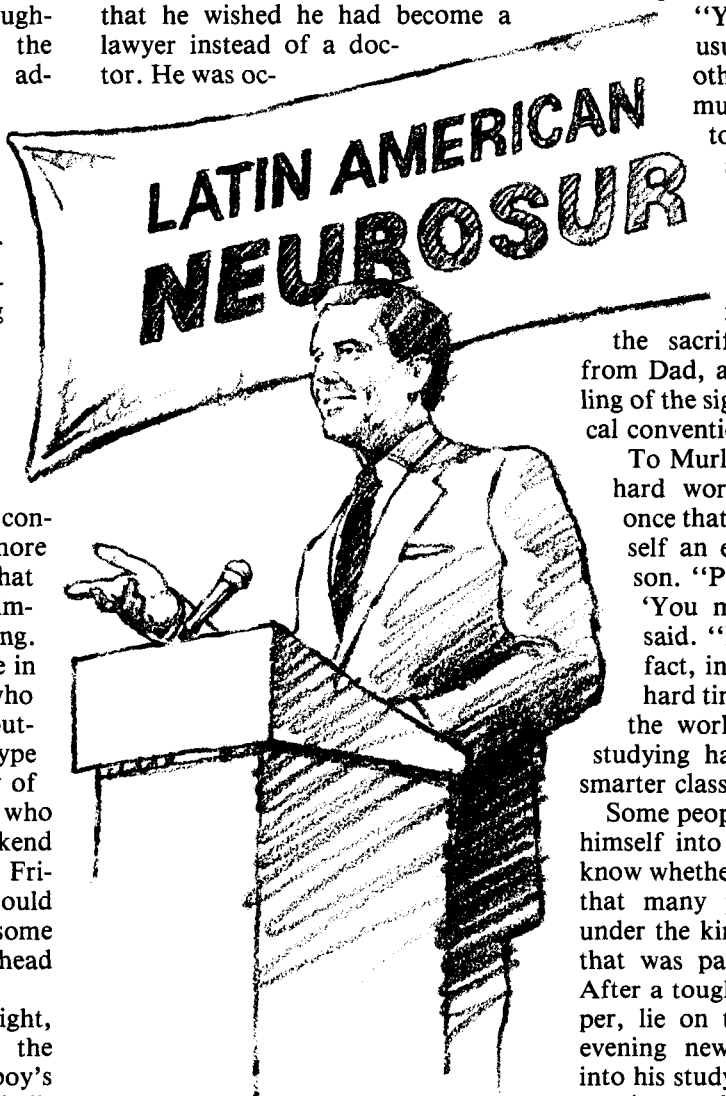
One of the hospitals Dad practiced at in Erie, Pennsylvania, was the Catholic hospital, St. Vincent. The sisters of St. Joseph worked throughout the hospital, including in the operating room. They greatly admired my father for his custom of walking off to a corner of the room and saying a prayer before sawing into the patient's skull. But during surgery he would fly into a rage if a piece of equipment did not function properly. Suddenly he'd be roaring "Jesus Christ Almighty!" and "Get me a God-d—— thing that works!" as nuns and nurses scampered in all directions.

He had many bullish qualities, not the least of which was a ferocious temper. He never lost control of it, but that only made it more awesome. It was not a temper that subsided quickly, either; it simmered for a long time after erupting.

I would not have wanted to be in the shoes of a young man who aroused that temper one night outside the operating room. One type of patient my father grew weary of treating was the reckless driver who would smash his car up on a weekend night. At the start of a pleasant Friday or Saturday evening, Dad would often remark, "Now watch some dumb son of a b—— put his head through the windshield."

That happened one Saturday night, and Dad spent long hours at the operating table trying to save a boy's life. When he emerged into the hallway after surgery, a young punk approached and said something like, "Doc, my buddy better make it, or you'll be sorry." He probably had heard that line used in a movie, but he got a taste of the real world when he tried it out on my father. Dad pushed him around right there in the hallway while giving him a lecture I'm sure he never forgot.

My father never felt superior to other people just because he happened to be a neurosurgeon. He told me many times that it didn't matter what your trade was; all that counted was that you did it to the best of your ability. He judged other people by their commitment to excellence, and he regarded them as equals if their dedication equalled his. It didn't matter whether they were janitors, clerks, teachers, or scientists. He often said that he wished he had become a lawyer instead of a doctor. He was occasionally asked to testify as an expert witness at trials, and he would talk about the experience for days afterward.



Just as he admired people who worked with dedication, he despised lazy, sloppy people, whose existence he took almost as a personal insult. He also detested people who thought doctors were only in practice for the money. Shortly before his 1962 trip to Europe, where he was guest speaker at the annual meeting of the Scandinavian Neurological Society, he was having lunch at a diner near St. Vincent Hospital. The cook had read a newspaper story about the trip, and he commented tauntingly to my father, "It must be nice to be able to take off and go to Europe anytime you want." I guess Dad didn't even look up from his food as he replied, "Yes, it is." Since he was usually so considerate of other people's feelings, he must have been really irked to give that cook such a sharp put-down. This guy regarded my father as just a rich doctor who could afford to take expensive vacations in Europe. He had no idea of the sacrifices medicine required from Dad, and not the slightest inkling of the significance of a neurological convention.

To Murl Kinal, excellence meant hard work. He confided to me once that he did not consider himself an exceptionally bright person. "People sometimes tell me, 'You must be a genius,' " he said. "But I'm not a genius. In fact, in medical school, I had a hard time understanding a lot of the work. I made up for it by studying harder than some of my smarter classmates."

Some people say my father worked himself into an early grave. I don't know whether that's true, but I doubt that many people could stand up under the kind of work and pressure that was part of his everyday life. After a tough day, he would eat supper, lie on the couch and read the evening newspaper, then disappear into his study to spend the rest of the evening working at his desk. To give an idea of what kind of work he did, he kept a collection of stillborn fetuses, immersed in jars of formaldehyde, in a cabinet in his study. I would sometimes walk in and find him holding one of those tiny babies in his palm, gently probing at the scalp or brain with small instruments.

It was routine for him to be called for emergency surgery in the middle of the night. Often he would return home as the rest of us were getting up in the morning. He would shower and shave, change clothes, have breakfast, and go off to work again—sometimes right into another surgery.

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The pressure on him reached a peak about 1959 when Erie, Pennsylvania's only other neurosurgeon moved away, and for a couple of years Dad was the only brain specialist within a 100-mile radius.

In his precious free time, he had no interest in any activity that excluded his wife and children. He was a rakish ballroom dancer, and he also enjoyed photography, sailboating, and fishing. At one point he took up drawing so he could illustrate his research. He loved target shooting with rifle and pistol, but he never hunted, although he encouraged me to hunt. Like my mother, he was a voracious reader, particularly of spy thrillers and biographies of great people.

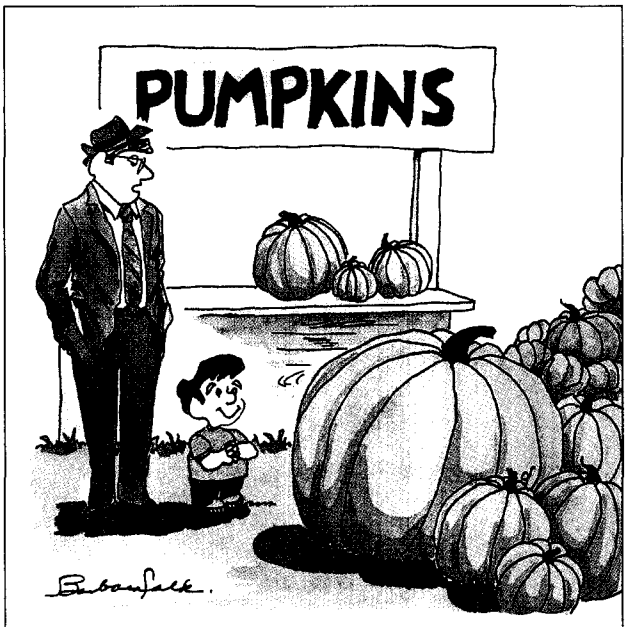
Dad's response to his incredible workload was to develop a rigorously self-disciplined and meticulous approach to life. Everything he did, whether tying his necktie or driving a car, was done as if he were trying to do it better than anyone had ever done it before. We used to tease him about the way he spread jelly on toast. He would not grasp the toast, but rather rest it on the columns of his fingers and thumb, applying a perfectly even layer of jelly with precise strokes of the butter knife.

However, it would be inaccurate to say he was a perfectionist. Perfectionists are peculiar, and there was nothing peculiar about my father. He was a realist who would never seek something as unattainable as perfection. He was satisfied to aspire to excellence.

I spent many long, boring hours as a child waiting for my father in the hospital. He liked to take me along but always left me in the doctors' lounge or telephone switchboard room. I am glad he never took me into surgery with him because once when he came out, the entire front of his smock and even his shoes were splattered with blood. He was smiling as matter-of-factly as if he were a carpenter who had just come out of his woodshop covered with sawdust.

The switchboard operator, an amiable old lady, prided herself on being able to recognize people out in the hall by the sound of their footsteps. But you didn't have to be the switchboard lady to recognize my father's steps. The steady, confident rhythm of those shoes on the linoleum spoke chapters about what kind of man was wearing them. Those footsteps must have reassured many sick people over the years.

Tragically, my father had another trademark—a frequent small cough that came from smoking more than two packs of unfiltered cigarettes a day. It was his only bad habit, and—I think he believed—one that proved to be fatal.



"No!"

He had faults. He often refused to consider that there could be legitimate views other than his own on a given subject. He was overly strict with his children, regarding a teenager's social needs as incompatible with character growth and academic achievement. He could be playful, but he disliked silliness or frivolousness. He was hopelessly old-fashioned and was always sarcastic about the latest fads.

I mentioned that some people speak of my father as if he were a saint. Those are usually his former patients. The common thread of their stories is that here was a renowned brain surgeon who was interested in them as people, not just medical cases. He would always engage them in lively conversation about things that were unrelated to their illnesses, and they were flattered that he was interested in what they did and thought.

There were a couple of reasons my father behaved that way toward patients. First, he was genuinely curious about all people. He believed that everyone is excellent at something, and he liked to discover what that was in each person.

Another reason my father was so interested in the personal lives of his patients is that he was seeking clues to their diseases. He talked to me extensively about the mind's power over the body, how placebos worked, how one person through tremendous will power overcame a grave illness, while another gave up and died prematurely. He took a course in hypnosis and practiced self-hypnosis. He told me that, through self-hypnosis, he had developed the ability to partially levitate.

People liked to talk to him because he was a great conversationalist. He always raised the level of conversation by talking about the mind, states of consciousness, human nature, or the future. He liked to pose hypothetical problems and ask each person present what his or her solution would be.

Dad was fascinated by space exploration and was convinced that mankind was already beginning its migration from this planet to other worlds. He and I were driving home from Warren State Hospital in October 1957 when the news came over the car radio that the Russians had launched Sputnik. He bet me $5 that within 10 years, man would set foot on the moon. Had he lived, he would have lost that wager, but not by much. Man did reach the moon 12 years after Sputnik.

As with many men his age, Dad had found World War II to be the greatest adventure of his life, and he never tired of reading and talking about the war. To him it was an arena in which ordinary people were inspired to heroic feats. But although he described the war in romantic

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Why men and women over 40 often miss the best sex of their entire lives.

BY PAUL A. FLEMING, M.D.

The years between 40 and 65 can be years of sexual frustration and failure and withdrawal from sex. Or they can be the start of sexual activity that is frequent and sensitive and especially loving–and that can be enjoyed until the end of one's life.

After 40, expect some changes in your sexual reactions.

Man or woman, you may be slower to achieve readiness for sex. Your climaxes may change. So may the tempo of your love-making and the frequency of your desire.

These changes are normal. But if you misinterpret them and worry that your sexual life is tapering off — you could begin to withdraw from sex altogether.

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You can read it at home, without hurry or embarrassment. You can read it over and over until you understand fully. No more hunting in bookshops for snippets of information that can worry you further. No more "what did he say?" after a tense, quick visit to the doctor.

SEX OVER FORTY often describes ways of making love (ideal for people over 40) that many are embarrassed to say they want to try. You and your partner can read about them, separately, then discuss them together with more comfort.

SEX OVER FORTY discusses sex like I do in my private practice. When telling a woman how to help her mate regain an erection, I actually show her how to hold her hands, how to move, what comforting things to say.

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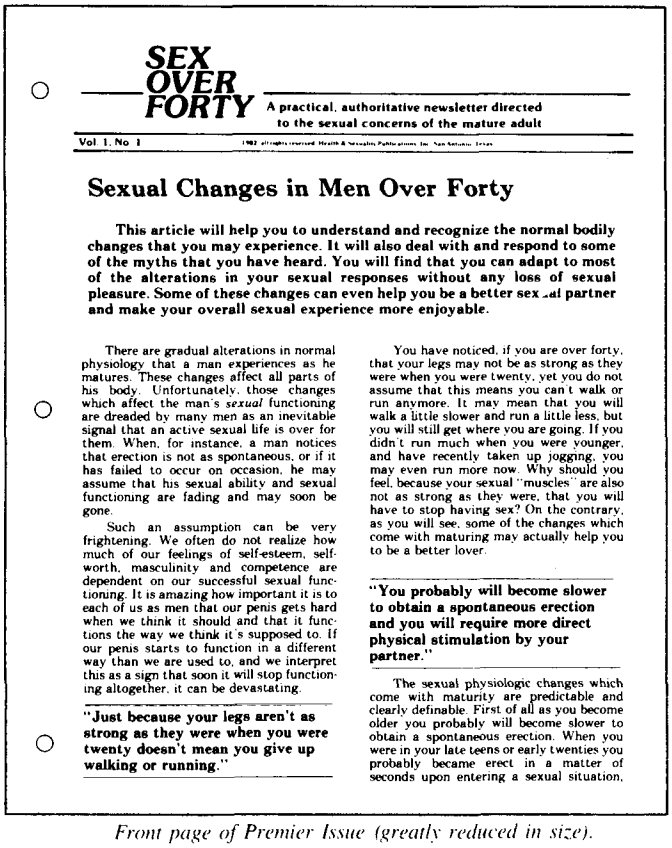
Dr. Fleming counseling a couple in his office.



SEX OVER FORTY

A practical, authoritative newsletter directed to the sexual concerns of the mature adult

Vol. 1, No. 1

Sexual Changes in Men Over Forty

This article will help you to understand and recognize the normal bodily changes that you may experience. It will also deal with and respond to some of the myths that you have heard. You will find that you can adapt to most of the alterations in your sexual responses without any loss of sexual pleasure. Some of these changes can even help you be a better sexual partner and make your overall sexual experience more enjoyable.

There are gradual alterations in normal physiology that a man experiences as he matures. These changes affect all parts of his body. Unfortunately, those changes which affect the man's *sexual* functioning are dreaded by many men as an inevitable signal that an active sexual life is over for them. When, for instance, a man notices that erection is not as spontaneous, or if it has failed to occur on occasion, he may assume that his sexual ability and sexual functioning are fading and may soon be gone.

Such an assumption can be very frightening. We often do not realize how much of our feelings of self-esteem, self-worth, masculinity and competence are dependent on our successful sexual functioning. It is amazing how important it is to each of us as men that our penis gets hard when we think it should and that it functions the way we think it's supposed to. If our penis starts to function in a different way than we are used to, and we interpret this as a sign that soon it will stop functioning altogether, it can be devastating.

"Just because your legs aren't as strong as they were when you were twenty doesn't mean you give up walking or running."

You have noticed, if you are over forty, that your legs may not be as strong as they were when you were twenty, yet you do not assume that this means you can't walk or run anymore. It may mean that you will walk a little slower and run a little less, but you will still get where you are going. If you didn't run much when you were younger, and have recently taken up jogging, you may even run more now. Why should you feel, because your sexual "muscles" are also not as strong as they were, that you will have to stop having sex? On the contrary, as you will see, some of the changes which come with maturing may actually help you to be a better lover.

"You probably will become slower to obtain a spontaneous erection and you will require more direct physical stimulation by your partner."

The sexual physiologic changes which come with maturity are predictable and clearly definable. First of all as you become older you probably will become slower to obtain a spontaneous erection. When you were in your late teens or early twenties you probably became erect in a matter of seconds upon entering a sexual situation.

Front page of Premier Issue (greatly reduced in size).

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terms, I think the massive loss of life he saw as a combat surgeon scarred him. My mother alluded to the fact that it did.

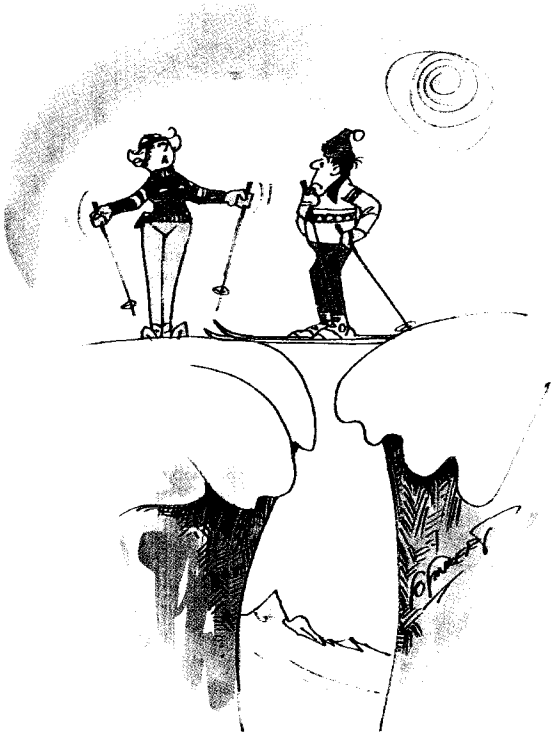
He used to say that combat is the best experience for a surgeon because it causes wounds rarely seen in civilian life. For example, he told of a soldier who was brought into the medical tent with his head completely wrapped in bandages. When my father unwound the bandages, the soldier's face fell away in layers "like the pages of a book."

In Erie, he lost his share of patients on the operating table. I was with him on one such occasion. And there were far worse things he had to face, such as the time the hospital called him at home and asked his permission to remove life support from a hopelessly comatose man. The patient's family had given their consent, but the decision to pull the plug was left up to Dad. "On my word, a man just died," he told me, and I wondered how much he had aged in those few minutes.

He did not believe in keeping people alive at any cost, and he endorsed euthanasia. When a friend of my sister's gave birth to a baby with hydrocephalus (water on the brain), my father told her, "Leave this baby with us, and go home and have another baby." So a newborn child with a life expectancy of a few months or a year was allowed to die sooner, which to my father was the humane decision.

For his research on hydrocephalus, and because of his eloquence and powerful personality, Dad in his mid-40s was beginning to receive international acclaim. That acclaim was important to him not for his ego but for two reasons. First, it was testimony to the level of excellence he had achieved in his field. Even more important, it signified that what he had to offer was bigger than a city or even a nation could contain. His gift would be for the whole world.

He had a winning way with foreign surgeons, and he always took my mother along to help charm them. I have the clipping of an Erie newspaper interview with Dad before his 1963 trip to Buenos Aires, where he presented a paper at the Latin American Congress of Neurosurgery. The story notes: "He will read it in Spanish since, as he pointed out, when South American doctors speak at meetings in the United States, they speak in English, and 'I think we would do well to return the courtesy.' " As if learning to speak a foreign language were a mere courtesy! He also spoke serviceable French, German, and Russian out of the same concern, and I should note that my father had no natural talent for languages. I know because we studied Russian together, and he found it as difficult as I did.



"As I see it, whatever you do next is going to be wrong."

The pinnacle of Dad's career was an invitation from the Soviet Union to present a paper at a Soviet neurological convention in Moscow. That was in 1964 during one of the chilliest periods of the Cold War, years before "détente." With the help of a Russian teacher from a local college, he translated the paper into highly technical Russian and spent months practicing his recitation of it.

Father died of cancer on July 3, 1965, two months after his 47th birthday and two weeks before his planned trip to Russia. When the disease was diagnosed six months earlier, he told me that he intended through sheer will power to defeat it or at least force it into a long remission. He spoke at length about people who had defied medical science and overcome seemingly incurable diseases.

I think he might have achieved the miraculous if not for a stroke of bad luck that sapped his desire to fight on. It was just an accident in which he poked his eye with the corner of an envelope. For some reason the injury did not heal, and his eye dripped profusely much of the time. Imagine having terminal cancer and then suffering a serious eye injury besides. It was more than even my father could shoulder.

When he finally faced the reality of his imminent death, there were only two things that bothered him about it. His marriage to my mother was a love affair of mythological proportions, and he couldn't bear the thought of being without her in this or any other world. And second, there was so much in medicine that he still wanted to accomplish.

When he knew it was inevitable, he turned his attention to dying and did it excellently. On July 2, he took out his fountain pen and, in his meticulous script, wrote letters of resignation to both Erie hospitals. He wrote to his secretary and nurse, thanking them for their years of service. That was his last day at work. He died the next day.

If my father could summarize his life, he might point to a passage he had copied from a book by Jurgen Thorwald and pinned to a shelf in his study: "Destiny seldom rewards the diligent theoretician or the dreamer; it usually reserves both the fame and the material rewards for those who translate dreams and theories into practical realities."

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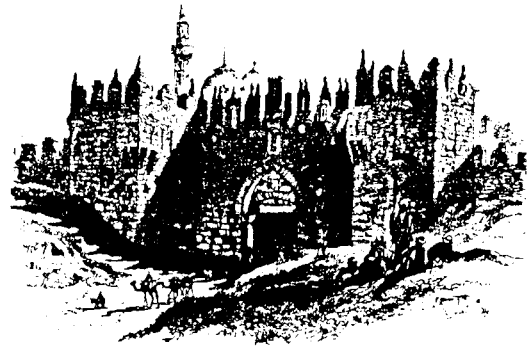
News From Israel



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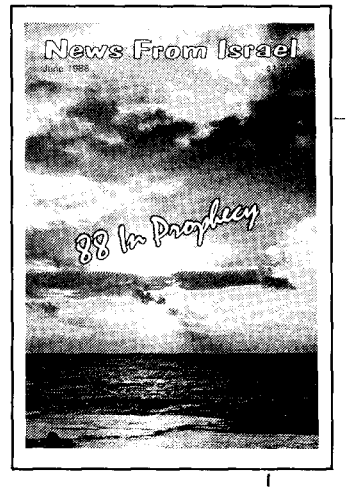

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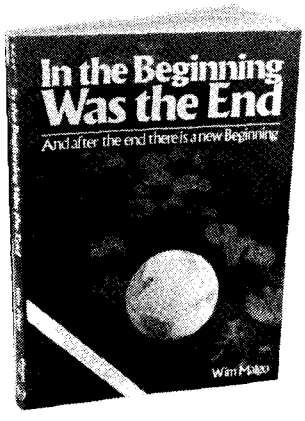

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VOTED MOST TRUSTWORTHY OF THE ANCHORMEN

His popularity brought ABC News to first place.

by Ryan P. Murphy

Peter Jennings, the host of ABC's "World News Tonight," is the consummate gentleman of the day. Impeccably groomed and imperially mannered, speaking in a rich voice that lubricates the harsh news of the day, Jennings radiates man-about-town vibes.

And he's terribly baffled about all this talk of savoir-faire.

"Smooth? I laugh when I hear that about myself," Jennings says. "I do not think of myself as the slightest bit suave. I've been around for a long time, traveled to many countries, and some of those places, I guess, have rubbed off on me a bit. And I am not visibly shaken, so maybe that's it. I mean, the broadcast set could be falling around my ears, and it wouldn't show above the desk line."

Newsman Jennings and author Kati Marton have been married nine years. He likes her "rich mind"; she likes his "childlike curiosity."

But what of the patrician delivery that adds intellectual weight to such puff items as "And now, news of yet another royal birth"? Or the occasional arch of an eyebrow that alters his composure ("For ABC News, I'm Peter Jennings." Up goes the right brow. "Good night.")? And those clothes. What about that impeccable wardrobe?

He attacks the latter question only. It's the one that amuses him the most. "I buy my clothes at the place in London where Mrs. Thatcher buys her underwear," he says, laughing. "They're off the rack at Marks & Spencer, which is a department store. It's the European version of Filene's Basement. I have nothing that I didn't buy there."

He pauses, then continues chatting up the decidedly unchic emporium. His children wear clothes from there, too. He continues: "You know, the *New York Times* called me up not too long ago and said, 'Well, Mr. Jennings, you've made the international best-dressed list again. And we notice that you lived in London.' I said, 'Yeeeees.' And then they said, 'Well, you certainly must have a London tailor.' And I said, 'Yes, and their names are Mr. Marks and Mr. Spencer.' "

Mr. Sophisticate roars, his Canadian accent replaced by a Regular Joe guffaw: "They printed that straight face. I laughed like h— when I read it."

• • •

Peter Jennings cried—tears of sorrow and extreme bitterness, no less —when they first called him up and told him that the ABC anchor chair was his.

"It was 1965, and ABC had a very young news organization looking to define itself," Jennings says. "The network as a whole had committed itself to appealing to the Gidget crowd. And I think they decided, let's make the news appealing in the same way. And back then, I was one of the youngest guys on board. You know, I had my own hair and teeth. And so I was dragged out of the South, where I was having a gloriously exciting time. And stuck in this chair.

"And so I wept when my boss told me I was going to have to do this job. I called a friend within the organization and said, 'This is a horrible thing they're doing to me!' And he said, 'I know. But you gotta do it.' "

Do it he did—"not too well, but not horribly bad, either," as he recalls—from 1965 to 1967. It was the TV news era of Cronkite, of Huntley and Brinkley. And the green Jennings—who at 27 became the youngest anchor ever on prime-time network television—was horribly out of place. He felt like a bobbysoxer at a grand ballroom dance. "It just wasn't my time," he says. "I was too young." And so he asked to be removed.

Back in the bowels of the ABC News organization, he covered the 1968 conventions and the late '60s news environment. And then he was transferred to London, where he bought dapper suits at Marks & Spencer and established a reputation as a smooth, unflappable operator who thrived in the face of crisis.

Flash forward 15 years. It is September 1983, and Frank Reynolds, ABC's anchor of many years, has recently died. Jennings gets a call. He listens to the offer, which would make him sole anchor. He accepts it. And this time, he doesn't cry.

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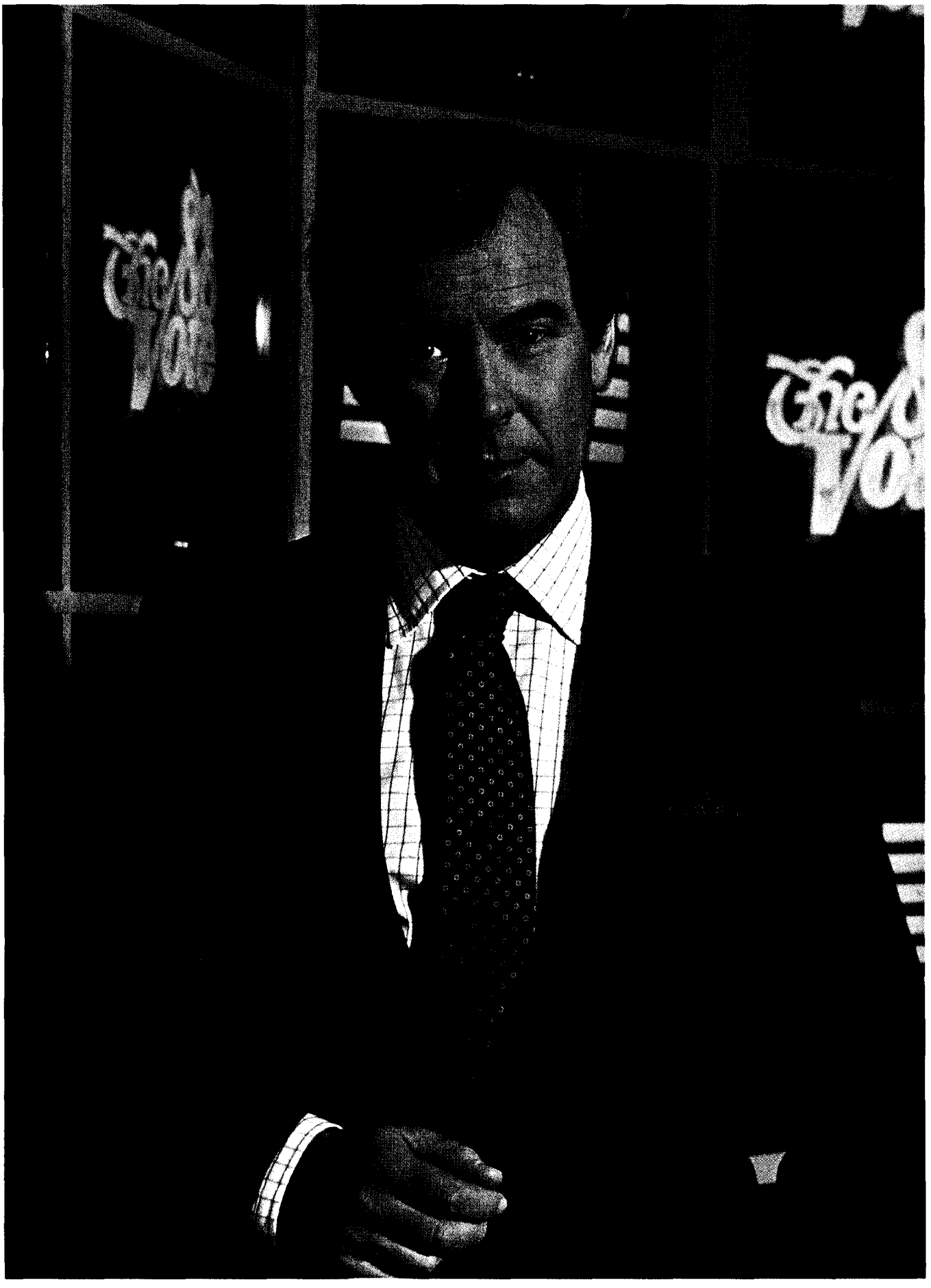

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Jennings' quiet self-confidence ("I knew I could do the job this time. I was ready for it, and have gradually become very comfortable with what I do") is apparently catching. In four years, ABC News has risen from the cellar to the top of the stairs. "World News Tonight with Peter Jennings" is the country's second most popular source of evening information. (CBS is first. In New York and in 69 other large urban TV markets, however, ABC is No. 1.)

"It's very strange for me to look at my growth—at the network's growth—because 20 years ago, I never would have imagined this," he says. "I was just 24. And now, by television terms, I'm getting a bit long in the tooth."

With the improved ratings come recognition and stature, which must mean a lot to a man who in his youth was ridiculed for his lack of experience and expertise. In 1986, a core group of broadcast journalists rated him "most professional news anchor." (CBS' Dan Rather was No. 2; NBC's Tom Brokaw was No. 3.) In a *Washington Journalism Review* survey this year, he was voted "Best Anchor" (breaking Rather's long claim on the title). A Gallup poll dealing with believability in the media ranked him at 90 percent, just behind Cronkite. *New York* magazine commented in a recent piece, "He's the hot anchor, the one to beat."

Jennings' strengths, which he refuses to list or discuss ("I don't like to talk about my own contributions"), are his own in a field run amuck with borrowed schtick. The anchor rundown, if there is one, goes something like this:

Dan Rather burns both hot and cold—the run-in with George Bush, the "six minutes of black air tantrum" from Miami—many times during a single broadcast. He is judged by those within the industry as the most powerful anchor, the one with the most clout, the one with the quickest fuse, and the one haunted by the biggest ghost—Cronkite, whom he replaced.

Brokaw, of NBC News, is warm, certainly competent, but minus an edge. Tune in and get your news from the boy next door all grown up.

And then there's Jennings. A bit chilly. Thoroughly even. Unwavering. There's a lilt to his voice (he's from Ontario) that suggests calm and good breeding. And then up goes the brow. Out breaks the sly smile. And suddenly, he's the most human, the most accessible, of them all. Roone Arledge, president of ABC News, calls him simply "the anchor of the future."

Jennings shines brightest in moments of crisis. His live play-by-play the day of the *Challenger* tragedy was deemed the best in his field by many TV critics. He shone additionally during the Reagan-Gorbachev summits and during this year's political conventions, where his unabashed enthusiasm for the process added verve to decidedly lackluster affairs: "Because I'm a native Canadian, I think I appreciate this country more, take it less for granted. I looked down on that floor and saw the process of democracy. And it was thrilling."

And so, after winning a race he at one time could not finish, Jennings is content, if not happy. He still misses reporting, he says, and though he recently signed a five-year contract that brings with it a reported $1.8-

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Away from the often-depressing items newspeople must dispense, the "hot" anchor Peter Jennings welcomes a breather on the lighter side with Diane Sawyer and Tom Brokaw.

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million-a-year salary, he is not sure if he wants to gray behind the ever-scrutinized, always-criticized anchor desk. "There's four years left in my contract," he says, "and I'm honestly using this time to figure out what I want to do."

Jennings admits his high-profile post has changed his life dramatically the second time around. There are new possessions, such as the ten-room apartment on Central Park West, which cost around $1 million. And there are constant demands, and insanely busy days. "I get to the office at 9 a.m., and I leave at 8 p.m. And once I get there, I don't lift my head up until the broadcast is over," he says. "I am not a go-to-lunch type. Unless it's in the cafeteria."

The most significant new aspect of the job, he says, is "that it's made me much more a public figure than I ever imagined I could be, or would be. Most people, 99 percent, are just delightful. But then there's the one percent who are difficult."

Jennings' thesis was proven correct a chilly winter ago when three middle-aged groupies trapped him and his family in a set of revolving doors at FAO Schwarz on Fifth Avenue. The women shrieked gleefully at the sight of the famous handsome face peering out at them behind quickly fogging glass. What a catch!

Jennings' wife, Kati Marton, "eventually extricated us," Jennings relates. And then?

"And then we ran like h— down the street."

• • •

Ted Koppel, the host of ABC's "Nightline" program and a longtime friend of Jennings', has a story to tell: "I have this distinct memory of something Peter did that happened about 20 years ago. We were walking

continued on page 82

Early days found Peter and Kati "relaxing" at home and playing anchor for their children, Elizabeth and Christopher.

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THE GETAWAY

They turned around, reached inside their jackets, and pulled guns on us. "You sit where you are and don't move," the tall one said to me. "And you, get back against the wall."

Whenever I get sleepy at the wheel, I always stop for coffee. This time, I was going along in western Texas and I got sleepy. I saw a sign that said GAS EAT, so I pulled off. It was long after midnight. What I expected was a place like a bunch of others, where the coffee tastes like copper and the flies never sleep.

What I found was something else. The tables were painted wood, and they looked as if nobody ever spilled the ketchup. The counter was spick-and-span. Even the smell was O.K., I swear it.

Nobody was there, as far as customers. There was just this one old boy —really only about 40, getting gray above the ears—behind the counter. I sat down at the counter and ordered coffee and apple pie. Right away he got me started feeling sad.

I have a habit: I divide people up. Winners and losers. This old boy behind the counter was the kind that they *mean* well; they can't do enough for you, but their eyes have this gentle, faraway look, and they can't win. You know? With their clean shirt and their little bow tie? It makes you feel sad just to look at them. Only take my tip: don't feel too sad.

He brought the coffee steaming hot, and it tasted like coffee. "Care for cream and sugar?" he asked. I said, "Please," and the cream was fresh and cold and thick. The pie was good, too.

A car pulled up outside. The old boy glanced out to see if they wanted gas, but they didn't. They came right in. The tall one said, "Two coffees. Do you have a road map we could look at?"

"I think so," the old boy said. He got their coffee first and then started rooting through a pile of papers by the telephone, looking for a map. It was easy to see he was the type nothing's too much trouble for. Tickled to be of service.

I'm the same type myself, if you want to know. I watched the old boy hunting for his map, and I felt like I was looking in a mirror.

About a minute or two, he came up with the map. "This one's a little out of date, but. . . ." He put it on the counter, beside their coffee.

The two men spread out the map and leaned over it. They were well dressed, like a couple of feed merchants. The tall one ran his finger along the Rio Grande and shook his head. "I guess there's no place to get across, this side of El Paso."

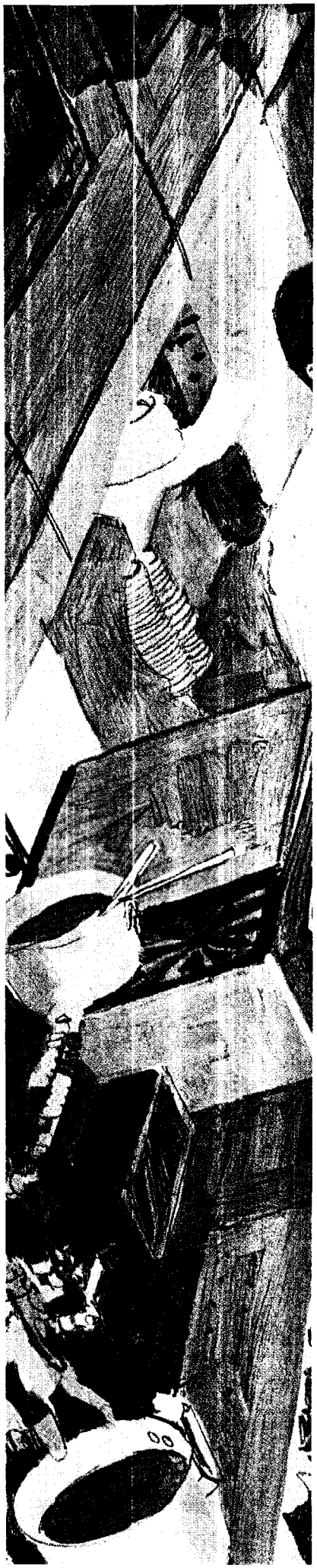
He said it to his pal, but the old boy behind the counter heard him and lit up like a light bulb. "You trying to find the best way south? I might be able to help you with that."

"How?"

"Just a minute." He spent a lot of time going through the papers by the telephone again. "Thought I might have a newer map," he said. "Anything recent would show the Hackett Bridge. Anyway, I can tell you how to find it."

"Here's a town called Hackett,"

continued on page 74



BY JOHN SAVAGE

Illustrated by FRED OTNES

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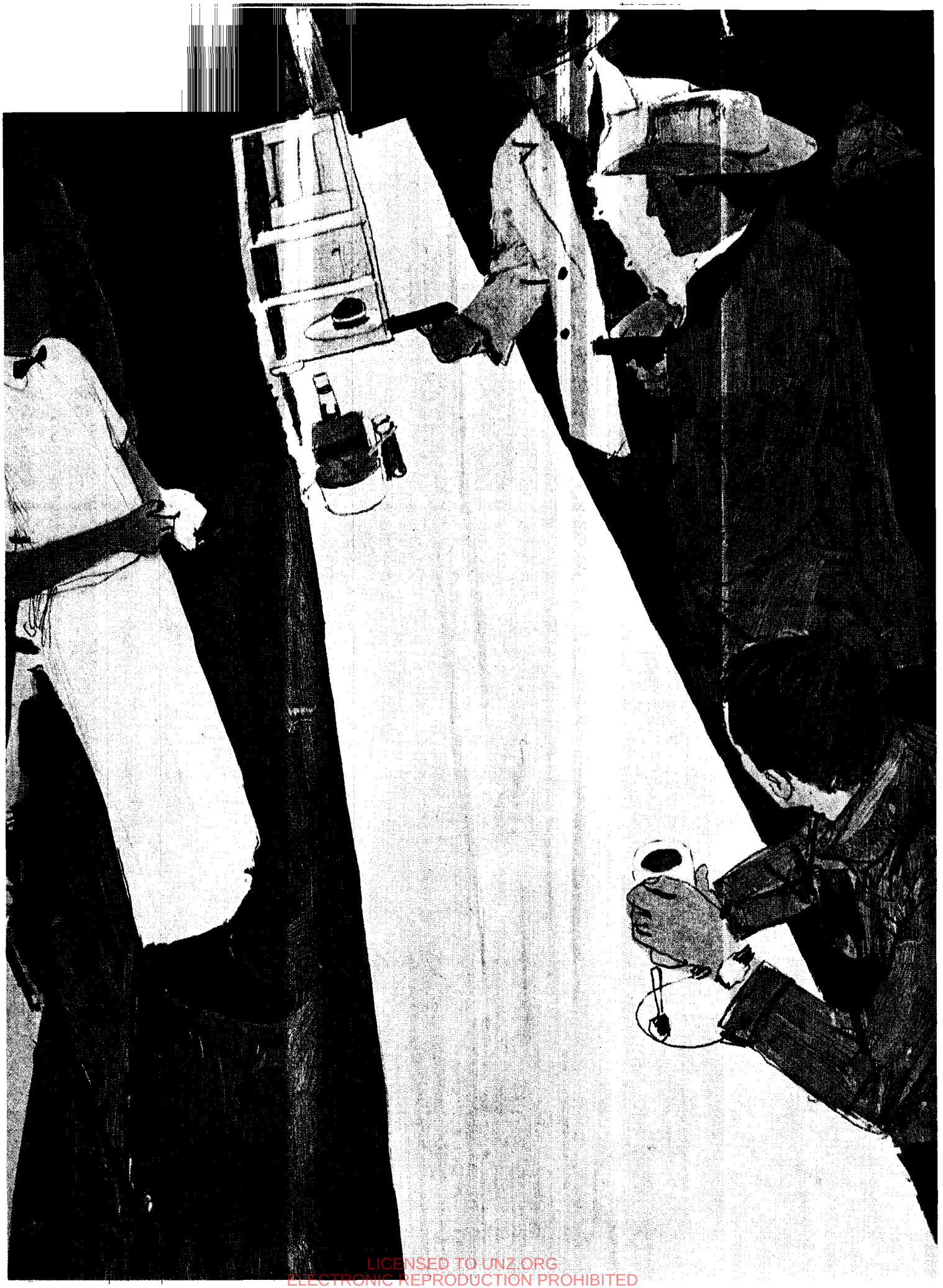

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HIP, HIPS AWAY!

After 25 years of turning losers into winners, Weight Watchers is still the heavyweight among diet plans.

Holly G. Miller

Debbie Hudson, a 33-year-old schoolteacher from St. Petersburg, Florida, still remembers her moment of truth. It was Christmas 1986, and her father was trying out his new video camera by recording the family's holiday celebration. As Debbie watched the replay of the tape, she cringed. There she was in living color, all 240 pounds of her. She knew it was time to get serious about a diet—again.

Now, two years later and 90 pounds lighter, she describes the Christmas tape as a "major revelation." Sure, she had known that her weight was out of hand, but that hadn't stopped her hand from going to her mouth. She had made lots of excuses—loneliness, the end of a marriage, a cross-country move—and had always promised that tomorrow would be different. "This will be the day," she recalls saying. But it never was.

"I graduated from college No. 1 in my class and was voted the outstanding woman of Northern Arizona University," she says. "But it was no big deal to me because I felt my life was out of control, foodwise. I used to get so mad at myself because I seemed to have a lot of discipline in some areas but not with food. When my dad got that video camera I actually saw myself as others saw me. I think heavy people sometimes just look at themselves from the neck up. We can't deal with the rest, so we just forget about it."

Bess Gersh, 67, of Phoenix, Arizona, has been comfortable looking at her full-length profile since 9 p.m. on January 15, 1968. That was when she finally reached her weight goal of 135 pounds, down from 190. She says she had battled her bulges since birth. And speaking of birth, she was born under the astrological sign of the scales. Being fat was in the stars, she used to joke.

"I have never been thin in my whole life except for the last 20 years," she says. "I wanted to lose weight because I've got a skinny husband. When I married him I thought I could fatten him up. No one ever told me that certain people have buttons in their navels that shut off when they have had enough to eat. He gets on the scales with his shoes in his hands late at night hoping he's gained."

Not everyone is that lucky. Last year more than 60 percent of American women tried to lose weight. They counted calories, sweated through aerobics classes, and went on an average of five diets in 12 months. They joined health spas, had themselves pummeled by masseuses, drank chalky potions, and bought whatever diet book topped the best-seller list. About 700,000 of them attended weekly Weight Watchers meetings. Debbie Hudson and Bess Gersh were among them. Why? Because the plan works, they say. Others agree. After being in the business 25 years, Weight Watchers International ("International" because the program operates in 24 countries) is still considered the heavyweight in the diet industry. In

Anyone can lose weight, Weight Watchers' founder Jean Nidetch preaches (far right). Big losers become big winners like Weight Watchers' members of the year Angelika Visser of Germany (below) with runners-up and U.S. winner Barbara Gouveneur (center) with actress Lynn Redgrave.

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spite of heady competition from other weight-loss programs, Weight Watchers memberships were up in 1987. Those figures are expected to increase even further this year. The company, now owned by H.J. Heinz, has total annual revenues of about $1 billion.

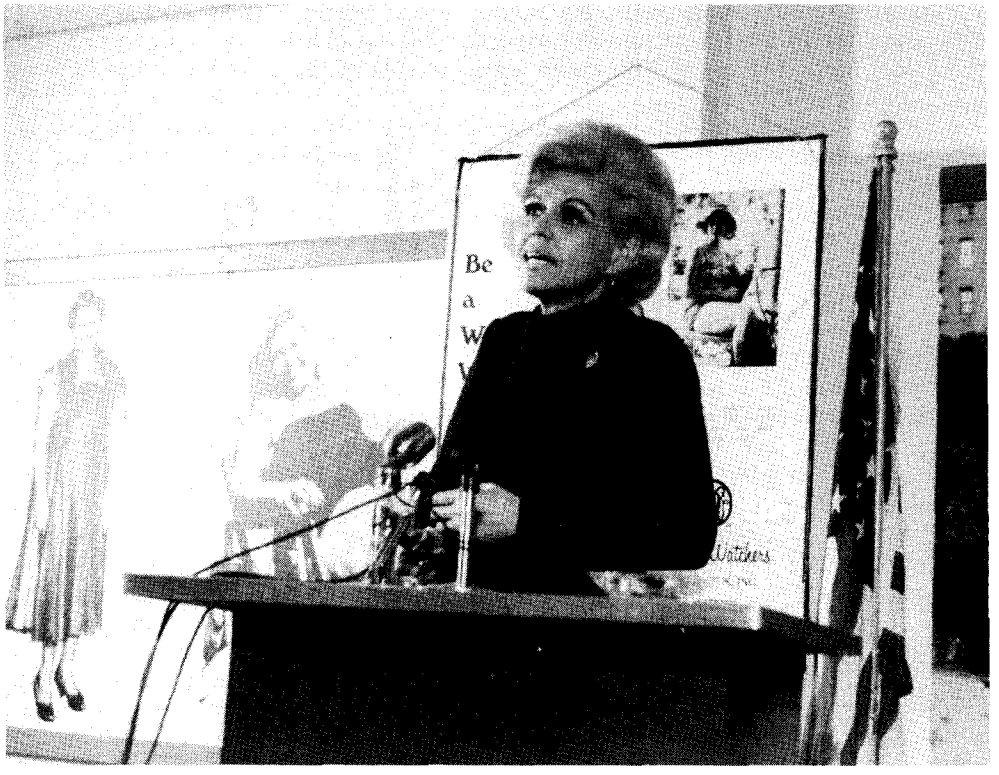
"It works because it's not just a diet," says Wayne Perra, the national Weight Watchers advertising manager. "We don't necessarily have people change the foods they eat, but we teach them to know how much they can eat and how they can modify their behavior if they're compulsive or binge eaters. The element of group support certainly adds to the effectiveness of the program."

Local Weight Watchers meetings are clubby affairs. Held weekly in church basements, YWCAs, company cafeterias, and other large facilities, they last an hour, generally with a lot of rah-rah, backslapping, and applause. Each member is weighed privately; he or she then joins the group to trade tales of success and temptation. Recipes are exchanged, ribbons and certificates are awarded for special achievements, and no one is scolded for occasionally regressing. The group's tally of pounds lost during the previous week is announced and cheered, and the number of pounds *gained* is mentioned only as a passing p.s. A short lecture follows, delivered by the group leader, herself a graduate of the program.

Comedian Jerry Lewis says you can't laugh pounds away, but humor helps.

"The leader was a key factor for me," says Debbie Hudson, who joined and dropped out of Weight Watchers eight times before she was successful. "Maybe I wasn't mentally ready to listen the other times, but when I decided to get serious about losing weight I really hung on to everything that was said at the meetings. I still use the suggestions today to figure out if I want food because I'm hungry or if I feel the need to eat for another reason. Is it a psychological or physical hunger? That was something one of my leaders said briefly in a meeting, and a light went off in my head. It's been a really valuable tool ever since."

The program has four elements constantly being studied and refined to keep up with trends and research. For instance, the diet (Weight Watchers prefers the term "food plan") now offers guidance on dining out for members whose lifestyles dictate restaurant cuisine. And tips on celebrations are given to prevent holidays from resulting in noticeable additions to the hips and chins. The group sup-



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port system supplies the element of friendly motivation; a new exercise plan is an optional element that allows members to achieve quicker fat loss while decreasing the appetite; and the Self-Discovery Plan is a behavior modification element designed to promote positive attitudes and help members understand why they are overweight.

For all the innovations Weight Watchers International (WWI) has come up with since Jean Nidetch launched the company a quarter century ago (see sidebar), members' successes or failures depend entirely on themselves. Not only do they have to be at least ten pounds overweight to qualify for the program, but they have to be committed to following the rules if they are going to make it work.

"I had dieted all my life," Bess Gersh remembers. "Then in 1967, a relative from New York was visiting and told me about this plan that lets you eat things like spaghetti and ice cream and still lose weight. I got the Weight Watcher book and started to follow it on my own. When I saw that it worked I wrote to Jean Nidetch and asked her to please send somebody out here to start a group. She wrote back and told me the program was coming to Phoenix and that I should watch for an announcement in the newspaper. I was there at the meeting the very first night and have been in the program ever since. Now I'm a group leader. I'm the one who stands up front and motivates."

Twenty years after Bess Gersh's introduction, Debbie Hudson also read about Weight Watchers in the newspaper, but this was WWI with a twist. Called Inner Circle, it was a new program that limits the support group to eight to ten people who meet for ten weeks. Once the group is formed, no one else can join. The meetings are slightly longer and designed to offer added support.

"For me, being an overachiever and a perfectionist, it's always been really hard to say to anybody, 'Hey, I'm having a problem here.' But I learned to do that in this smaller group setting," Debbie says. "In the beginning no one knew each other, but feelings grew. If somebody was having a bad time we'd talk about it. Then when he came in the door the next week we were able to say, 'How are you doing?' "

Everyone in Debbie's Inner Circle group lost weight, but not to the extent she did. Before she attended the first meeting she promised herself that this time would be different. This time she would not rewrite the program and turn it into a modified version she now calls "Weight Watchers à la Debbie," as she had in the past. She wouldn't pick and choose segments of the plan that suited her and delete parts she didn't find convenient. This time she would be serious.

A lecture by the group leader is vital to each meeting.

"It worked because I did what the leader told me to do," she says. "It wasn't very long before I realized that I wasn't having all the cravings that I had experienced before. I ate the fruits, I ate the vegetables, I drank the water, and I weighed my food. I was shocked to find out when I began weighing the portions that I had been eating much more than I should have. Now I don't have to do that because visually I know how much should be on my plate."

If group motivation helps members lose pounds, the re-education process helps them keep the weight off. The food plan advocates healthy, balanced eating habits that last a lifetime. Members aren't burdened with the chore of fixing one menu for themselves and a second for the rest of the family. Even after they have achieved their weight goals they don't flipflop back to junk food. Meals continue to be attractive, filling, and creative, and there's no such thing as cheating—only portion control. Children of Weight Watching parents have the benefit of good food in addition to a lesson or two in nutrition.

Of course, roles are sometimes reversed. Kids who have graduated from the Weight Watchers program themselves can bring parents up-to-date on what's right and wrong with the family's eating habits. This is especially true of 10- to 21-year-olds who have attended one of the 12 Weight Watchers camps spread across the United States.

"The camps have been operating since 1974," explains Flip Shulman, one of two executive directors of the Weight Watchers camps. "We offer the same sports and activities of any camp, but our kids also come to lose weight and have their eating habits changed. Campers get three Weight Watchers meals and two snacks every day, lectures, rap sessions, and cooking classes, so they really learn what they're eating and why they're eating it. When they go home they receive an eight-week membership to continue the program in their community."

The camp program lasts two, three, four, or seven weeks, and the typical camper who stays a month goes home 18 pounds lighter. Most important, the majority don't regain the weight they've lost. "We call each of our campers in January, following their stay with us," Shulman says. "Between 75 and 80 percent have either maintained their weight loss or have lost more. A lot of the kids come back the following year, mainly because they like the activities, but also because they won't eat all the junk food that they might eat at a regular camp."

If it seems that WWI has explored every angle of weight loss in its 25-year history, company executives claim they've barely scratched the surface. At least one major change in the program is integrated every year;

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suggestions are gleaned from the membership or from the team of experts the company uses as a brain trust. A dietitian, a psychologist, and an exercise-physiology consultant are constantly fine-tuning the program. Weight Watchers executives regularly sit in on neighborhood meetings to keep in touch with typical members and listen to what they like and what they'd like to change. A recent program expansion has Weight Watchers meetings being conducted in workplaces across the country during the lunch hour.

"It's been proven that when somebody has his weight under control he feels better, produces more, and the morale is higher," Wayne Perra says. "There's a myriad of opportunity to improve not only what we deliver but how we reach more and more people effectively."

However the program may be changed in the future, nothing can improve on the moment of victory. Common to all Weight Watchers graduates are the memories of the times they stepped on the scales and finally reached their weight goals. Most of them recall not only the dates, but the precise hours.

"It happened right before my birthday," remembers Debbie Hudson, who was recently chosen the 1988 Weight Watchers International Member of the Year. "For me, life began at 33. I owe Weight Watchers my life. I really do."

Jean Nidetch: Worth Her Weight in Gold

"Staying thin is a lot like staying blonde when you're really a brunette," Jean Nidetch philosophizes, between chops of fresh veggies on her kitchen cutting board. "You have to work at it." At age 65, the thin, blonde founder of Weight Watchers International has been working at it for 25 years. Tonight's dinner celebrates her son's engagement. Still, the menu is sensible: poached chicken, vegetables, and rice, topped off with Weight Watchers mousse.

"I don't suppose I'll ever retire," says Jean, who once packed her 214-pound physique into a size-44 dress. "I happily sold the business in 1978 because it had become rather, er, *vast*. At this stage of my life I love to travel on behalf of the company. I go wherever I'm invited."

She's modest about her extensive treks, which have included two round-the-world cruises on the QE II and numerous trips to Australia, New Zealand, and Europe, plus the usual guest gigs at stateside shopping malls and ladies' luncheons. Once, she recalls, a short stop on the island of Fiji was stretched into a grand tour when hundreds of Fijians turned out on the dock to welcome her and show off their "10" pins, which signify to all Weight Watchers a loss of at least ten pounds. "I didn't even know we were operating in Fiji," she says. "I thought somebody was pulling my leg, but when I got to the railing there they were with a big poster that said, 'Welcome the high priestess, Jean Nidetch.' "

An excellent motivational speaker—not too slick and right from the heart—she endears herself to audiences by candidly sharing experiences from the bad old days. She jokes that she always knew the difference between a cupcake and a green pepper, and she always chose the wrong one. She also knew how to lose weight long before she devised the Weight Watchers program. All it took was an invitation to a wedding or a party. She'd button her lip, drop a few pounds, and have a big time. Afterward, she'd gain back the weight. And then some.

Particularly painful are her childhood memories of growing up fat in Brooklyn: 'I would sit on the edge of my seat because I was afraid we'd have a fire drill and I didn't want to be the last kid out of the room," she says. "A thin kid can sit back and not worry about trying to get up without knocking over the books. Things like that run through your mind. Of course, physical education was the worst. I literally felt sick to my stomach because I didn't want to be seen in shorts."

She never set out to change the shape of the world, but one day when a woman asked her when her baby was due (she wasn't pregnant at the time), she decided she needed help. A diet from the New York City Department of Health Obesity Clinic got her on track, but not until she issued the invitation "can we talk?" to a few chubby friends did she see drastic results. There was something about the group-support concept that made a difference. Before long, the intimate circle of friends had spilled out of Jean's apartment, into a basement, and over to a movie theater.

"The No. 1 question I've always asked during a lecture is 'Do you really want to lose weight?' If the answer is yes, you can do it," Jean says. "You are capable because you own the instrument that made you fat. It's attached to your wrist. It's the thing that wields the fork. Most fat people are full of excuses—they say that overweight runs in their family; it's a glandular condition; or they have an inactive thyroid. Nobody wants to admit openly and honestly that they eat in the middle of the night. At our meetings we simply started to tell the truth. Then something exciting happened; people began to care about each other."

With the most seniority of anyone in the program, Jean has maintained her 72-pound loss since October 30, 1962. She's changed as the program has changed, and putting the new exercise component into practice, she walks a mile and a half each morning. After 25 years she remains a winner because she's a loser. As spokeswoman for Weight Watchers, she's worth her weight in gold, especially if her weight doesn't fluctuate. It's unlikely it will.

"I've never felt better in my life," she says. "I have more energy than I ever had when I was younger. I want to live to a ripe old age, and I'd rather live in a healthy body. The fact that it looks good is a nice little bonus."

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THE MORMONS' GENETIC LEGACY

A study of Mormon families reveals definite evidence that heredity plays a major role in the formation of colon cancer.

by Michael Waldholz

Salt Lake City, Utah—When Brigham Young led the Mormons across the jagged Wasatch Mountains and into this desert basin about 140 years ago, he never could have prophesied the legacy they would leave to modern science. By studying the unusually large Mormon families who reside near here, scientists today are beginning to crack the most basic riddles of human illness and now claim to have resolved a debate that has consumed cancer researchers for years.

In a study of the Mormons, scientists at the University of Utah say they have discovered the first definitive evidence that heredity plays a major role in a common and often fatal type of cancer. They claim that colon cancer, which strikes more than 100,000 Americans a year, occurs only in people who inherit a particular gene from their parents that predisposes the children to the cancer. Those people who don't inherit the gene run only the slimmest risk of contracting the disease; perhaps, say the researchers, they run no risk at all.

Chance to Predict Cancer

The scientists, whose study is likely to send shock waves through the cancer research field, say the gene doesn't itself cause cancer. Instead, it is associated with the development of certain polyps—mushroom-like clumps of tissue in the bowel—which, because of still-unknown circumstances, may turn cancerous. Because the researchers don't yet know this gene's exact identity, their forthcoming report is expected to spark a worldwide race to discover a chemical "marker" to help locate the gene in the human body.

"Most colon cancer is detected only when the disease already has progressed dangerously," says Mark Skolnick, the lead scientist for the Utah research. "With a marker we'll be able to predict for the first time with a simple blood test who is at risk. By monitoring these people, the polyps can be found and removed before they become cancerous. That's a measure of prevention far better than anything we have now."

Skolnick's study most certainly will draw fire, since its findings contradict the prevailing belief among most cancer experts that only 5 percent to 10 percent of colon-cancer cases are due to genetic factors. The rest, they say, occur not because of heredity but because of some environmental factor, such as a diet high in animal fat.

A Special Laboratory

The new study's authors concede that their conclusion is "radical" and that their findings won't be easily reproduced outside this state. "If it weren't for the uniqueness of the people of Utah, this study wouldn't even have been undertaken," says Randall Burt, a gastroenterologist and member of the research team.

Indeed, evidence of a predisposing cancer gene is one of the more startling in a recent series of gene discoveries made possible by studies of the Mormon-based population living in and around Utah—a large, homogeneous group particularly useful to researchers doing gene studies. By following a trait as it flows through several generations and across vast branches of a family, scientists can see whether it "segregates" in a pattern that is probably due to the inheritance of a gene. The more extensive the family, the more statistically accurate this analysis.

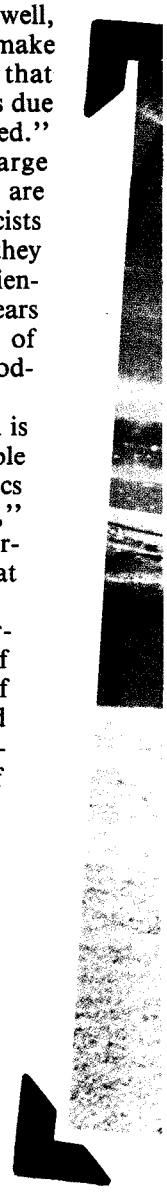
"If you want to see, for instance, if a susceptibility to breast cancer is inherited, the first thing to do is look at siblings," Skolnick says. "If the families you are looking at average two or three sisters, there's little likelihood you'll see more than one case of cancer even if something is being inherited. But if there are five, six, or seven sisters, the chances of seeing a cluster of cancer increases. And if the same occurs among siblings in other branches of the family—well, then you can begin to make statistical assumptions that this isn't haphazard but is due to something being inherited."

Human pedigrees large enough for such study are highly valued by geneticists because, quite simply, they are rare. But in Utah, scientists in the past few years have identified dozens of clans with extensive bloodlines.

"Nowhere in the world is there a collection of people as ideal for current genetics research as the Mormons," says Ray White, co-chairman of human genetics at the University of Utah.

The million or so Mormons here—some of whom have thousands of members of their extended families living nearby—are mostly descendants of about 20,000 pioneers who trudged across the mountains to create a "kingdom of God." And right from the beginning, "the Mormon leaders did two things for which geneticists will be forever thankful," Skolnick says.

For one, they encouraged the formation of huge families as a way to quickly build the church. Over the past 100 years, Mormon



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couples have averaged about eight children each; today, the Mormon birth rate of about 28.6 live births per thousand people is double the U.S. average. Second, the Mormons created a church ritual that involved keeping track of one's ancestors, a practice that has led to the creation of extensive genealogical records.

In 1974, Skolnick, one of the first academics to combine an interest in computers and genetics, was recruited by the University of Utah to translate these family genealogies into a data base that could be cross-referenced with a registry of cancer cases in the state. His goal was to statistically determine whether certain cancers occurred frequently in some families and not in others—a phenomenon that, to date, had only been reported anecdotally.

By 1981, he and several colleagues had found clustering not only of breast and colon cancers but also of cancers of the prostate, lung, colon, cervix, and stomach. The researchers, however, were stumped: groups of colon-cancer incidents were evident, but a responsible (and trackable) gene wasn't.

Then, Skolnick held a fortuitous conversation in 1981 with Dr. Burt, who was studying colon problems. Skolnick described a family he had recently found in which two brothers and an uncle had colon cancer. Dr. Burt immediately suggested looking at whether middle-aged members of the family had polyps, since all colon cancers arise first from these growths.

Kindred 1002

Dr. Burt had assumed that a predisposition to growing polyps was inherited, but until he spoke with Mr. Skolnick he hadn't known there was a way to prove it. Skolnick, in turn, saw a chance to prove his genetic-inheritance theory: If he couldn't immediately show that a specific gene was causing the cancer, at least he could prove that polyps, which might later turn cancerous and could be tracked, were inherited.

The researchers called in healthy members of the Mormon family with the cancer clustering and examined them with a fiber-optic device inserted through the bowel that produces images of the inside of the colon.

Mormon families like the Wilsteds (below) are a boon to medical research. The Mormon birth rate, which is double the national average, coupled with the church's practice of compiling extensive genealogical records, has created a plentiful playground for scientists trying to track genetic diseases.

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By 1984, the researchers had studied 191 relatives, known as Kindred 1002. Separately, they looked at 132 spouses of family members, a group whose bloodline was unrelated to the kindred and who could be used as a control group. Adenomatous polyps, the type that can progress to cancer, were found in 21 percent of the kindred members and only 9 percent of the spouses—a finding that strongly suggested that polyp growth was inherited.

To prove the finding wasn't an anomaly distinct to that family, the researchers began looking for similarly large families. By studying Mr. Skolnick's data base and hospital records, the scientists identified families in which two siblings had colon cancer and in which they suspected that a predisposition to the disease was being inherited. By last year, the researchers had 35 families under study. They expect to eventually examine hundreds of members of at least 50 families.

Vast Clan

In Kindred 1002 alone, the scientists have examined 350 members. "And that's just a fraction of the descendants of an original pioneer," says Mr. Skolnick, noting that this single pioneer's descendants probably number about 10,000. "The [family] founder had 18 children and one of the children had four wives," he says. "If he passed a predisposing cancer gene, we'll be able to track it."

In further studies the research team found that polyp growth in the different kindreds occurred at almost double the rate of the spouses. Equally significant, a computerized analysis found that the pattern in which the trait appeared within families strongly suggested the presence of a common gene. Moreover, the researchers found polyps in a large portion of their subjects, indicating, they say, that the predisposition to colon cancer is a common one, carried by about one-third of the total U.S. population.

"That means one-third of Americans stand some risk of developing colon cancer, while the other two-thirds probably aren't at risk at all," Skolnick says. If the predisposing gene or, by using biotechnology, a marker indicating its presence can be identified, researchers will be able to tell people which group they are in. Also, by studying those with the gene who develop cancers, researchers will have a powerful tool to help identify what—a type of diet, perhaps—turns these polyps malignant.

In the meantime, the findings of other scientists studying colon cancer may help in the search for the polyp growth gene. Over the past year, two teams of researchers, one at Johns Hopkins University and the other in London, have found that cells taken from colon cancer tumors are missing tiny bits of DNA—possibly even tiny bits of genes—on two different chromosomes. The Utah research group expects to focus on one of these chromosomes as the location of a mutant gene that may involve cancerous polyp growth.

A 12-Year-Old's Cancer

Meanwhile, Skolnick has linked up with two other physician-researchers who are using a similar strategy to look for predisposing genes for breast cancer and melanoma, the cancer of the skin. Already, Laurence Meyer, a research dermatologist at Salt Lake City Veterans Administration Medical Center, believes a collection of certain otherwise-harmless moles on an individual's skin may signal melanoma and therefore may serve as a trait that can be tracked through families just like polyps.

As a side benefit, the melanoma research is already helping Dr. Meyer identify—and warn—people who did not know they ran a risk of developing cancer. Recently, for instance, Dr. Meyer was examining benign skin moles on the members of a Mormon family in which a cluster of three melanoma cases had been found. While looking at the 12-year-old grandnephew of one of the melanoma victims, "I found a mole that already had advanced to an early stage of cancer," Dr. Meyer said. Through removal of the mole, the cancer was stopped.

"I was shocked," says Gretl Crapo, the boy's mother. "I was even more surprised when Dr. Meyer told me that melanoma seemed to run in my family." By the time she and her children were examined, Dr. Meyer had seen 100 members of the family. Unbeknownst to her, Dr. Meyer had found out that several siblings of Mrs. Crapo's father, along with a cousin and a second cousin, had died of melanoma. The information has "convinced us all to use sunscreen, not just when we go to the beach but all the time," she says.

Like many other Mormon families, Mrs. Crapo's family—known as Kindred 152—is extensive. Her mother was one of eight siblings and her father was one of nine siblings. Moreover, her parents had nine children, and many of her parents' siblings had seven, eight, and nine children. Mrs. Crapo and her husband, Ronell, have five children.

All of which is good news to Skolnick and his colleagues, who expect to continue studying the Mormon families. "You know there must be a reason some people get lung cancer and others don't," he says. He says his success so far examining colon cancer leads him to believe there are physical traits caused by predisposing genes for most cancers. "It's going to be hard finding the traits," he adds, "but at least now we have an incentive for looking."

"I think you're mistaken Mavis—I'm quite sure an offensive lineman can be an eligible receiver if he lines up as a tight end!"

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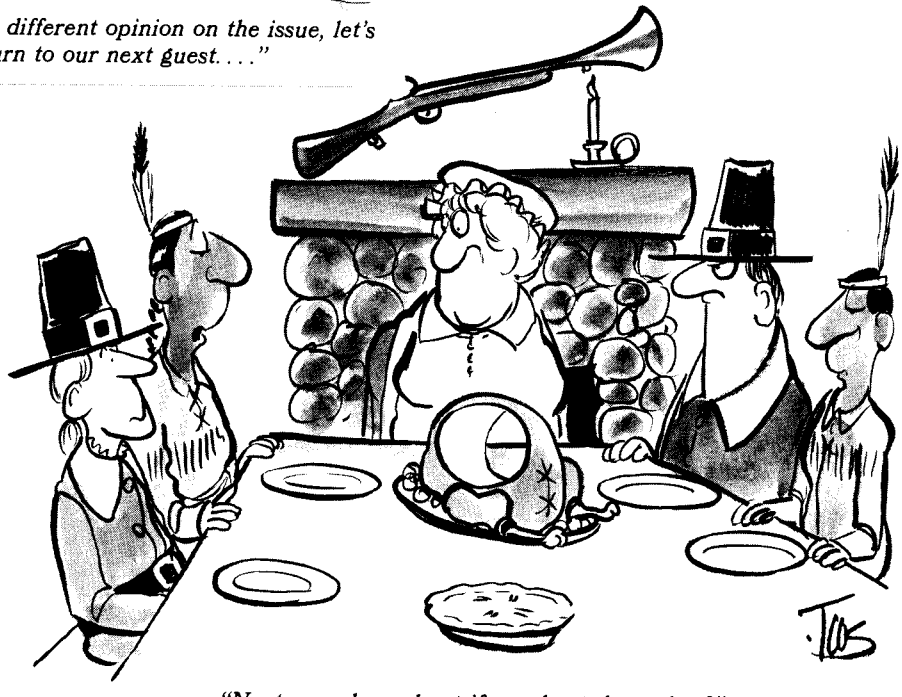
"So whose dumb idea was it to wear our belts on our hats, anyway?"

"I hope you don't mind my asking, but how long are you people going to be here?"

"Now, for a different opinion on the issue, let's turn to our next guest. . . ."

THANKSGIVING



"Next year, how about if we shoot the turkey?"

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NOT ALL THE TURKEYS ARE IN THE OVEN

Anyone can make a mistake, but it takes a real pro to foul up something as simple as replacing the two top boards on the fence.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Did you happen to read the newspaper account of an injured man in Avellino, Italy, who was riding unattended in an ambulance when he fell out and had to hitchhike the rest of the way to the hospital?

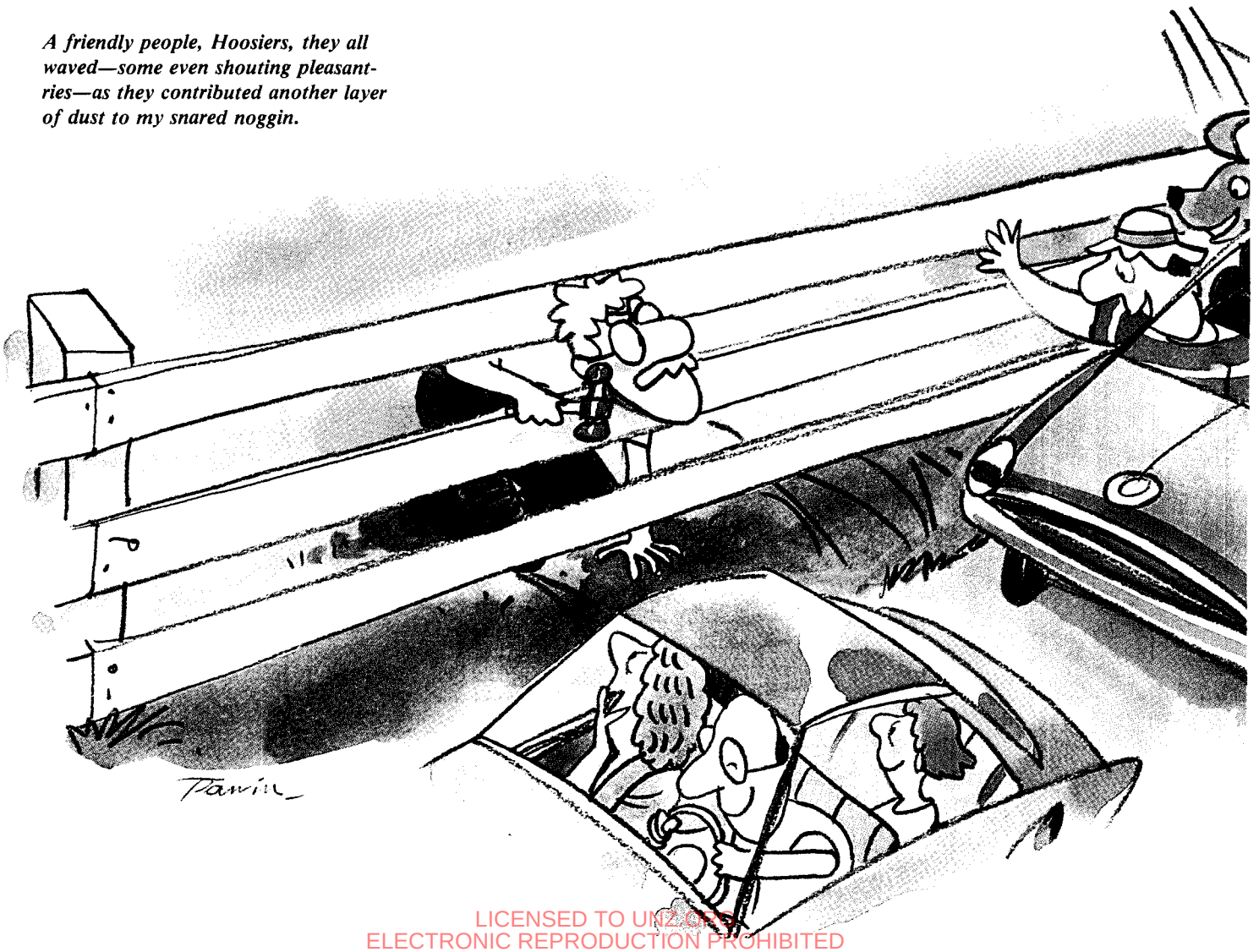
Well, you are looking at a man who can relate to such an inconvenience. Although I've never fallen out of an ambulance—not yet, anyway—the way things have been going it would not surprise me if I did.

We're talking here of such things as what should have been the simple procedure of sawing a dead limb off a scraggly redbud tree out by the road. In falling, however, the limb knocked off the ends of the top two horizontal boards on the board fence. To nail the boards back in place, I could either walk around to the gate and work from outside the fence, or I could stick my head between the boards and nail them back in place without going to all the bother of walking around. I chose to stick my head through, naturally, and work from the near side.

All well and good, right up to when I was to withdraw my head—and discovered that it wouldn't withdraw.

My head at the moment being close to the right-hand post, I couldn't get sufficient leverage to knock one of the boards loose using my right arm, where the bulk of my muscle is stored. And transferring the hammer to my left hand succeeded only in raising a blister that, had it broken,

A friendly people, Hoosiers, they all waved—some even shouting pleasantries—as they contributed another layer of dust to my snared noggin.



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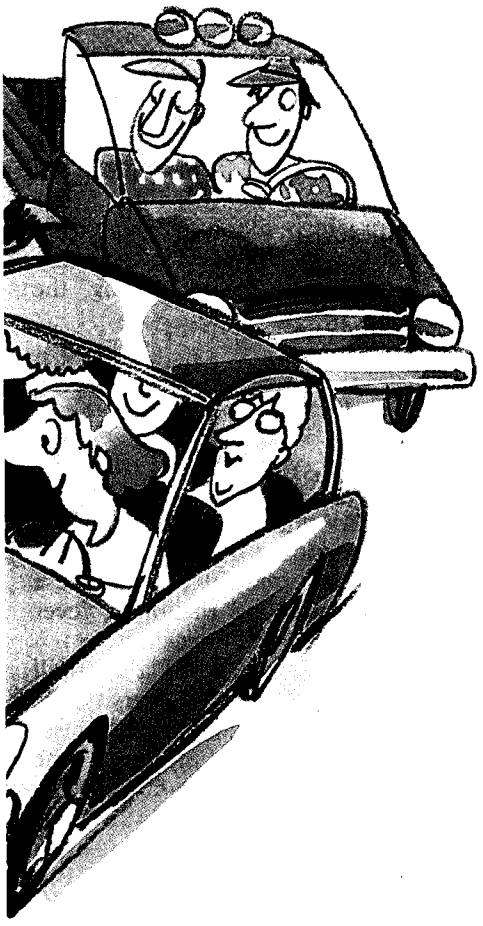
would have ended the drought on our front lawn. The only solution was to slide my head between the boards over to the left-hand post, where I could employ my muscular right arm.

Again, all well and good until my neck encountered a sliver of a length that stopped just short of penetrating my aorta, which would have opened the floodgate to my blood supply. It was the first lucky break I'd had in a month.

After withdrawing my neck from the sliver and by wearing my nape raw pressing against the top board, I finally arrived at the left-hand post. Now all I had to do was pound out the two rusty spikes holding the top board to the locust post while avoiding having the board bang against my head and affect my state of consciousness.

Traffic on Big Four road leading into the blinker-light settlement of Freedom (Indiana, that is) most days is limited to the school bus in season,



the mail carrier, and maybe a couple of pickups. But now that my head had been trapped in the fence, half of the population of Sweet Owen County found reasons for driving past. A friendly people, Hoosiers, they all waved, of course, and some even shouted pleasantries as they contributed another layer of dust to my snared noggin.

It was while waving back to Wally and Alma Walters that I dropped the hammer. And after scraping most of the hide from the inside of my right arm attempting to retrieve it, I saw my dear wife tripping past on her way to the mailbox.

"What are you doing?" she gaily asked. "Looking for mushrooms?"

After vowing that if I ever remarry it will be to a woman with Velcro lips, I replied, "No, I'm playing stocks."

Returning with the mail, she asked, "Stocks?"

"Yes, stocks—where Pilgrims had their heads locked in for working on Sunday and spitting on the sidewalk and other atrocities."

"Oh," she said, shuffling the mail. "Do you want your bills here or shall I take them to the house?"

At this juncture, to my recollection, our own pleasantries ended. I remember her explaining that considering the way I do things, how was she to know that I'd got my stupid head trapped in the fence. And I recall asking her how she'd like a free face-lift. At which point she picked up the hammer and began assaulting the top board, apparently failing to notice that the pounding caused my head to bounce around like a dribbled basketball. My neck is still restricted to a ten-degree swivel.

Thus we were not on the best of terms when it came to planting the garden. If she hadn't mistaken kitty litter for Miracle-Gro, heaven only knows what would have happened.

I had already excavated holes in our billiard-ball clay to accommodate 12 Better Boy tomato plants, which alone would have furnished tomatoes for half of Franklin Township. So why did she stick in another row of cherry tomatoes right next door? Because they are cuter than those big old things. And when my back was turned, she snuggled eight hills of pumpkins up against my Jubilee watermelons.

So what did we get? I'll tell you what we got. We got cherry-tomato vines that practically wiped out my chivalrous Better Boys. Which meant that instead of state fair blue-ribbon two pounders, we dined on tomatoes of a size that takes at least 28 to make a dozen, if you know what I mean.

As for the pumpkins, why, unless she owns a hog farm, would any woman in her right mind—but we won't go into that—plant *eight* hills of the lousy bullies? For the excitement of competition in a vine-traveling contest? If so, she gets the checkered flag. It was her villainous vines that kept my rows of carrots, beets, cabbage, and cauliflower in the shade all summer. Another hill of ruffians nearly strangled my poor cucumbers, melons, and Butternut squash. You never saw such deformities: curled cucumbers that could have passed for green horseshoes, melons that looked more like cucumbers, and dwarf squash too small even for doorstops. I tried one.

If that wasn't traumatic enough, I spent the summer tripping over pumpkin vines on my way to the shed. I pulled one of her vines out of the shed where it had tried to lay its pumpkins in the motor housing of my mower. I reeled in pumpkins that had strayed across the line fence into Abrell's pasture. In chasing raccoons out of the Hale Haven peach tree one night, I bashed my head against a pumpkin, the vine of which had sneaked up the trunk and gone out on a limb to blossom and bear.

"At least we'll have a few hundred pumpkin pies to show for all this flora," I remarked with resignation, judiciously removing my hat before my head swelled to the point where it wouldn't come off and I'd have to go to bed with it on—which would clash terribly with my pajamas.

"Pies?" exclaimed the perpetrator of the pumpkin patch. "I'm not making pies from pumpkins when I can buy pie pumpkin in a can for 75¢."

I should have thought of that. And didn't I know that pumpkins for jack-o'-lanterns were now selling for $4 and $5 a shot? And didn't I realize that our two great-granddaughters had never had a jack-o'-lantern? No, I didn't realize that. But did we have to atone for that neglect by raising pumpkins that would endow them with at least 40 (and counting) jack-'o-lanterns each? The answer

continued on page 96

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THE UPLIFTING STORY OF PAUL ANDERSON

He was there when the country needed him—a man possessed not only of physical greatness, but the heroic qualities of kindness and good common sense.

by Bob Barnett and Bob Carroll

In 1955, Americans needed a hero. Toe-to-toe with the Russians in the Cold War, tightly locked in a propaganda battle pitting Our Way against Their Way, we'd even begun to doubt ourselves.

Low fitness scores by elementary-school children and a high number of draft rejections during the Korean War pointed to our declining physical abilities. The clincher had been the Russians' phenomenal showing in the 1952 Olympics—the first Games the Soviets had attended.

Clearly, we needed a man of action, of physical power—a strong man who also possessed other heroic qualities: kindness, gentleness, and good common sense.

When he appeared, it was in the best heroic tradition: he arrived on the scene virtually overnight.

Despite a 104-degree fever, Anderson emerged victorious at the 1956 Melbourne Olympics.

Out of Nowhere

In June 1955, Paul Anderson went to Moscow as the least known of six American weightlifters who were to meet the Russians in the first athletic competition held solely between the two countries since World War II. The Russians were visibly disappointed when he stepped off the plane as a replacement for the injured American champion heavyweight.

"To them, I must have looked like a mascot," Paul says. His round face, curly black hair, and wide smile might have suited the team's PR man, and Muscovites doubted he could be much of a lifter. Heavyweight lifters were tall and tapered; Paul was 5'9" and 340 pounds.

The heavyweights climaxed the meet, held outside at Gorky Park in a driving rain before more than 15,000 Russian fans. Because he was a replacement, Paul hadn't even been provided with a team uniform.

"How will you identify yourself with your team?" he was asked.

"When they load the barbell, they'll know who I am," he said.

In the first of three required lifts—the two-hand press—the Russian lifted 330.5 pounds, his personal best. The crowd cheered deliriously, and many assumed the short, fat American would not even try to match that figure. Paul called for 402.4 pounds. The crowd gasped; the weight was more than 20 pounds over the world record. Was this a joke?

The announcer dryly informed the crowd that officials were being meticulous in loading the bar because "we very rarely have such weights lifted." Fans snickered.

When Paul lifted the 402.4 pounds, there was dead silence for ten seconds. "I felt like the man at the end of the newscast who says good night and the camera stays on him," Paul recalls. Then the crowd went wild. It continued cheering uproariously when he set another record for clean and jerk. "He's a wonder of nature!" many screamed.

Overnight, Paul Anderson, the squat, round replacement, had become the "Strongest Man in the World."

Of course, "overnight success" is never really achieved that way. It's the result of years of dedication, hard work, and faith. Paul had known for a long time that he could outlift any other human being. He'd also nearly despaired of ever getting the chance to prove it.

Building a Mountain

Paul Anderson was born on October 17, 1932, at Toccoa, Georgia, a small rural town in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains. "In high school, I wasn't supposed to be any stronger than anyone else. I'd had all these kidney diseases and rheumatic fever before I was six," he recalls.

Nonetheless, he earned a football scholarship to Furman University. He stayed for only a little more than a semester, but it was at Furman that he began lifting weights. He quickly discovered he had a natural ability. "It was very encouraging to me that some of the people had been lifting since they were little tykes and I could lift far more than they could," he says.

Back in Toccoa, he put himself on a specially designed natural diet that greatly expanded his strength and his girth. His homemade "gym" consisted of weights of concrete blocks and

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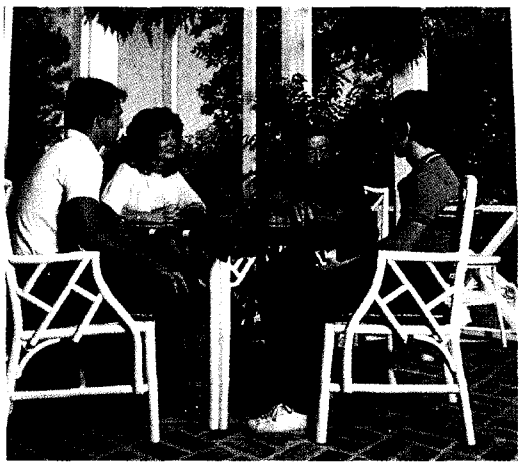

The Andersons now dedicate much of their time to helping troubled youths.

bars from truck axles—primitive but effective.

Part of his training regimen was to work with heavier weights than he'd have to lift in competitions. "My idea was that if you were going to be a weightlifter, be strong first. Then you can work on form," he says. He progressed quickly. "I could have won the world championship at any time from 1952 on, but I always had injuries," he continues. "The first competition I won was the North American championship in Montreal in 1953. Then I broke my wrist before I could go with the team to Europe. Later, I was in a car wreck and broke some ribs and hurt my hips. Another time I tore up my knee. I really think it was the good Lord putting me in the right place at the right time."

After the Moscow meet in which he established himself, Paul took the world heavyweight championship at Munich in October with a record total for three lifts. He was virtually conceded the Olympic title in 1956 at Melbourne—if, for once, he could stay healthy. It was a big "if."

Melbourne, 1956

When Paul Anderson represented the United States at the Melbourne Olympics, the weight he had to contend with was even greater than his world record. He was carrying the nation's hopes on his broad back.

Should an American of awesome international repute—namely, Paul Anderson—be vanquished in an event

continued on page 80

Anderson's Lifting Accomplishments

World Champion
Olympic Champion
9 World Records
18 American Records
Twice USA National Champion
Retired unbeaten as an amateur
First man to total 1,100 pounds in the three Olympic lifts
First man to clean and press 200 kg (professional)
First man to snatch 300 pounds squat style
First man to press 400 pounds
First man to lift 450 pounds from floor to overhead
First man to lift from the shoulders 500 pounds overhead
First man to lift from the shoulders 600 pounds overhead

By practicing with homemade weights heavier than those required in competition, the boy from Toccoa, Georgia, broke nine world records—his feat of lifting 6,270 pounds has never been surpassed.

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RACE AT MORNING

Time was when all a man had to do was just farm eleven and a half months, and hunt the other half.

by William Faulkner

Illustrated by Ray Prohaska

I was in the boat when I seen him. It was jest dust-dark; I had jest fed the horses and clumb back down the bank to the boat and shoved off to cross back to camp when I seen him, about half a quarter up the river, swimming; jest his head above the water, and it no more than a dot in that light. But I could see that rocking chair he toted on it and I knowed it was him, going right back to that canebrake in the fork of the bayou where he lived all year until the day before the season opened, like the game wardens had give him a calendar, when he would clear out and disappear, nobody knowed where, until the day after the season closed. But here he was, coming back a day ahead of time, like maybe he had got mixed up and was using last year's calendar by mistake. Which was jest too bad for him, because me and Mister Ernest would be setting on the horse right over him when the sun rose tomorrow morning.

So I told Mister Ernest and we et supper and fed the dogs, and then I holp Mister Ernest in the poker game, standing behind his chair until about ten o'clock, when Roth Edmonds said, "Why don't you go to bed, boy?"

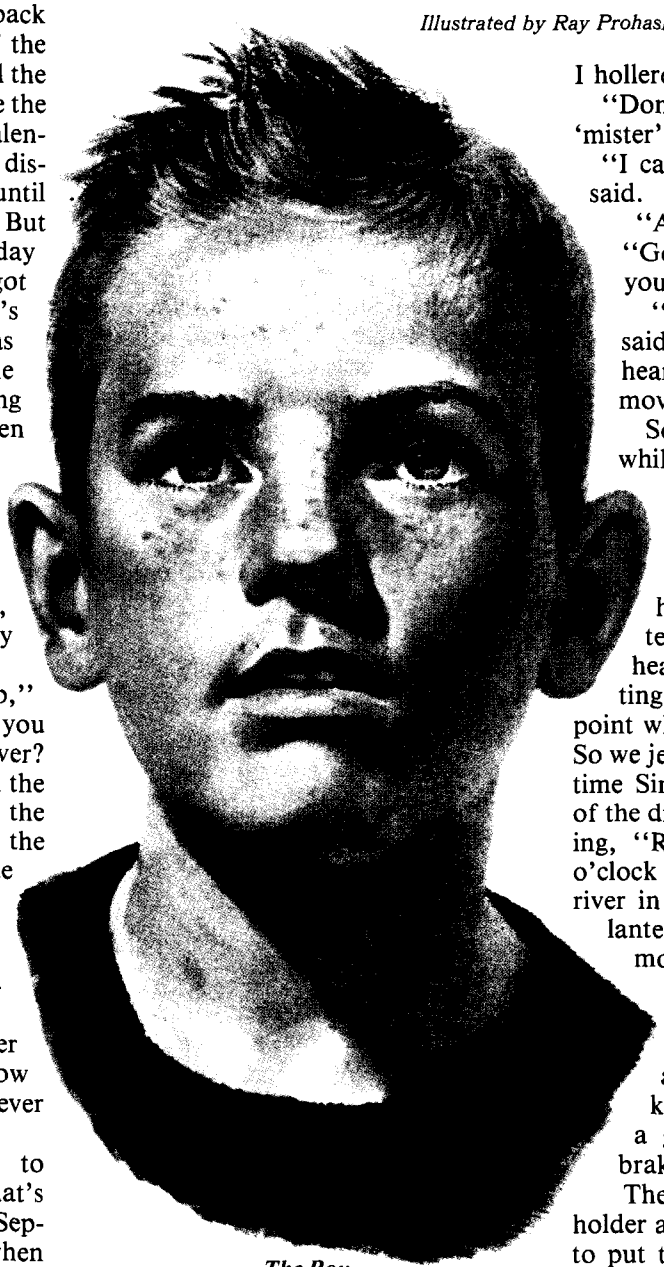
"Or if you're going to set up," Willy Legate said, "why don't you take a spelling book to set up over? . . . He knows every cuss word in the dictionary, every poker hand in the deck, and every whisky label in the distillery, but he can't even write his name. . . . Can you?" he says to me.

"I don't need to write my name down," I said. "I can remember in my mind who I am."

"You're 12 years old," Walter Ewell said. "Man to man now, how many days in your life did you ever spend in school?"

"He ain't got time to go to school," Willy Legate said. "What's the use in going to school from September to middle of November, when he'll have to quit then to come in here and do Ernest's hearing for him? And what's the use in going back to school in January, when in jest 11 months it will be November 15 again and he'll have to start all over telling Ernest which way the dogs went?"

"Well, stop looking into my hand, anyway," Roth Edmonds said.



The Boy

"What's that? What's that?" Mister Ernest said. He wore his listening button in his ear all the time, but he never brought the battery to camp with him because the cord would bound to get snagged ever time we run through a thicket.

"Willy says for me to go to bed!" I hollered.

"Don't you never call nobody 'mister'?" Willy said.

"I call Mister Ernest 'mister,' " I said.

"All right," Mister Ernest said. "Go to bed then. I don't need you."

"That ain't no lie," Willy said. "Deaf or no deaf, he can hear a $50 raise if you don't even move your lips."

So I went to bed, and after a while Mister Ernest come in and I wanted to tell him again how big them horns looked even half a quarter away in the river. Only I would 'a' had to holler, and the only time Mister Ernest agreed he couldn't hear was when we would be setting on Dan, waiting for me to point which way the dogs was going. So we jest laid down, and it wasn't no time Simon was beating the bottom of the dishpan with the spoon, hollering, "Raise up and get your four-o'clock coffee!" and I crossed the river in the dark this time, with the lantern, and fed Dan and Roth Edmondziz horse. It was going to be a fine day, cold and bright; even in the dark I could see the white frost on the leaves and bushes—jest exactly the kind of day that big old son of a gun laying up there in that brake would like to run.

Then we et, and set the standholder across for Uncle Ike McCaslin to put them on the stands where he thought they ought to be, because he was the oldest one in camp. He had been hunting deer in these woods for about a hundred years, I reckon, and if anybody would know where a buck would pass, it would be him. Maybe with a big old buck like this one, that had been running the woods for what would amount to a hundred years in a

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Uncle Ike McCaslin

The boy's mother, who ran off with a Vicksburg roadhouse jake.

Roth Edmonds

Willy Legate

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deer's life, too, him and Uncle Ike would sholy manage to be at the same place at the same time this morning—provided, of course, he managed to git away from me and Mister Ernest on the jump. Because me and Mister Ernest was going to git him.

Then me and Mister Ernest and Roth Edmonds set the dogs over, with Simon holding Eagle and the other old dogs on leash because the young ones, the puppies, wasn't going nowhere until Eagle let them, nohow. Then me and Mister Ernest and Roth saddled up, and Mister Ernest got up and I handed him up his pump gun and let Dan's bridle go for him to git rid of the spell of bucking he had to git shut of ever morning until Mister Ernest hit him between the ears with the gun barrel. Then Mister Ernest loaded the gun and give me the stirrup, and I got up behind him and we taken the fire road up toward the bayou, the five big dogs dragging Simon along in front with his single-barrel britchloader slung on a piece of plow line across his back, and the puppies moiling along in ever'body's way. It was light now and it was going to be jest fine; the east already yellow for the sun and our breaths smoking in the cold still bright air until the sun would come up and warm it, and a little skim of ice in the ruts, and ever leaf and twig and switch and even the frozen clods frosted over, waiting to sparkle like a rainbow when the sun finally come up and hit them. Until all my insides felt light and strong as a balloon, full of that light cold strong air, so that it seemed to me like I couldn't even feel the horse's back I was straddle of—jest the hot strong muscles moving under the hot strong skin, setting up there without no weight atall, so that when old Eagle struck and jumped, me and Dan and Mister Ernest would go jest like a bird, not even touching the ground. It was jest fine. When that big old buck got killed today, I knowed that even if he had put it off another ten years, he couldn't 'a picked a better one.

And sho enough, as soon as we come to the bayou we seen his foot in the mud where he had come up out of the river last night, spread in the soft mud like a cow's foot, big as a cow's, big as a mule's, with Eagle and the other dogs laying into the leash rope now until Mister Ernest told me to jump down and help Simon hold them. Because me and Mister Ernest knowed exactly where he would be—a little canebrake island in the middle of the bayou, where he could lay up until whatever doe or little deer the dogs had happened to jump could go up or down the bayou in either direction and take the dogs on away, so he could steal out and creep back down the bayou to the river and swim it, and leave the country like he always done the day the season opened.

Which is jest what we never aimed for him to do this time. So we left Roth on his horse to cut him off and turn him over Uncle Ike's standers if he tried to slip back down the bayou, and me and Simon, with the leashed dogs, walked on up the bayou until Mister Ernest on the horse said it was fur enough; then turned up into the woods about half a quarter above the brake because the wind was going to be south this morning when it riz, and turned down toward the brake, and Mister Ernest give the word to cast them, and we slipped the leash and Mister Ernest give me the stirrup again and I got up.

"He looked big as a elephant, with a rack on his head you could cradle a yellin' calf in."

Old Eagle had done already took off because he knowed where that old son of a gun would be laying as good as we did, not making no racket atall yet, but jest boring on through the buck vines with the other dogs trailing along behind him, and even Dan seemed to know about that buck, too, beginning to souple up and jump a little through the vines, so that I taken my holt on Mister Ernest's belt already before the time had come for Mister Ernest to touch him. Because when we got strung out, going fast behind a deer, I wasn't on Dan's back much of the time nohow, but mostly jest strung out from my holt on Mister Ernest's belt, so that Willy Legate said that when we was going through the woods fast, it looked like Mister Ernest had a boy-size pair of empty overhalls blowing out of his hind pocket.

So it wasn't even a strike, it was a jump. Eagle must 'a' walked right up behind him or maybe even stepped on him while he was laying there still thinking it was day after tomorrow. Eagle jest throwed his head back and up and said, "There he goes," and we even heard the buck crashing through the first of the cane. Then all the other dogs was hollering behind him, and Dan give a squat to jump, but it was against the curb this time, not jest the snaffle, and Mister Ernest let him down into the bayou and swung him around the brake and up the other bank. Only he never had to say, "Which way?" because I was already pointing past his shoulder, freshening my holt on the belt jest as Mister Ernest touched Dan with that big old rusty spur on his nigh heel, because when Dan felt it he would go off jest like a stick of dynamite, straight through whatever he could bust and over or under what he couldn't.

The dogs was already almost out of hearing. Eagle must 'a' been looking right up that big son of a gun's tail until he finally decided he better git on out of there. And now they must 'a' been getting pretty close to Uncle Ike's standers, and Mister Ernest reined Dan back and held him, squatting and bouncing and trembling like a mule having his tail roached, while we listened for the shots. But never none come, and I hollered to Mister Ernest we better go on while I could still hear the dogs, and he let Dan off, but still there wasn't no shots, and now we knowed the race had done already passed the standers; and we busted out of a thicket, and sho enough there was Uncle Ike and Willy standing beside his foot in a soft patch.

"He got through us all," Uncle Ike said. "I don't know how he done it. I just had a glimpse of him. He looked big as a elephant, with a rack on his head you could cradle a yellin' calf in. He went right on down the ridge. You better get on, too; that Hog Bayou camp might not miss him."

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So I freshened my holt and Mister Ernest touched Dan again. The ridge run due south; it was clear of vines and bushes so we could go fast, into the wind, too, because it had riz now, and now the sun was up too. So we would hear the dogs again any time now as the wind get up; we could make time now, but still holding Dan back to a canter, because it was either going to be quick, when he got down to the standers from that Hog Bayou camp eight miles below ourn, or a long time, in case he got by them too. And sho enough, after a while we heard the dogs; we was walking Dan now to let him blow a while, and we heard them, the sound coming faint up the wind, not running now, but trailing because the big son of a gun had decided a good piece back, probably, to put a end to this foolishness, and picked hisself up and soupled out and put about a mile between hisself and the dogs—until he run up on them other standers from that camp below. I could almost see him stopped behind a bush, peeping out and saying, "What's this? What's this? Is this whole durn country full of folks this morning?" Then looking back over his shoulder at where old Eagle and the others was hollering along after him while he decided how much time he had to decide what to do next.

Except he almost shaved it too fine. We heard the shots; it sounded like a war. Old Eagle must 'a' been looking right up his tail again and he had to bust on through the best way he could. "Pow, pow, pow, pow" and then "Pow, pow, pow, pow," like it must 'a' been three or four ganged right up on him before he had time even to swerve, and me hollering, "No! No! No! No!" because he was ourn. It was our beans and oats he et and our brake he laid in; we had been watching him ever year, and it was like we had raised him, to be killed at last on our jump, in front of our dogs, by some strangers that would probably try to beat the dogs off and drag him away before we could even git a piece of the meat.

"Shut up and listen," Mister Ernest said. So I done it and we could hear the dogs; not just the others, but Eagle, too, not trailing no scent now and not baying no downed meat, neither, but running hot on sight long after the shooting was over. I jest had time to freshen my holt. Yes, sir, they was running on sight. Like Willy Legate would say, if Eagle jest had a drink of whisky he would ketch that deer; going on, done already gone when we broke out of the thicket and seen the fellers that had done the shooting, five or six of them, squatting and crawling around, looking at the ground and the bushes, like maybe if they looked hard enough, spots of blood would bloom out on the stalks and leaves like frogstools or hawberries.

"Have any luck, boys?" Mister Ernest said.

"I think I hit him," one of them said. "I know I did. We're hunting blood now."

Mister Ernest raised the gun and aimed at his neck, and the gun went, "Click. Snick-cluck."

"Well, when you have found him, blow your horn and I'll come back and tote him in to camp for you," Mister Ernest said.

So we went on, going fast now because the race was almost out of hearing again, going fast, too, like not jest the buck, but the dogs, too, had took a new leash on life from all the excitement and shooting.

We was in strange country now because we never had to run this fur before, we had always killed before now; now we had come to Hog Bayou that runs into the river a good 15 miles below our camp. It had water in it, not to mention a mess of down trees and logs and such, and Mister Ernest checked Dan again, saying, "Which way?" I could just barely hear them, off to the east a little, like the old son of a gun had give up the idea Vicksburg or New Orleans, like he first seemed to have, and had decided to have a look at Alabama; so I pointed and we turned up the bayou hunting for a crossing, and maybe we could 'a' found one, except that I reckon Mister Ernest decided we never had time to wait.

We come to a place where the bayou had narrowed down to about 12 or 15 feet, and Mister Ernest said, "Look out, I'm going to touch him" and done it.

I didn't even have time to freshen my holt when we was already in the air, and then I seen the vine—it was a loop of grapevine nigh as big as my wrist, looping down right across the middle of the bayou—and I thought he seen it, too, and was jest waiting to grab it and fling it up over our heads to go under it, and I know Dan seen it because he even ducked his head to jump under it. But Mister Ernest never seen it atall until it skun back along Dan's neck and hooked under the head of the saddle horn, us flying on through the air, the loop of the vine gitting tighter and tighter until something somewhere was going to have to give. It was the saddle girth. It broke, and Dan going on and scrabbling up the other bank bare nekkid except for the bridle, and me and Mister Ernest and the saddle, Mister Ernest still setting in the saddle holding the gun, and me still holding onto Mister Ernest's belt, hanging in the air over the bayou in the tightened loop of that vine like in the drawed-back loop of a big rubber-banded slingshot, until it snapped back and shot us back across the bayou and flang us clear, me still holding onto Mister Ernest's belt and on the bottom now, so that when we lit I would 'a' had Mister Ernest and the saddle both on top of me if I hadn't clumb fast around the saddle and up Mister Ernest's side, so that when we landed, it was the saddle first, then Mister Ernest, and me on top, until I jumped up, and Mister Ernest still laying there with jest the white rim of his eyes showing.

"Mister Ernest!" I hollered, and then clumb down to the bayou and scooped my cap full of water and clumb back and throwed it in his face, and he opened his eyes and laid there on the saddle cussing me.

"God dawg it," he said, "why didn't you stay behind where you started out?"

"You was the biggest!" I said. "You would 'a' mashed me flat!"

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"What do you think you done to me?" Mister Ernest said. "Next time, if you can't stay where you start out, jump clear. Don't climb up on top of me no more. You hear?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

So he got up then, still cussing and holding his back, and clumb down to the water and dipped some in his hand onto his face and neck and dipped some more up and drunk it, and I drunk some, too, and clumb back and got the saddle and the gun, and we crossed the bayou on the down logs. If we could jest ketch Dan; not that he would have went them 15 miles back to camp, because, if anything, he would have went on by hisself to try to help Eagle ketch that buck. But he was about 50 yards away, eating buck vines, so I brought him back, and we taken Mister Ernest's galluses and my belt and the whang leather loop off Mister Ernest's horn and tied the saddle back on Dan. It didn't look like much, but maybe it would hold.

"Provided you don't let me jump him through no more grapevines without hollering first," Mister Ernest said.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'll holler first next time—provided you'll holler a little quicker when you touch him next time too." But it was all right; we jest had to be a little easy getting up. "Now which-a-way?" I said. Because we couldn't hear nothing now, after wasting all this time. And this was new country, sho enough. It had been cut over and growed up in thickets we couldn't 'a' seen over even standing up on Dan.

But Mister Ernest never even answered. He jest turned Dan along the bank of the bayou where it was a little more open and we could move faster again, soon as Dan and us got used to that homemade cinch strop and got a little confidence in it. Which jest happened to be east, or so I thought then, because I never paid no particular attention to east then because the sun—I don't know where the morning had went, but it was gone, the morning and the frost, too—was up high now.

And then we heard him. No, that's wrong; what we heard was shots. And that was when we realized how fur we had come, because the only camp we knowed about in that direction was the Hollyknowe camp, and Hollyknowe was exactly 28 miles from Van Dorn, where me and Mister Ernest lived—just the shots, no dogs nor nothing. If old Eagle was still behind him and the buck was still alive, he was too wore out now to even say, "Here he comes."

"Don't touch him!" I hollered. But Mister Ernest remembered that cinch strop, too, and he jest let Dan off the snaffle. And Dan heard them shots, too, picking his way through the thickets, hopping the vines and logs when he could and going under them when he couldn't. And sho enough, it was jest like before—two or three men squatting and creeping among the bushes, looking for blood that Eagle had done already told them wasn't there. But we never stopped this time, jest trotting on by. Then Mister Ernest swung Dan until we was going due north.

"Wait!" I hollered. "Not this way."

But Mister Ernest jest turned his face back over his shoulder. It looked tired, too, and there was a smear of mud on it where that 'ere grapevine had snatched him off the horse.

"Don't you know where he's heading?" he said. "He's done done his part, give everybody a fair open shot at him, and now he's going home, back to that brake in our bayou. He ought to make it exactly at dark."

And that's what he was doing. We went on. It didn't matter to hurry now. There wasn't no sound nowhere; it was that time in the early afternoon in November when don't nothing move or cry, not even birds, the peckerwoods and yellowhammers and jays, and it seemed to me like I could see all three of us—me and Mister Ernest and Dan—and Eagle, and the other dogs, and that big old buck moving through the quiet woods in the same direction, headed for the same place, not running now but walking, that had all run the fine race the best we knowed how, and all three of us now turned like on a agreement to walk back home, not together in a bunch because we didn't want to worry or tempt one another, because what we had all three spent this morning doing was no play-acting jest for fun, but was serious, and all three of us was still what we was—that old buck that had to run, not because he was skeered, but because running was what he done the best and was proudest at; and Eagle and the dogs that chased him, not because they hated or feared him, but because that was the thing they done the best and was proudest at; and me and Mister Ernest and Dan, that run him not because we wanted his meat, which would be too tough to eat anyhow, or his head to hang on a wall, but because now we could go back and work hard for 11 months making a crop, so we would have the right to come back here next November—all three of us going back home now, peaceful and separate, until next year, next time.

Then we seen him for the first time. We was out of the cut-over now; we could even 'a' cantered, except that all three of us was long past that. So we was walking, too, when we come on the dogs—the puppies and one of the old ones—played out, laying in a little wet swag, panting, jest looking

"I'll be willing to work for nothing, just to learn the business."

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up at us when we passed. Then we come to a long open glade, and we seen the three other old dogs and about a hundred yards ahead of them Eagle, all walking, not making no sound; and then suddenly, at the fur end of the glade, the buck hisself getting up from where he had been resting for the dogs to come up, getting up without no hurry, big, big as a mule, tall as a mule, and turned, and the white underside of his tail for a second or two more before the thicket taken him.

It might 'a' been a signal, a good-by, a farewell. Still walking, we passed the other three old dogs in the middle of the glade, laying down, too; and still that hundred yards ahead of them, Eagle, too, not laying down, because he was still on his feet, but his legs was spraddled and his head was down; maybe jest waiting until we was out of sight of his shame, his eyes saying plain as talk when we passed, "I'm sorry, boys, but this here is all."

Mister Ernest stopped Dan. "Jump down and look at his feet," he said.

"Nothing wrong with his feet," I said. "It's his wind has done give out."

"Jump down and look at his feet," Mister Ernest said.

So I done it, and while I was stooping over Eagle I could hear the pump gun go, "Snick-cluck. Snick-cluck. Snick-cluck" three times, except that I never thought nothing then. Maybe he was jest running the shells through to be sho it would work when we seen him again or maybe to make sho they was all buckshot. Then I got up again, and we went on, still walking; a little west of north now, because when we seen his white flag that second or two before the thicket hid it, it was on a beeline for that notch in the bayou. And it was evening, too, now. The wind had done dropped and there was a edge to the air and the sun jest touched the tops of the trees. And he was taking the easiest way, too, now, going straight as he could. When we seen his foot in the soft places he was running for a while at first after his rest. But soon he was walking, too, like he knowed, too, where Eagle and the dogs was.

And then we seen him again. It was the last time—a thicket, with the sun coming through a hole onto it like a searchlight. He crashed jest once; then he was standing there broadside to us, not 20 yards away, big as a statue and red as gold in the sun, and the sun sparking on the tips of his horns—they was 12 of them—so that he looked like he had 12 lighted candles branched around his head, standing there looking at us while Mister Ernest raised the gun and aimed at his neck, and the gun went, "Click. Snick-cluck. Click. Snick-cluck. Click. Snick-cluck" three times, and Mister Ernest still holding the gun aimed while the buck turned and give one long bound, the white underside of his tail like a blaze of fire, too, until the thicket and the shadows put it out; and Mister Ernest laid the gun slow and gentle back across the saddle in front of him, saying quiet and peaceful, and not much louder than jest breathing, "God dawg. God dawg."

Then he jogged me with his elbow and we got down, easy and careful because of that ere cinch strop, and he reached into his vest and taken out one of the cigars. It was busted where I had fell on it, I reckon, when we hit the ground. He throwed it away and taken out the other one. It was busted, too, so he bit off a hunk of it to chew and throwed the rest away. And now the sun was gone even from the tops of the trees and there wasn't nothing left but a big red glare in the west.

"Don't worry," I said. "I ain't going to tell them you forgot to load your gun. For that matter, they don't need to know we ever seed him."

"Much oblige," Mister Ernest said. There wasn't going to be no moon tonight neither, so he taken the compass off the whang leather loop in his buttonhole and handed me the gun and set the compass on a stump and stepped back and looked at it. "Jest about the way we're headed now," he said, and taken the gun from me and opened it and put one shell in the britch and taken up the compass, and I taken Dan's reins and we started, with him in front with the compass in his hand.

And after a while it was full dark; Mister Ernest would have to strike a match ever now and then to read the compass, until the stars come out good and we could pick out one to follow, because I said, "How fur do you reckon it is?" and he said, "A little more than one box of matches." So we used a star when we could, only we couldn't see it all the time because the woods was too dense and we would git a little off until he would have to spend another match. And now it was good and late, and he stopped and said, "Get on the horse."

"I ain't tired," I said.

"Get on the horse," he said. "We don't want to spoil him."

Because he had been a good feller ever since I had knowed him, which was even before that day two years ago when maw went off with the Vicksburg roadhouse feller and the

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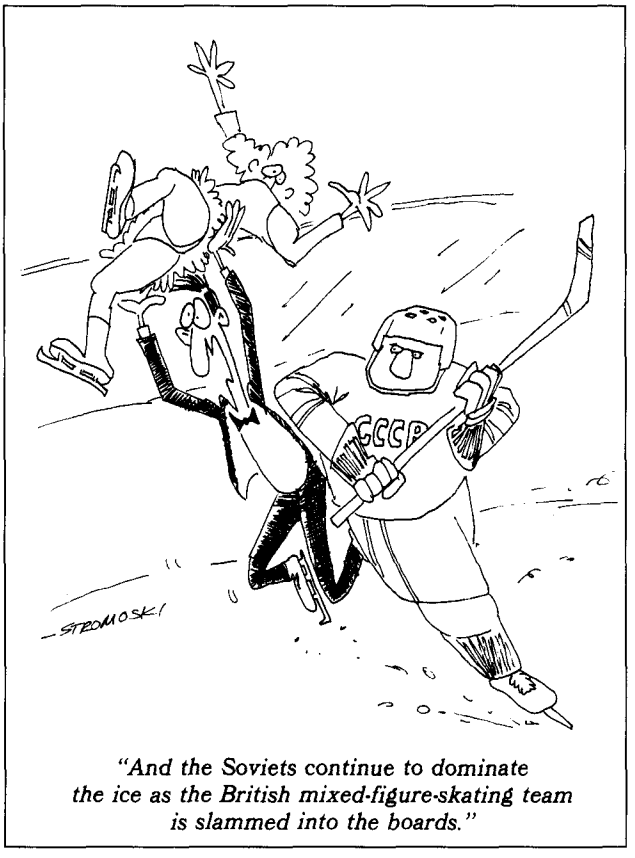

"And the Soviets continue to dominate the ice as the British mixed-figure-skating team is slammed into the boards."

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Legendary San Juan

Puerto Rico is being called "the success story of the Caribbean." And behind every successful island there are a few good legends.

San Juan is much more than casinos and high-rises, just as Puerto Rico as a whole is more than poverty and hopelessness (see opposite page). Old San Juan in particular is a treasure house of history and lore, a meeting place of cultures, a living museum a century older than Jamestown and Plymouth Rock.

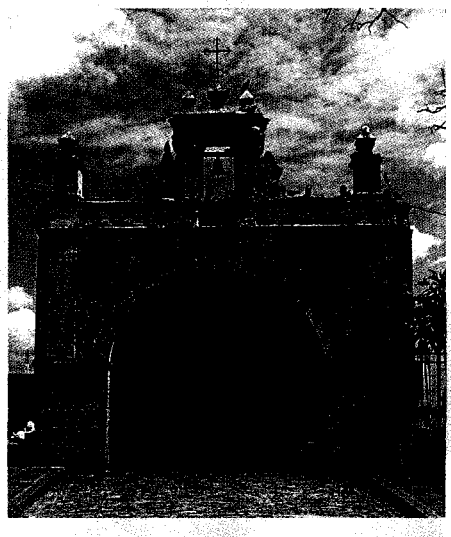
San Juan is a visual treat. Anyone who has never seen the sun bid farewell to San Juan has missed one of God's gifts to the 20th century, or any century, for that matter. Reddish gold rays reflecting off a crystal blue sea create a kaleidoscope heaven-sent for both artist and photographer.

About this time of day the visitor notices a strange chirping from the trees of the island. The tiny coqui frog—the national symbol of Puerto Rico—has begun its nightly symphony. The coqui, which measures anywhere from one-quarter inch to one inch, is said to have descended from a beautiful bird stripped of its wings by a cruel fate. The bird learned to climb trees for protection, and to this day, it is said, its offspring call out a song of joy at living in this Eden.

Residents also testify that anyone lucky enough to catch sight of the coqui in mid-song will be rewarded with great fortune. History or myth? Like Puerto Rico's cross-identity of American commonwealth and Hispanic paradise, the truth is usually somewhere in between.

—John McCollister

"Out on the island" hides the tiny coqui [inset], Puerto Rico's unofficial national symbol. It's said to bring good luck to those who catch a rare glimpse of it, and its legend was only recently updated. The latest tale is of a flight attendant who took one back to the States. The coqui fell silent as soon as the plane left the island and remained so. Concerned, the stewardess sent it back with a friend. As they landed in San Juan, she reports, the coqui started to sing.



Puerto Rican legend has it that true faith can work miracles: take the story of a boy whose horse stampeded during a race down San Juan's hilly Cristo Street, headed for the cliff and a sheer drop to the rocks below. Onlookers cried, *"Cristo de la salud, salvalo!"* ("Christ of health, save him!") Horse and rider both went over, but miraculously, the young man lived. Residents were so moved they erected the Chapel of Christ the Savior at the cliff's edge to commemorate the miracle.

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"Garita del Diablo," or "sentry of the devil," where lack of devotion supposedly brought an ill fate. It was the meeting place of a guard and his young lover who disappeared suddenly—whisked away by the devil centuries ago, the story goes, because they paid more attention to each other than to watching for potential invaders.

Legend has it that sheer faith once saved the whole city from foreign aggression. It happened one night in 1797 as British invaders advanced on the island. The town's bishop led the people through the streets to appeal to the patron saint of the 11 virgins for protection. The British general saw the light from the thousands of candles they carried, mistook them for military troops, and fled. *La Rogativa* ("praying figure"), a statue of the bishop and townsfolk, celebrates the story. It stands at the governor's mansion at La Fortaleza, the oldest executive mansion still in use in the Western Hemisphere.

Yanqui Come Here

A recent Puerto Rican government survey of American conceptions of Puerto Rico was enlightening to government officials—and disheartening. Stateside impressions, if any, were of a West Side Story-land of drugs and violence. Many respondents weren't even sure where the place is—Central America, or maybe South. "A few even had us in the Pacific," one official says.

So the Puerto Rico Tourism Company responded with tax incentives for new hotels and businesses and a $3.3 million increase in the tourism budget. In addition, the bureau sponsored ad campaigns to give Americans a different view of their island cousin and to sell it as a potential travel spot.

The results? Hotel and cruise-ship numbers have broken records the past three years. American Airlines has increased flights to the island from 8 a day to more than 60, and Eastern has reinstated Puerto Rico as the hub of its Caribbean operations. Led by the massive El San Juan, dozens of hotels and tourist complexes have been renovated or constructed. Travel professionals are dubbing Puerto Rico "the success story of the Caribbean." Even a devastating hotel arson fire on New Year's Eve 1986 didn't hamstring the progress. On a 14-city tour, PRTC Executive Director Miguel Domenech and company reassured potential visitors that the tragedy was "an isolated incident." In 1987 the island enjoyed its biggest tourist season yet.

The campaign's next step will be promoting what locals call going "out on the island" beyond the walls of San Juan to such offbeat natural attractions as the vast cavern system at 300-acre Rio Camuy Cave Park and two phosphorescent bays, off the southwest and east coasts; a $6 million renovation of the 150-room Hilton at Mayaguez on the western coast; and a new 475-room Ritz-Carlton at the Palmas del Mar resort in Humacao, on the east coast. The city of Ponce, on the southern coast, is renovating and expanding its airport, and the city has a new Hilton and a 122-room Days Inn. Ponce will welcome

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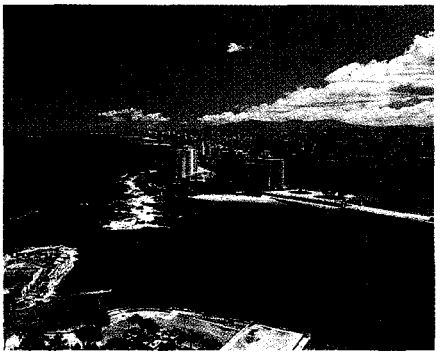

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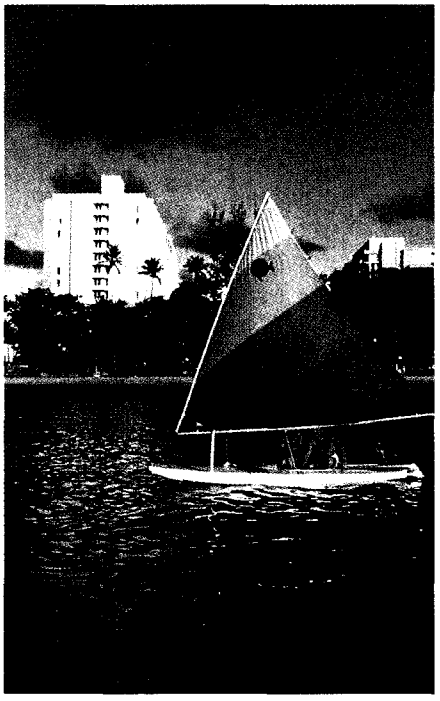

A Not-So-Foreign Country

A U.S. commonwealth since 1952, Puerto Rico mirrors the States in many ways that make life easier for tourists.

- The American dollar is the official currency.
- Spanish is the official language, but English is widely spoken and is a mandatory part of the school curriculum.
- Passports aren't required of American tourists.
- Postal and phone service is the same as in the United States.
- Marriages performed in Puerto Rico are valid here.
- Puerto Rico celebrates all American national holidays—as well as a number of Puerto Rican and Spanish ones!

the first cruise ship to its dock on Christmas Eve, and more will follow in the new year. The four-century-old city is sprucing up its art and music museums and preparing 30 horse-drawn coaches to take visitors around town.

The only criticism many have of tourism development is that there hasn't been enough of it. "Hawaii has over 55,000 hotel rooms," says San Juan Mayor Baltazar Corrada del Rio, drawing an often-heard comparison with Puerto Rico's fewer than 10,000.

But development has its critics. Some complain that big hotels and tourist complexes monopolize Puerto Rico's public beaches and limit their accessibility to natives. Worse, construction of tourist playgrounds has meant deforestation that could drive away wildlife and cause flooding in coastal areas, says Neftali Garcia, a local biochemist and environmentalist. Garcia estimates that the island's mangrove forests have been reduced by 50 percent in the past half-century.

Pedro Santana Ronda belongs to an environmentalist group that for two years has fought construction of a multimillion-dollar, 300-room Club Med resort complex near the southwestern city of Guanica. Santana, a construction worker, says the jobs the complex would bring are of little consequence to residents: Club Med prefers trilingual employees, a qualification that local fishermen and laborers generally don't meet. Another group successfully battled the construction of a hotel and housing complex on the beach at Vacia Talega, near San Juan, and instead persuaded the government to declare the area a Puerto Rican national park.

Many Puerto Ricans prefer promotion

continued on page 74

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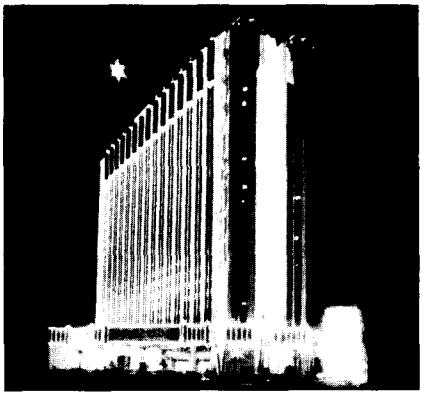

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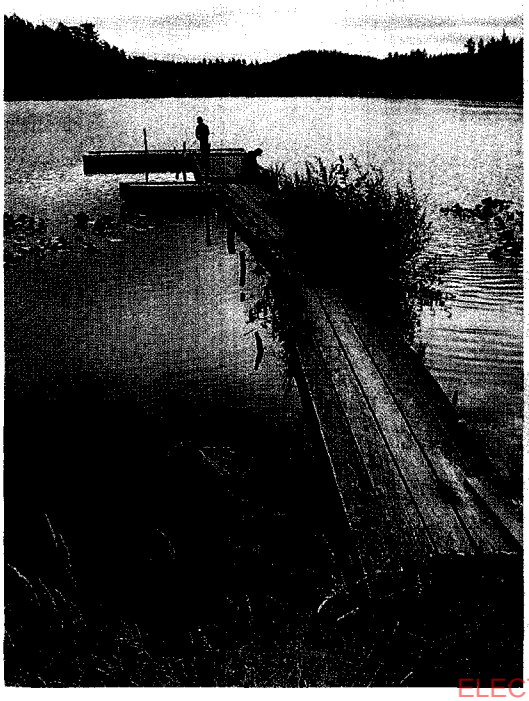
Yankees Go Home

Winter Comes to the San Juan Islands of Washington State

By Lewis Green

The San Juan Islands of Washington State possess a quiet beauty—deep coves, chilly waters, broad hills, dense forests, and windswept meadows. Fauna flourishes: bald eagles soar on the currents, great blue herons glide just above the water's surface, sea lions sun on the rocks, and killer whales span the sea in graceful arcs.

For much of the year, there is still isolation, a quiescence so deep only an invasion can disturb it. And like migrating fowl, that invasion arrives each summer.



From June to September, tourists come to package paradise in their Kodak Instamatics. In doing so, they change the face of the place: automobiles crowd every road; visitors fill every shop. Locals react by remaining safely within the bosom of home. Even the eagles depart. And the ferry docks turn to muck.

On a summer weekend the population may balloon by 20,000 or more. Boaters and anglers sail and fish the waters to seek protected coves and reel in salmon. Combers and hikers walk the beaches and the hills to find flotsam and gain views. Bicyclists and mopeders travel the byways, whale watchers scan the sea, and sightseers jam the shops.

During the tourist season, an unspoken tolerance exists between visitors and natives. Some resentment bubbles beneath the surface, particularly among residents who see no value in tourism. Most islanders begrudge the taking of their peace but suffer silently because they need the touro-dollars. Without them, few could survive the stagnant economy of the islands, where the cost of living is high, jobs are few, and wages are low.

When winter arrives, however, residents reclaim their lives. As summer savings dwindle, meager off-season livings are squeezed from the islands. It's not unusual for a year-rounder to trade a college diploma for work as a carpenter, plumber, or backhoe operator. Most employment is part-time.

Since the 1970s, the face of the citizenry has changed. Mixing with the leathery looks of farmers and fishers are the styles of the moneyed and the middle-classers willing to sacrifice higher socioeconomic levels for a slower pace. Many come from California; all come for the lifestyle. The landscape is stunning; there is no need for traffic signals; crime is nearly nonexistent. Even the weather is relatively mild, kept that way by a rain shadow cast across the islands by the Olympic Mountains—which exposes the San Juans to just half the rainfall of Seattle—and warm currents that modify the temperatures.

The overburdened Washington State Ferries are the islands' primary defense against runaway growth. Although islanders complain (to the point of staging sit-ins), they admit privately that the delays and queues are in their best interest. If service weren't limited and inconvenient, more tourists would visit—and more people would stay.

The ferries dock only at Lopez, Shaw, Orcas, and San Juan—the islands' most civilized outposts by modern standards of power and sanitation, and man's best attempts at taming an archipelago that stretches from the Strait of Juan de Fuca to Canada. The last glaciers left this string of pearls when they receded 10,000 years ago.

Those who count such things claim hundreds of islands, rocks, and reefs at low tide, 172 at high. Only a handful shelter some 19,680 full-time inhabitants.

Many of the inhabited islands are private. You don't visit without a boat and an invitation. The four open to exploration are as different from each other as they are from towns on the mainland. Their physical features are unique and so are their people.

About 45 minutes after leaving the dock at Anacortes on the mainland, the ferry noses into Lopez Island. A few passengers disembark, mostly on bicycles.

Lopez Island is 13 miles long and 4 miles wide. The rolling landscape is checkered with farmland, orchards, dairy herds, poultry, pigs, and sheep.

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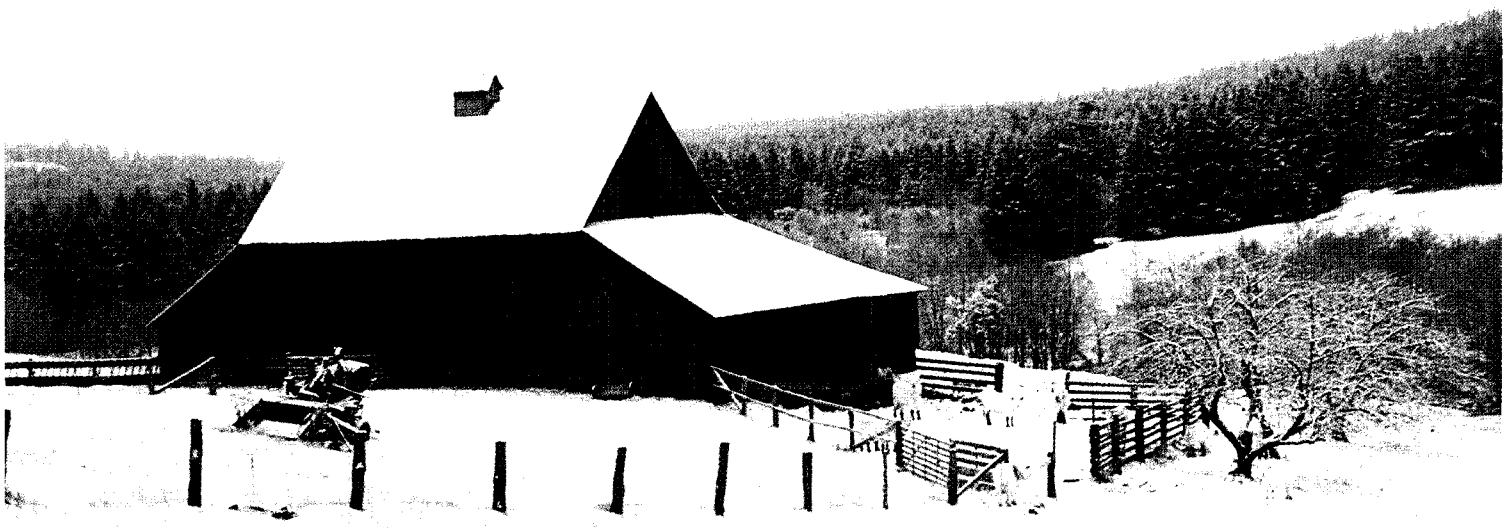

There are but two parks with campsites and only two bed and breakfasts. The neighbors are ambivalent about tourists. Following the Labor Day exodus, the 1,200 residents celebrate a "Thank God They're Gone" party, even though relatively few travelers visit this island.

The Ferry's next stop is Shaw. Tourists are not welcome here. There are no public facilities. The coves, beaches, and rocky shores have little public access. Homes are tucked out of sight within stands of timber and rolling farmlands.

Orcas, on the other hand, is a tourist haven. Residents experience a complete lifestyle change when winter comes. Rosario and the other resorts slumber; the picnic tables and campsites at Moran State Park are vacant. Returning eagles perch atop spruce and fir trees. Once again, traffic flows easily through the island's largest town, Eastsound. The woods teem with deer; the low-lying mountains are silent.

The same is true on San Juan, the most populous of the islands and the seat of government and commerce. In Friday Harbor, the San Juans' largest town, residents who come to town only once or twice the entire summer now come daily to chat with their neighbors, to catch up on the gossip. The sidewalks are spattered with small groups of friends passing the day in talk. The marina no longer bustles. No one hurries; business revolves around conversation and cups of coffee.

Even the countryside takes on a different look. The trumpeter swans return to take back the ponds. The valley turns a solemn brown, rarely whitened by falling snow. Horses and cows graze undisturbed. Whales pass the Lime Kiln Lighthouse whale-watch unseen. Roche Harbor Resort is still, the bed and breakfasts nearly empty. The restaurants open when fancy strikes.

"Timelessness is the soothing essence of these islands," the author Ruth Kirk explains. She is right. Any change is threatening. Today, there is much to be threatened by: tourism is on the increase and so is development, and the possibility of a new industry—aquaculture—stirs controversy. Yet, despite the hassles, winter brings a sigh of relief. Islanders call it "going on island time." They usher the tourists homeward, reclaim their rocks, savor the flight of the eagle, and get reacquainted.

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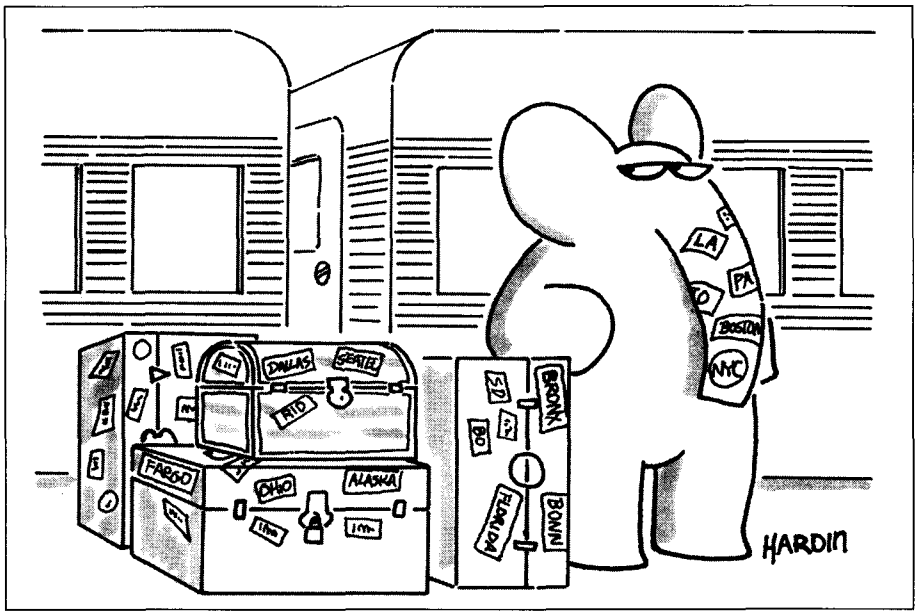

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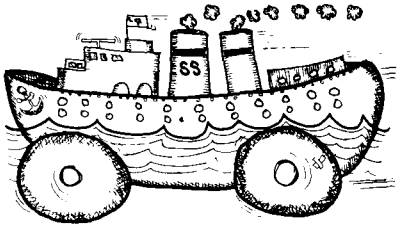

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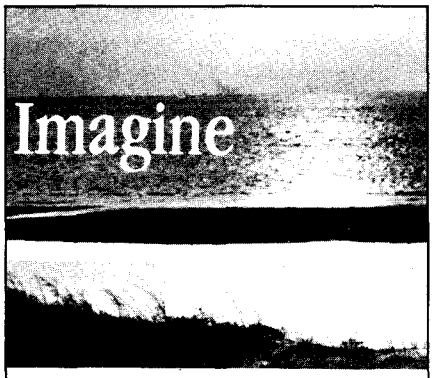

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Yanqui

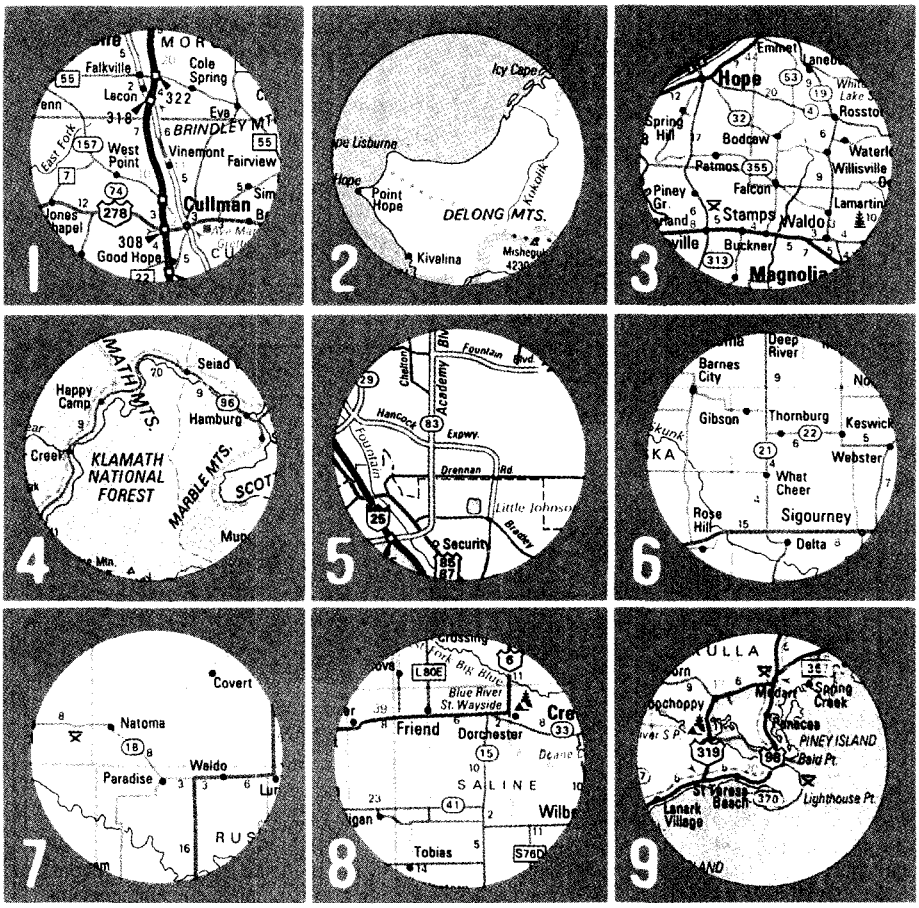
continued from page 68

of 16 small locally owned, government-approved hotels—*paradores puertorriquenos*—which employ local workers and give visitors a taste of the real Puerto Rico. Julio Perichi runs one with his wife and two children and 28 other employees in the southwestern village of Cabo Rojo. Parador Perichi is doubling its guest capacity from its current 15 rooms. The owner says although the big chains help attract business, he does hope the government will get behind promoting places like his. "Some people want a place to relax, to get away from the hustle and bustle," he says. "That's what we are." Mayor Corrada likes the *paradores'* attractiveness to middle-class tourists who can't afford large luxury hotels. *Paradores'* rates range from $35 to $76 per night for double occupancy.

But the government's promotion of *paradores* isn't as simple as helping proprietors advertise the places. It also means maintaining good roads that allow easy navigation of "out" areas and helping to educate locals who can staff the growing facilities.

Even as Puerto Ricans ponder the dilemmas development can bring, one thing seems clear: their desire to share their island with their Western neighbors and to evolve into a sort of Caribbean Hawaii—a tropical paradise for Westerners that's not so far, and in many ways not so different, from home.

—A. Hunter



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? (Hint: Where to hang out when your spirits are down.) If you or a friend finds the game too easy (but you won't), try to guess the theme of this month's map game.

(Answers on page 103)

Getaway

continued from page 46

the tall one said, still looking at the map. "It's on the river, just at the end of a road. Looks like a pretty small place."

"Not anymore. It's just about doubled since they built the bridge."

"What happens on the other side?" The short one asked the question, but both of the feed-merchant types were paying close attention.

"Pretty fair road, clear to Chihuahua. It joins up there with the highway out of El Paso and Juarez."

The tall man finished his coffee, folded the map, put it in his pocket, and stood up. "We'll take your map with us," he said.

The old boy seemed startled, like a new kid at school when somebody pokes him in the nose to show him who's boss. But, he just shrugged and said, "Glad to let you have it."

The feed merchants had a little conference on the way out, talking in whispers. Then they stopped in the middle of the floor, turned around, reached inside their jackets, and pulled guns on us. Automatic pistols, I think they were. "You sit where you are and don't move," the tall one said to me. "And *you*, get back against the wall."

Both of us did exactly what they wanted. I told you we were a lot alike.

The short man walked over and pushed one of the keys of the cash register. "Every little bit helps," he said, and he scooped the money out of the drawer. The tall man set the telephone on the floor, put his foot on it, and jerked the wires out. Then they ran to their car and got in. The short man leaned out the window and shot out one of my tires. Then they took off fast.

I looked at the old boy behind the counter. He seemed a little pale, but he didn't waste any time. He took a screwdriver out of a drawer and squatted down beside the telephone. I said, "It doesn't always pay to be nice to people."

He laughed and said, "Well, it doesn't usually cost anything," and went on taking the base plate off the telephone. He was a fast worker, actually. His tongue was sticking out of the corner of his mouth. In about five minutes he had a dial tone coming out of the receiver. He dialed a number and told the Rangers about the men

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and their car. "They did?" he said. "Well, well, well. . . . No, not El Paso. They took the Hackett turnoff." After he hung up, he said, "It turns out those guys robbed a supermarket in Wichita Falls."

I shook my head. "They sure had me fooled. I thought they looked perfectly all right."

The old boy got me another cup of coffee and opened himself a bottle of pop. "They fooled me, too, at first." He wiped his mouth. "Then I got a load of their shoulder holsters when they leaned on the counter to look at the map. Anyway, they had mean eyes, I thought. Didn't you?"

"Well, I didn't at the time."

We drank without talking for a while, getting our nerves back in shape. A pair of patrol cars went roaring by outside and squealed their tires around the Hackett turnoff.

I got to thinking, and I thought of the saddest thing yet. "You *knew* there was something wrong with those guys, but you still couldn't keep from helping them on their way."

He laughed. "Well, the world's a tough sort of place at best, is how I look at it."

"I can understand showing them the map," I said, "but I'm damned if I'd have told about the bridge. Now there's not a snowball's chance in hell of catching them. If you'd kept your mouth shut, there'd at least be some hope."

"There isn't any——"

"Not a shred," I went on. "Not with a car as fast as they've got."

The way the old boy smiled made me feel better. "I don't mean there isn't any hope," he said. "I mean there isn't any bridge."

Race

continued from page 65

next day pap didn't come home neither, and on the third one Mister Ernest rid Dan up to the door of the cabin on the river he let us live in, so pap could work his piece of land and run his fish line, too, and said, "Put that gun down and come on here and climb up behind."

So I got in the saddle even if I couldn't reach the stirrups, and Mister Ernest taken the reins and I must 'a' went to sleep, because the next thing I knowed a buttonhole of my lumberjack was tied to the saddle horn with that ere whang cord off the compass, and it was good and late now and we wasn't fur, because Dan was already smelling water, the river. Or maybe it was the feed lot itself he smelled, because we struck the fire road not a quarter below it, and soon I could see the river, too, with the white mist laying on it soft and still as cotton. Then the lot, home; and up yonder in the dark, not no piece akchully, close enough to hear us unsaddling and shucking corn prob'ly, and sholy close enough to hear Mister Ernest blowing his horn at the dark camp for Simon to come in the boat and git us, that old buck in his brake in the bayou; home, too, resting, too, after the hard run, waking hisself now and then, dreaming of dogs behind him or maybe it was the racket we was making would wake him.

Then Mister Ernest stood on the bank blowing until Simon's lantern went bobbing down into the mist; then we clumb down to the landing and Mister Ernest blowed again now and then to guide Simon, until we seen the lantern in the mist, and then Simon and the boat; only it looked like ever time I set down and got still, I went back to sleep, because Mister Ernest was shaking me again to git out and climb the bank into the dark camp, until I felt a bed against my knees and tumbled into it.

Then it was morning, tomorrow; it was all over now until next November, next year, and we could come back. Uncle Ike and Willy and Walter and Roth and the rest of them had come in yestiddy, soon as Eagle taken the buck out of hearing and they knowed that deer was gone, to pack up and be ready to leave this morning for Yoknapatawpha, where they lived, until it would be November again and they could come back again.

So, as soon as we et breakfast, Simon run them back up the river in the big boat to where they left their cars and pickups, and now it wasn't nobody but jest me and Mister Ernest setting on the bench against the kitchen wall in the sun; Mister Ernest smoking a cigar—a whole one this time that Dan hadn't had no chance to jump him through a grapevine and bust. He hadn't washed his face neither where that vine had throwed him into the mud. But that was all

continued on page 79

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THANKSGIVING'S NEW TRADITIONS

Delicious variations on the holiday theme.

Tracing the origins of holidays can be interesting and surprising. Many holidays were started to celebrate an agricultural event—sometimes the planting season, but more often the harvest. Others trace their origins back to religious rites. Family traditions can be credited with adding unique variations to many holiday festivities.

It's these differences in customs that make holidays so fascinating, particularly when it comes to the food served. In spite of menu variations, though, one almost universal holiday food is turkey. Its mouth-watering aroma seems to fill every nook and cranny, and half the fun of turkey at holiday meals is what you serve with the big bird.

To vary your holiday turkey dinner, try these new ideas and start mealtime traditions of your own!

Roast Holiday Turkey

If turkey is frozen, thaw, following time and directions given. Remove thawed turkey from plastic wrap and neck and giblets from body cavities and prepare turkey broth. At roasting time, rinse turkey with cold water and pat dry, tuck legs into hock lock or under skin band, turn wing tips "akimbo" under back, and skewer neck skin to back. Place turkey breast-side up on rack in shallow open roasting pan. Place "tent" of foil loosely over turkey to prevent over-browning. Foil may be removed during last half hour of roasting for final browning.

Turkey is done when meat thermometer inserted into thickest part of thigh, next to body, registers 180° F. to 185° F. Thermometer should not touch bone. Other signs of doneness: leg joint moves freely when drumstick is pressed, or juices run clear when long thin fork is inserted into thickest area and pressed. For easier carving, let turkey stand at room temperature 20-30 minutes.

Tip: If stuffed turkey is left over, remove stuffing from turkey and refrigerate immediately.

Southern Rice Dressing

(Makes 8 servings)

1½ cups uncooked rice
1 cup sliced celery
¾ cup sliced green onions, including tops
¾ cup chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper
2¾ cups chicken broth
Pecan halves, if desired

Measure rice into shallow 2-quart casserole. Set aside. Put celery, onions, and green pepper into skillet. Cook only until tender-crisp. Stir in seasonings and broth. Bring to boil. Pour over rice; stir. Cover with tight-fitting lid or heavy-duty foil. Bake at 350° F. 30 minutes or until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed. Fluff with fork. Garnish with pecan halves, if desired.

Holiday Pear Salad

(Makes 8 servings)

1 can (29 oz.) Bartlett pear halves
1-2 kiwi fruit
1 egg, beaten
3 tablespoons all-purpose flour
Dash salt
1 tablespoon margarine
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 cup prepared whipped topping (or 1 cup Cool Whip)
1 can (16 oz.) pineapple chunks, drained
1 medium banana, sliced
1 can (11 oz.) mandarin orange segments, drained
¼ cup toasted sliced almonds, if desired

Drain pears; reserve 1 cup syrup. Chill pears and kiwi fruit. In saucepan, combine egg, flour, salt, and reserved pear syrup. Cook and stir over medium heat until sauce thickens. Add margarine and lemon juice. Cool thoroughly. Fold in whipped topping. Cut 4 pear halves in half lengthwise; dice remaining pears. Layer diced pears, pineapple, banana, and oranges in 2-quart glass bowl. Spread topping over fruit. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. Peel and slice kiwi fruit; arrange with remaining pears on topping. Sprinkle with nuts, if desired.

Fresh Carrot Mold with Broccoli and Lemon Sauce

(Makes 8 servings)

6 tablespoons margarine
½ cup chopped onion
6 tablespoons all-purpose flour
1 cup milk
1¾ cups puréed cooked carrots
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon Accent® Brand Flavor Enhancer
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper
6 eggs, separated
3 cups cooked broccoli florettes
Lemon Sauce (see recipe below)

In 2-quart saucepan melt margarine; sauté onion 5 minutes. Stir in flour; cook 1 minute. Remove from heat. Gradually stir in milk. Return to heat. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Stir in carrot purée, cheese, flavor enhancer, salt, nutmeg, and pepper. Remove from heat. Beat egg yolks. Stir into carrot mixture. Return to heat and cook, stirring constantly, 1 minute until mixture thickens slight-

APPROXIMATE ROASTING TIME IN 325° F. OVEN

weight	unstuffed	stuffed
8 to 12 pounds	*3 to 4 hours*	*3½ to 4½ hours*
12 to 16 pounds	*3½ to 4½ hours*	*4½ to 6 hours*
16 to 20 pounds	*4 to 5 hours*	*5½ to 6½ hours*
20 to 24 pounds	*4½ to 5½ hours*	*6½ to 7 hours*

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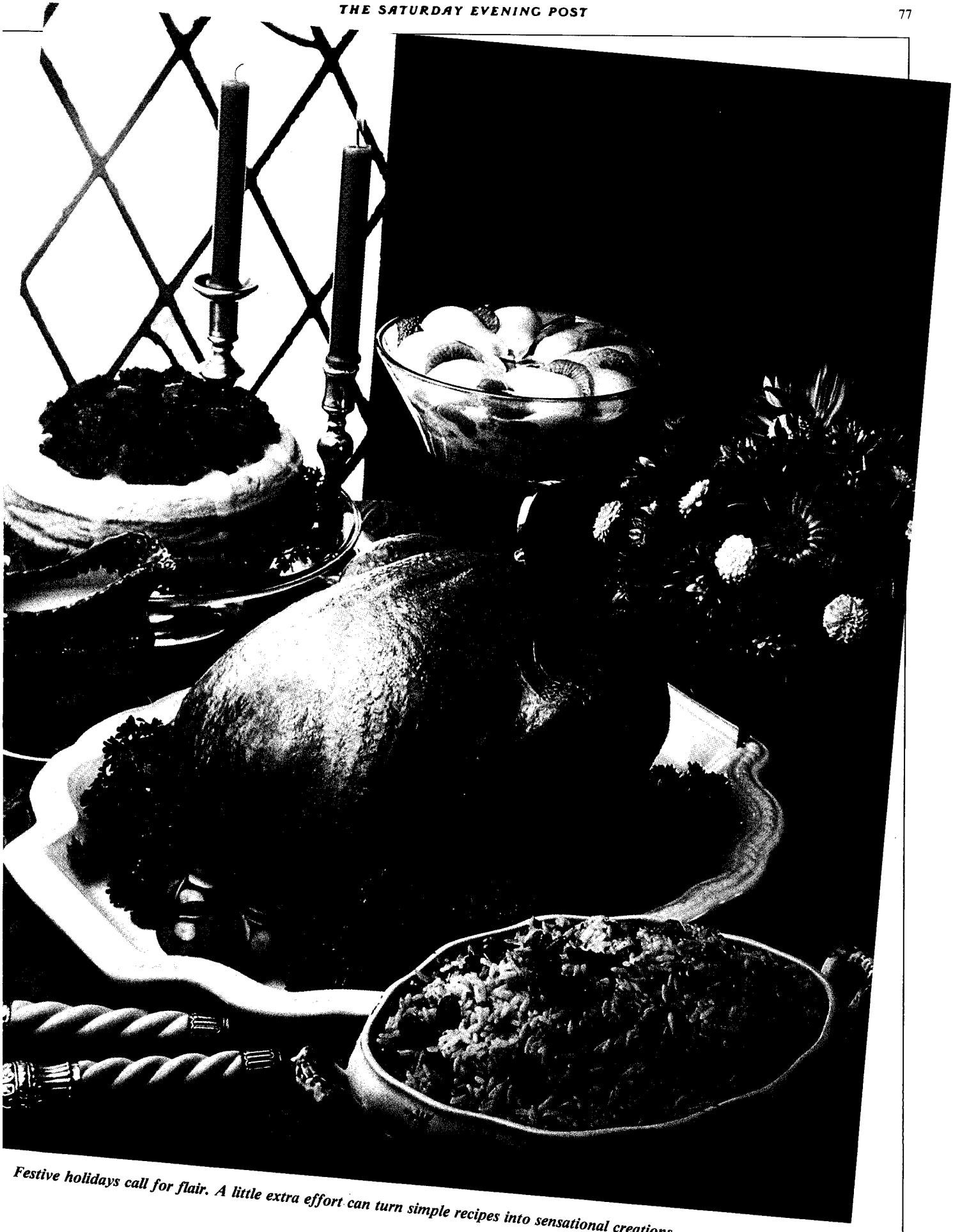

Festive holidays call for flair. A little extra effort can turn simple recipes into sensational creations.

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ly. Cool 5 minutes. In large bowl, beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into carrot mixture. Spoon mixture into well-greased 6½-cup ring mold. Set mold in larger baking pan. Add enough hot water to pan to reach halfway up sides of mold. Bake in 325° F. oven 1½ hours or until firm. Remove pan from oven. Remove mold from pan and set on wire rack 20-25 minutes before unmolding. Carefully unmold onto heated serving plate. Arrange hot broccoli florettes in center of ring. Serve with Lemon Sauce.

Lemon Sauce
(Makes 1¾ cups)

1½ teaspoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon Accent® Brand Flavor Enhancer
1 cup water
2 tablespoons margarine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ teaspoons dry sherry

In small saucepan, mix cornstarch, sugar, and flavor enhancer. Gradually add water. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens and comes to boil. Boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Add remaining ingredients.

Creamy Turkey Chowder
(Makes 8 servings)

Turkey carcass
2 quarts water
1 teaspoon Accent® Brand Flavor Enhancer
½ teaspoon salt
3 sprigs parsley
2 stalks celery with leaves
2 medium onions, sliced
1 bay leaf
1 chicken bouillon cube
½ teaspoon dried leaf thyme
4 carrots, pared and sliced
⅓ cup uncooked rice
1 can (16 oz.) cream-style corn

Remove meat from carcass; reserve. Break up carcass and place in large, deep kettle. Add water, flavor enhancer, salt, parsley, celery, onions, bay leaf, bouillon cube, and thyme. Bring to boil. Cover; reduce heat and simmer 1 hour. Strain stock and return to kettle. Add carrots and rice. Cover and cook 20 minutes, or until rice is tender. Add corn and reserved turkey. Heat.

Mincemeat Pear Pie
(Makes 1 pie)

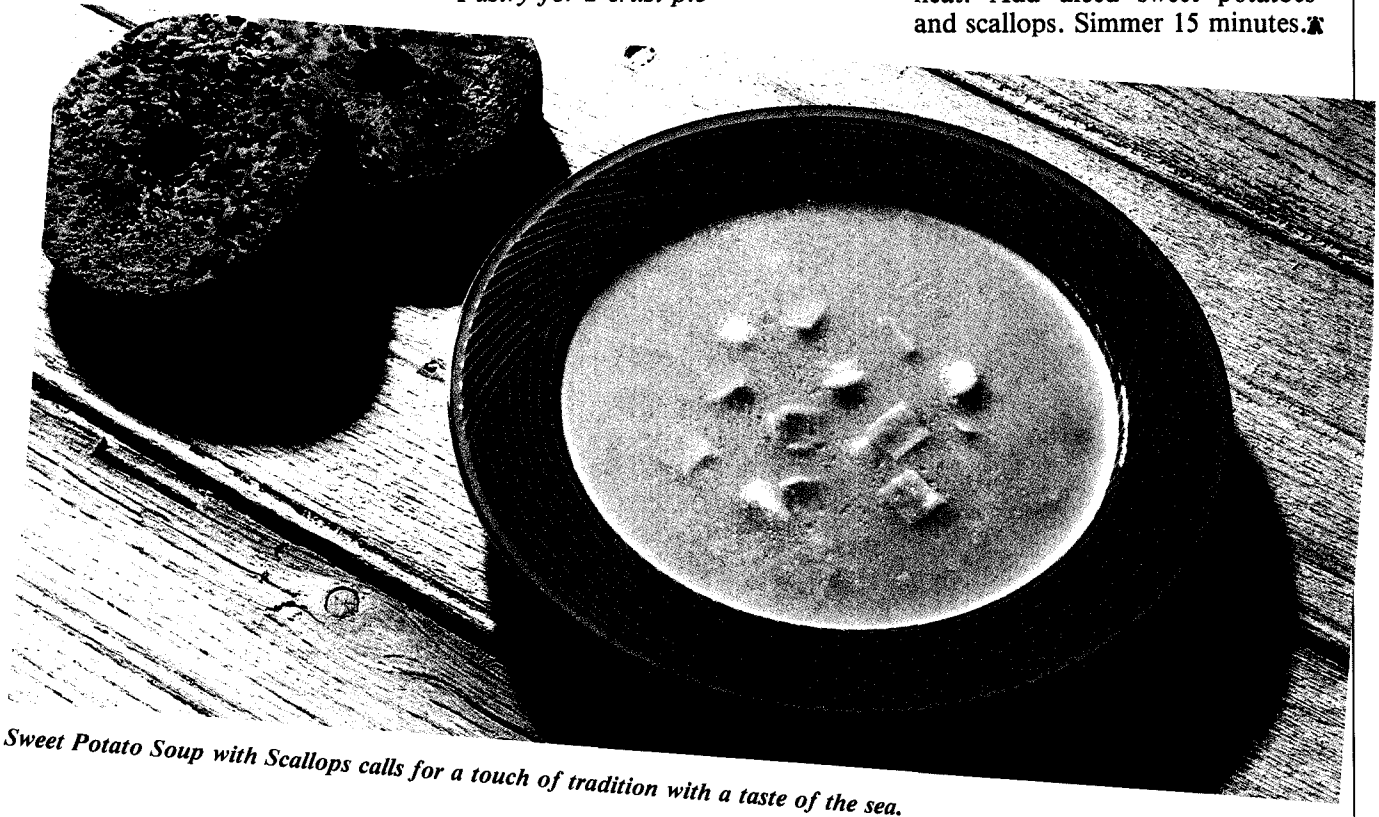
Pastry for 2-crust pie
1⅓ cups prepared mincemeat
2 cans (29 oz. each) Bartlett pear slices, drained
¼ cup brandy
Sugar

Prepare and roll out pastry. Line 9" pie plate with half of pastry. Trim pastry to edge of pie plate. Combine prepared mincemeat, drained pears, and brandy in mixing bowl. Spoon into pastry-lined plate. Cut slits in top crust; fit loosely over filling. Seal and flute edge; sprinkle crust with sugar. Bake at 425° F. 30-35 minutes. If necessary, cover edge of pie with foil to prevent over-browning.

Sweet Potato Soup with Scallops
(Makes 5 servings)

4 teaspoons chicken flavor base
1 quart water
1 cup mashed cooked sweet potatoes
1 teaspoon instant minced onion
¾ teaspoon Bon Appetit®
⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper
1 cup diced (½") cooked sweet potatoes
1 cup finely chopped scallops

In 4-quart saucepan, combine first 6 ingredients. Heat to boil. Reduce heat. Add diced sweet potatoes and scallops. Simmer 15 minutes.



Sweet Potato Soup with Scallops calls for a touch of tradition with a taste of the sea.

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Race

continued from page 75

right, too; his face usually did have a smudge of mud or tractor grease or beard stubble on it, because he wasn't jest a planter; he was a farmer, he worked as hard as ara one of his hands and tenants—which is why I knowed from the very first that we would git along, that I wouldn't have no trouble with him and he wouldn't have no trouble with me, from that very first day when I woke up and maw had done gone off with that Vicksburg roadhouse feller without even waiting to cook breakfast, and the next morning pap was gone, too, and it was almost night the next day when I heard a horse coming up and I taken the gun that I had already throwed a shell into the britch when pap never come home last night, and stood in the door while Mister Ernest rid up and said, "Come on. Your paw ain't coming back neither."

"You mean he give me to you?" I said.

"Who cares?" he said. "Come on. I brought a lock for the door. We'll send the pickup back tomorrow for whatever you want."

So I come home with him and it was all right, it was jest fine—his wife had died about three years ago—without no women to worry us or take off in the middle of the night with a durn Vicksburg roadhouse jake without even waiting to cook breakfast. And we would go home this afternoon, too, but not jest yet; we always stayed one more day after the others left because Uncle Ike always left what grub they hadn't et, and the rest of the homemade corn whisky he drunk and that town whisky of Roth Edmondziz he called Scotch that smelled like it come out of a old bucket of roof paint; setting in the sun for one more day before we went back home to git ready to put in next year's crop of cotton and oats and beans and hay; and across the river yonder, behind the wall of trees where the big woods started, that old buck laying up today in the sun, too—resting today, too, without nobody to bother him until next November.

So at least one of us was glad it would be 11 months and two weeks before he would have to run that fur that fast again. So he was glad of the very same thing we was sorry of, and so all of a sudden I thought about how maybe planting and working and then harvesting oats and cotton and beans and hay wasn't jest something me and Mister Ernest done 351 days to fill in the time until we could come back hunting again, but it was something we had to do, and do honest and good during the 351 days, to have the right to come back into the big woods and hunt for the other 14; and the 14 days that old buck run in front of dogs wasn't jest something to fill his time until the 351 when he didn't have to, but the running and the risking in front of guns and dogs was something he had to do for 14 days to have the right not to be bothered for the other 351. And so the hunting and the farming wasn't two different things at all—they was jest the other side of each other.

"Yes," I said. "All we got to do now is put in that next year's crop. Then November won't be no time away."

"You ain't going to put in the crop next year," Mister Ernest said. "You're going to school."

So at first I didn't even believe I had heard him. "What?" I said. "Me? Go to school?"

"Yes," Mister Ernest said. "You must make something of yourself."

"I am," I said. "I'm doing it now. I'm going to be a hunter and a farmer like you."

"No," Mister Ernest said. "That ain't enough any more. Time was when all a man had to do was just farm 11½ months, and hunt the other half. But not now. Now just to belong to the farming business and the hunting business ain't enough. You got to belong to the business of mankind."

"Mankind?" I said.

"Yes," Mister Ernest said. "So you're going to school. Because you got to know why. You can belong to the farming and hunting business and you can learn the difference between what's right and what's wrong, and do right. And that used to be enough—just to do right. But not now. You got to know why it's right and why it's wrong, and be able to tell the folks that never had no chance to learn it; teach them how to do what's right, not just because they know it's right, but because they know now why it's right because you just showed them, told them, taught them why. So you're going to school."

"It's because you been listening to that durn Will Legate and Walter

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Ewell!" I said.

"No," Mister Ernest said.

"Yes!" I said. "No wonder you missed that buck yestiddy, taking ideas from the very fellers that let him git away, after me and you had run Dan and the dogs durn nigh clean to death! Because you never even missed him! You never forgot to load that gun! You had done already unloaded it a purpose! I heard you!"

"All right, all right," Mister Ernest said. "Which would you rather have? His bloody head and hide on the kitchen floor yonder and half his meat in a pickup truck on the way to Yoknapatawpha County, or him with his head and hide and meat still together over yonder in that brake, waiting for next November for us to run him again?"

"And git him, too," I said. "We won't even fool with no Willy Legate and Walter Ewell next time."

"Maybe," Mister Ernest said.

"Yes," I said.

"Maybe," Mister Ernest said. "The best word in our language, the best of all. That's what mankind keeps going on: maybe. The best days of his life ain't the ones when he said 'Yes' beforehand: they're the ones when all he knew to say was 'Maybe.' He can't say 'Yes' until afterward because he not only don't know it until then, he don't want to know 'Yes' until then. . . . Step in the kitchen and make me a toddy. Then we'll see about dinner."

"All right," I said. I got up. "You want some of Uncle Ike's corn or that town whisky of Roth Edmondziz?"

"Can't you say Mister Roth or Mister Edmonds?" Mister Ernest said.

"Yes, sir," I said. "Well, which do you want? Uncle Ike's corn or that ere stuff of Roth Edmondziz?" ★

Paul Anderson

continued from page 59

that he seemed certain to win, the embarrassment would be national.

Under his photo in the Melbourne newspaper was a caption suggesting that all he needed to do was drop by the arena to pick up his gold medal. The only way the "Strongest Man in the World" could lose was if he broke a bone or was sick.

And sick is precisely what Paul Anderson was in Melbourne. He was suffering from an inner-ear infection that affected his balance. He'd run a fever for two weeks and dropped 30 pounds in body weight. In his own words, he was "feeling punk." Three days before the event, the doctors told him they would not let him lift.

"Lift? he said with a gasp. "I can't even walk!"

Nevertheless, Paul begged them to put off their decision until the last minute. When they agreed, he went back to his room and started gobbling aspirin "like goober peas." On the day of the competition, the fever came down, but he still felt as bad.

"How do you feel?" the doctors asked him.

"Much better," he lied.

He would not lift until midnight, he remembers: "I went to a movie. Later, when I went to the arena, the aspirin had worn off and my fever shot back up to about 104. I felt terrible, but I suited up and did some warmups."

His competition did not come from Russia. The Soviets hadn't bothered to send a heavyweight, so certain were they that the "Wonder of Nature" would win easily. But every other heavyweight who had expected to scuffle for silver now saw a chance for gold.

"It's ironic," Paul says. "Just two weeks before, I didn't have any competition in the world. But that one night, everyone was my competition. I feel it was God showing me that I need Him."

It finally came down to Paul and Argentina's 316-pound Humberto Selvetti, having perhaps the night of his life. On the third of the South American's required three lifts, he brought his total to 1,102 pounds.

Paul had totaled far more than that before, but not when he was so ill he could barely stand. The fever had dropped his weight to an official 304. Under weightlifting rules, as the lighter contestant, he had only to tie Selvetti's weight total to win. But he was trailing so badly after two lifts that to tie required an Olympic record 413.5-pound lift in the clean and jerk.

Quietly, Paul asked for 413.5. It was three in the morning. He was reeling, sweating, near collapse. Twice he tried to lift the record weight and failed.

Then, like a modern Samson, Paul asked God for the little extra his straining muscles needed. "I wasn't making a bargain," he insists. "I needed help."

Wire services described how Paul's 52½" chest expanded to near bursting as he made his final lift, and how he finally held the weight high in Olympic victory.

"I would have liked to have gone out with fire and thunder," Paul admits. "But as I look back, getting sick was one of the best things that ever happened to me. It gave me a type of humbleness.

"All my setbacks have been physical," Paul says today. "And all my

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victories have been physical." The kidney problems of his youth returned; eventually he had a transplant. In 1985, he suffered a burst colon. "The doctors gave me a 20 percent chance of living. The Lord gave me 100 percent," he says. "In October of last year, I had two new hip joints put in, both at one time. I'm coming back now. I just turned it all over to the Lord."

Paul's deep faith, shared by his wife, Glenda, is at the core of what many would call his most enduring achievement: the Paul Anderson Youth Home in Vidalia, Georgia.

Since 1961, the home—along with two others later established in Texas—has provided an alternative to juvenile penal institutions for troubled and homeless boys. To date, more than a thousand teenagers, mostly from broken homes, have gained a new measure of self-worth through the Andersons' potent blend of hard work, love, and faith.

Until his latest round of physical ills, Paul was on a nearly constant speaking tour to raise money for his youth homes. Averaging 500 speeches a year, he mixed humor ("I was a 97-pound weakling—when I was four years old!"), a hard sell for God ("I couldn't get through a day without Him"), and such strength stunts as driving a nail with his bare fist.

His show-stopper, raising on his back a table loaded with eight men, was really a "light" weight for Paul. The *Guinness Book of World Records* (1985 edition) lists his feat of lifting 6,270 pounds in a back lift as "the greatest weight ever raised by a human being."

In his speeches around the country, Paul has described many times how on this third and last try at Melbourne he got the record weight to his chest and suddenly knew that he could lift it no higher. Alone. He tells his audience how in that brief split second, he made his lifetime affirmation to God.

Then he explains that he values the gold medal he brought back from Melbourne, and he's proud of his many other honors: "But the greatest thing in the world is my faith."

The Fairest

continued from page 45

down 67th Street, and we came upon what was then called a 'street person.' A very ordinary happening. But this man was different, because he had this very intricately carved, very beautiful cane. Peter leaned down and gave him money, which I did also. But then he started conversing with the guy about his stick, his life, his views. He conveyed such an interest in this stranger's humanity. I never forgot it."

Jennings tells a similar story, one with quite a different outcome.

It is 1971, and Jennings is in a countryside bleached by the sun, working on a story on Bengali refugees. As he walks through one of the many camps, a weathered, elderly man approaches him, drops to his knees, and wraps himself around the journalist's lanky legs.

Help me. Please help me.

Shocked, then confused, Jennings ponders the situation for a moment and then calls out to have the man removed.

"And I never forgave myself for doing that," he says.

Jennings' complexities push him in diverse directions to this day. One minute he is the working dynamo, ordering his troops into battle. But within the course of the same day, friends and associates say, he'll be transformed into the consummate family man—his kids, Elizabeth, eight, and Christopher, five, are frequent office visitors. "My kids are knee-high to a grasshopper," he says. "And there is no way I will devote all my time to my job, as much as I love it. I love my kids more."

Koppel, who's watched Jennings' transformation firsthand, says the recent changes in his friend have been startling. "I've really seen Peter mature since he married Kati [in 1979] and had kids. Peter's really a grownup now, and that's the highest compliment I think you can pay anybody," Koppel says.

Jennings' pride in his family is apparent. Visitors who stop by his less-than-neat office ("My mother used to bemoan the fact that I never picked anything up") will not see his Emmy awards. In plain view, however, is his Father of the Year statue he received in 1985 from the National Father's Day Committee. A question about his children's personality traits launches an affectionate play-by-play.

"Well, both kids are good hockey players," he says. "They boat in the winter, and they're good skiers. And I'm trying to encourage them, without the slightest bit of difficulty, to enjoy the outdoors and camping as much as I have. And they are starting to become interested in national affairs, which pleases me to no end.

"Let me explain visiting hours to you, Mr. Walker."

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Christopher loves Dukakis. And Elizabeth loves Bush. And they fight like h— about them."

• • •

As his ABC tenure grows a longer, more distinct shadow, Jennings is branching out. He recently hosted powerful TV documentaries dealing with drugs and illiteracy. And he was heavily involved in plotting the direction of the network's campaign '88 coverage. Other projects—a book, perhaps—loom.

Kati believes that her husband's intense need to succeed and achieve stems from insecurity at not having a formal education. He dropped out of high school in the tenth grade, after flunking many of his classes, and attempted to find his direction. He hosted a late-night radio show in Brockville, Ontario, a gospel-hour show of sorts, and he hosted an "American Bandstand" style production called "Club 13."

He is also the only network anchor to have crooned at the Miss Canada beauty pageant. He laughs at the memory of himself, all dressed up and so serious, drifting through a "Here She Is" type of ditty. "The only reason I sang the theme song," he says, still amused, "is because Gordon MacRae, who was the guest host, was incapable of singing it." He pauses. "That's a polite way of saying he was smackered."

In his early 20s, Jennings realized his predicament. "I woke up one day, and thought, *Right . . . no education. You'd better get on with it, here,*" he says. And the seeds of success were planted.

"True, I guess I have tried very hard to overcome my beginnings," he says. "I have worked, really worked hard, since my early 20s. But more to the point, I discovered in my early 20s something I had never experienced in high school, which was the joy of working. I'm not a workaholic, but I'm borderline. And I have never spent a day in my adult life where I didn't learn something. And if there is a born-again quality to me, that's it," he concludes.

How does Jennings sum up his career thus far? "Somebody toasted me on my 50th birthday recently, a colleague, and he said of me, 'He has got this far and there are no bodies.' That's it for me. I just dissolved. What else would you want anybody to say about you?" ★

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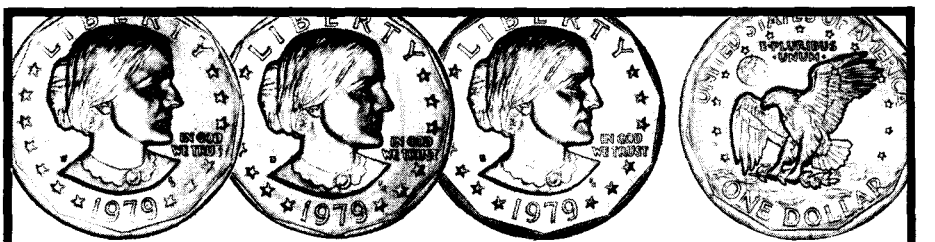

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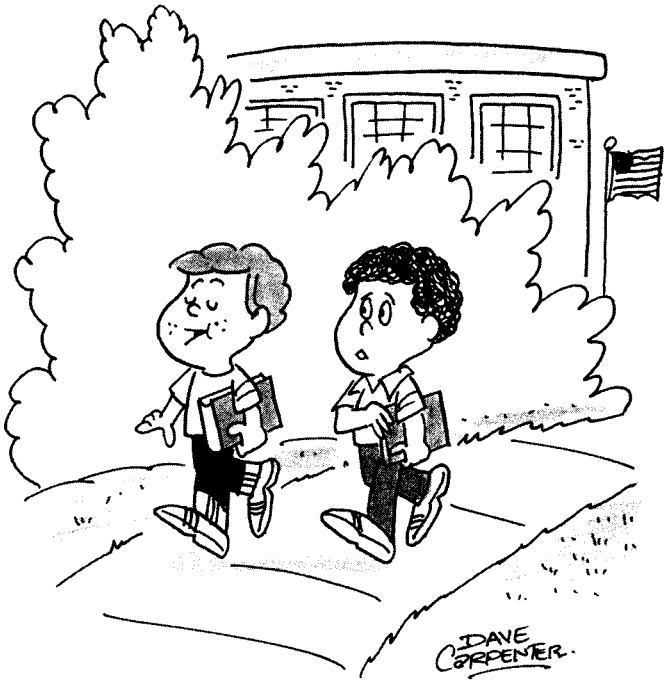

"I must be doing all right in school. My teacher says I have a 'smart answer' for everything."

"Miss Norble must be old. I heard she used to teach Shakespeare!"

"There's Junior Wilson and some other bachelor."

"I think there's only one 'z' in 'is.'"

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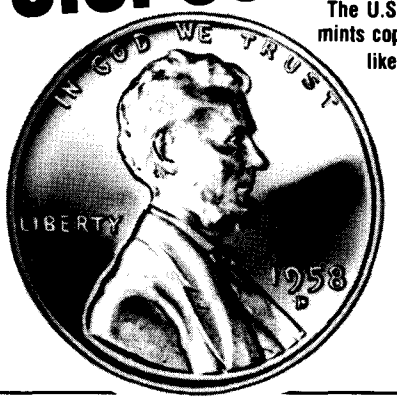

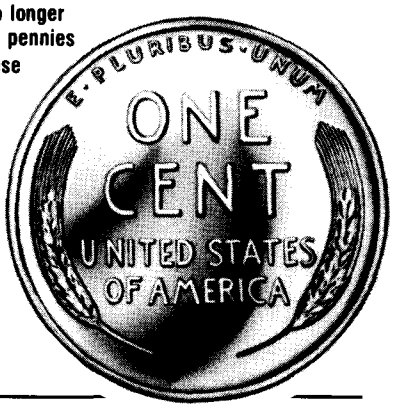

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Turkey

continued from page 19

utes; stir halfway through cooking.

Place cornstarch in glass dish. Slowly stir in pineapple juice until smooth.

Pour mixture into casserole with turkey. Add vinegar and cranberry sauce; stir. Add drained pineapple, onion, bell pepper, and cayenne pepper; cover. Microwave at High 5-6 minutes or until sauce thickens; stir halfway through cooking time.

Serve over hot rice.

Chalupas Caliente
(Makes 10 servings)

Chalupa Meat Sauce:
1 pound ground raw turkey
1 medium onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
1 tablespoon flour
3-6 teaspoons chili powder
½ teaspoon ground cumin
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce

10 packaged chalupa shells or taco shells, heated
2 cups shredded lettuce
1 large tomato, diced
1 cup shredded sharp cheddar cheese
Sour cream, if desired
Sliced avocados, if desired
Taco sauce

Crumble turkey into glass container. Add onion and garlic. Microwave at High (100%) 5-6 minutes; stir halfway through cooking time. Stir in flour, chili powder, and cumin. Blend in tomato sauce. Do not cover. Microwave at High 5 minutes or until slightly thickened. Stir.

To assemble chalupas, place hot meat sauce on heated chalupa shells. Top with lettuce, diced tomato, and cheese. If desired, add a spoonful of sour cream and/or avocados. Drizzle with taco sauce.

Can you name this picture?

. . .*contest:* $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be from a "one-liner" up to a limerick of five lines. Send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in the next contest. 8″ x 10″ photos are preferred, along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of photo if not used. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be postmarked by November 15, 1988.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Herbert M. Gish, Hollywood, California, for the winning entry in our April 1988 caption contest.

My bride could not stifle her mirth,
When the Windsor collapsed from my girth.
As I gathered my wits
Among the splinters and bits,
Ms. Scruple quadrupled its worth!

Vets on Pets

continued from page 23

coat. You may have to experiment to come up with the best water-repellent material. The Eskimos often use sealskin, but I doubt it's available in Minnesota. Perhap heavy denim or leather would suffice. The booties can be fastened to the dog's legs above the dewclaws with Velcro or tape. The booties must fit tight enough to prevent their coming off but not tight enough to constrict circulation. Remove the booties when they get wet.
H.E.W.

Dear Dr. Whiteley,

At the laundromat yesterday I came across your article in the November '87 issue, which had your comments on safety in the home for pets. As I had lost a dearly loved cat to pleurisy, I thought pet lovers ought to be warned about people with respiratory infections handling cats.

Florence Smyth
Tucson, Arizona

Dear Florence,

Cats with any severe illness must be handled very carefully. A struggle

continued on page 96

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Living in "The Great American Adult Community" gives you endless opportunities to have fun and make new friends. The Orchid Club at Oak Run features an olympic-size swimming pool complete with whirlpool spas and an adjacent health center. It's a sparkling addition to over 10 acres of fun including tennis, bocci, shuffleboard, a 500-seat state-of-the-art auditorium and a planned golf course. Come enjoy country club living in a fine, secure community.

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Reduce Your Cholesterol with Oat Bran Flakes

Eating the right foods is an important step in lowering your cholesterol level. Studies show that a diet high in fiber can actually reduce cholesterol levels and, in turn, lower the risk of heart attacks, strokes, other cardiovascular diseases, and adult-onset diabetes. What's more, fiber in the form of oat bran is particularly helpful in lowering cholesterol.

According to Dr. James Anderson of the University of Kentucky Medical Center, "Oat bran is high in water-soluble fiber, which is especially good for lowering LDL cholesterol." (High LDL levels in the bloodstream tend to enhance your likelihood of a heart attack or stroke.) Dr. Anderson further states that his studies showed "oat bran did lower cholesterol even more than our usual high-fiber diet." His participants in the test, in fact, lowered their overall blood cholesterol by an average of 20 percent.

The *Post* has made oat bran available to its readers for several years. We've included recipes in the magazine for oat-bran muffins, cookies, and biscuits, and the response from our readers has been tremendous. Now we've discovered another convenient way to add oat bran to your diet—Oat Bran Flakes! This good-tasting, all-natural breakfast cereal, sweetened with real fruit juices, helps you start off your morning in a very healthy way. And although other forms of oat fiber are available, what could be easier than a bowl, a spoon, some skim milk, and Health Valley Oat Bran Flakes?

If you'll make a contribution to the Saturday Evening Post Society, we'll send you three bags of delicious Oat Bran Flakes cereal. Your tax-deductible contribution will be used to continue our research into the causes and cures, as well as the prevention, of cancer and heart disease. So please mail in your check today, and *bon appétit!*

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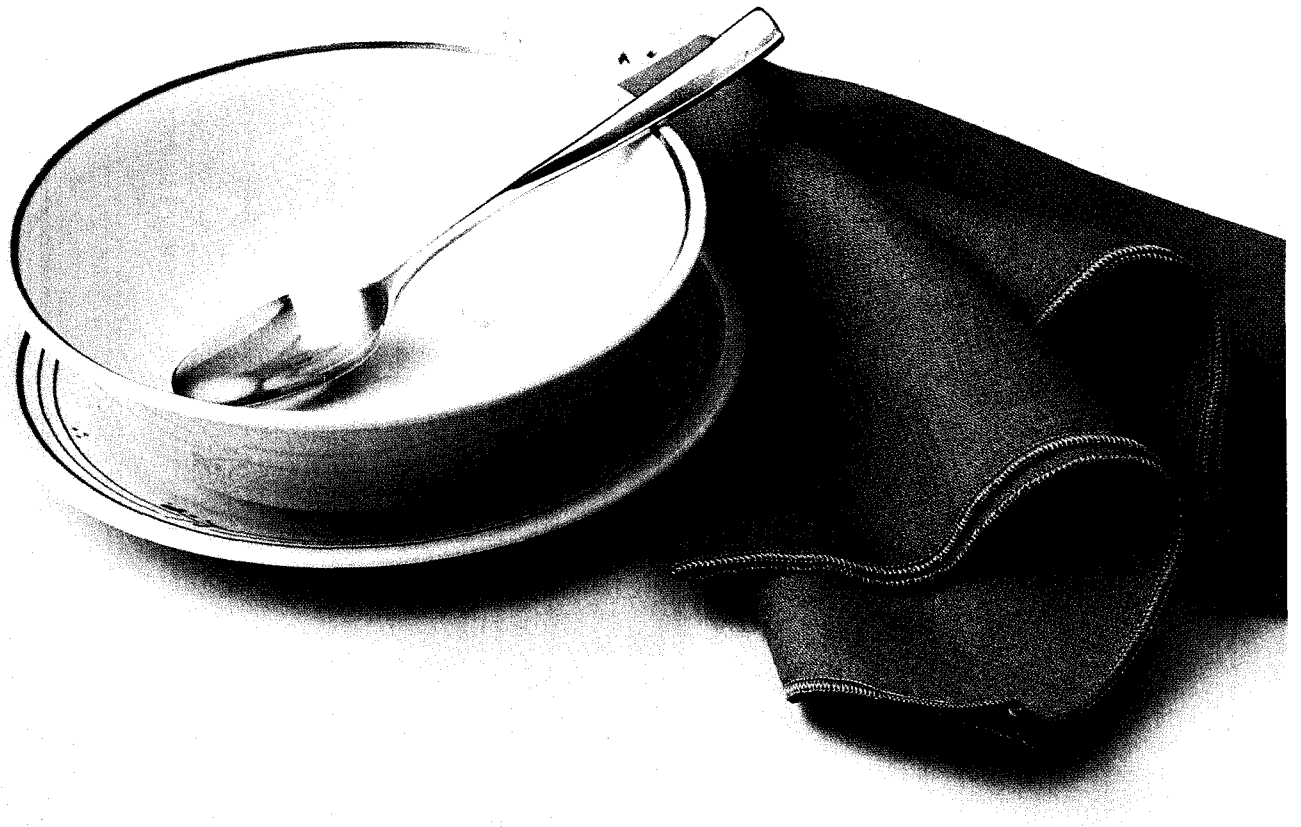
And Start Your Day the Healthful Way.



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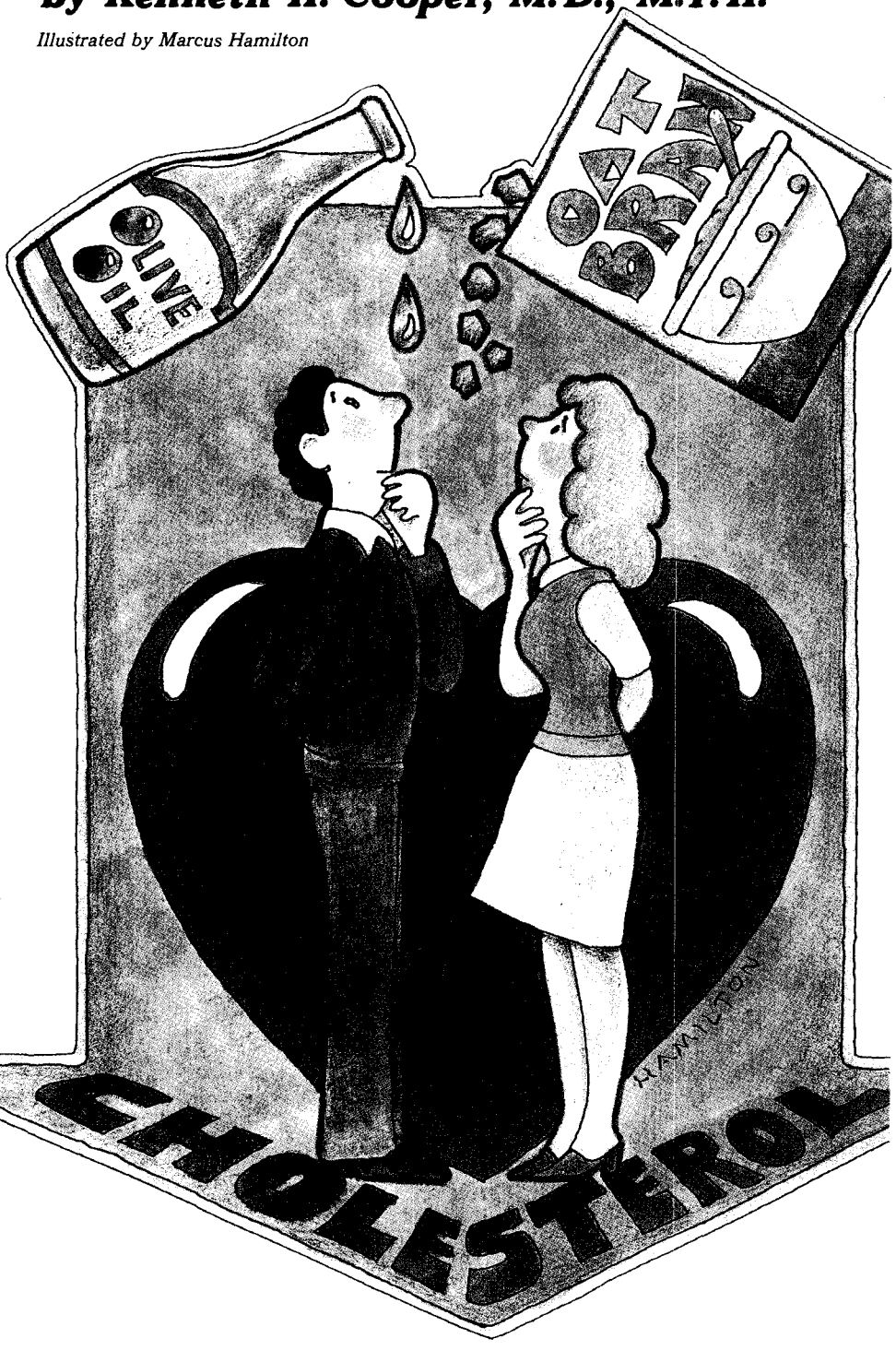
HEARTBEAT

The Healthy Heart Report

CONTROLLING CHOLESTEROL: HOW GOOD ARE "MONO" FATS AND OATS?

by Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., M.P.H.

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton



Nutritionists constantly search for ways to fine-tune our diets so as to put our cholesterol and lipids in better balance. The ultimate goal is to identify "natural" approaches—which may involve changes in diet or lifestyle, but which don't require drugs or other types of medical intervention.

Two concepts that have recently appeared as a way to improve our cholesterol picture are monounsaturated fats, including such foods as olive oil, and oat products. But what is the evidence that these foods can really help us? To answer this question, let's take a closer look at some recent research and reports on these topics.

Is Olive Oil the Solution?

In the past, attempts to lower cholesterol in the diet have centered on foods, such as various vegetable oils, that contain polyunsaturated fats. But more recent research, much of which has been undertaken by Dr. Scott M. Grundy, has shown that monounsaturated fats, such as olive oil, may be a better alternative.

Dr. Grundy had noted that in the Mediterranean basin—and particularly in Greece, Crete, and southern Italy—there tended to be low rates of coronary heart disease. Furthermore, the traditional diet in those areas was high in olive oil, which contains relatively large quantities of monounsaturated fats. But despite this intake of fat, the levels of cholesterol, as well as of coronary disease, were relatively low.

"The interesting thing about olive oil is that it's rich in oleic acid, which is a monounsaturated fatty acid," Dr. Grundy said. Yet olive oil is also

From Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper's preventive medicine program: *Controlling Cholesterol*, © 1988 by Kenneth H. Cooper. Reprinted permission of Bantam Books. All rights reserved.

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low in polyunsaturates.

So Dr. Grundy decided to conduct a study to see how well a diet rich in monounsaturated fatty acids compared with a diet high in polyunsaturates or other types of fats.

In one study, Dr. Grundy and Dr. Fred H. Mattson, of the Department of Medicine of the University of California at San Diego, formulated three liquid diets, which differed from one another only in the kinds of fats they contained: one contained saturated fats; another contained monounsaturated fats; and the third contained polyunsaturated fats. The fats in these diets made up 40 percent of the participants' total calories. (Although the ordinary American diet contains about 40 percent fat, I recommend that fats be kept below 30 percent of total daily calories.)

The 20 patients involved in the study consumed the three diets one after the other, devoting four weeks to each diet. After each diet routine, their blood was tested for total cholesterol, total triglycerides, HDLs, LDLs, and VLDLs.

As everyone expected, total cholesterol levels tended to be highest when the patients were on the saturated-fat diet. When they were on the polyunsaturated-fat diet, their total cholesterol levels dropped—and that included *both* their "bad" LDLs *and* their "good" HDLs.

As for the monounsaturated-fat diet, the researchers found that this regimen lowered the total cholesterol and the LDLs as effectively as the polyunsaturated-fat diet had done. But the mono diet didn't lower the HDLs as often. In effect, the mono-fat diet tended to "target" the LDLs for reduction, but not the HDLs.

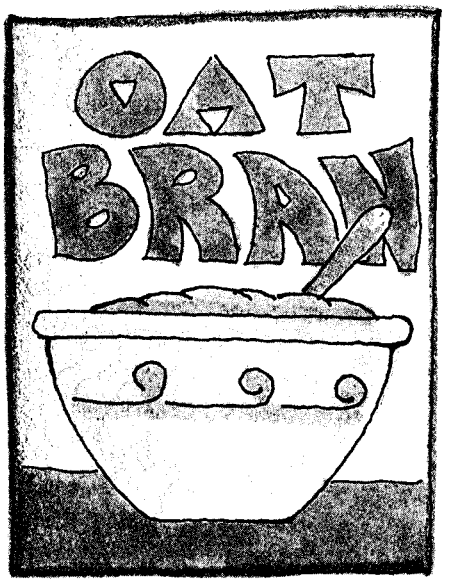
"This area of the study was not conclusive, but it was very promising," Dr. Grundy said.

As a result of such evidence, Dr. Grundy recommends that monounsaturated fats, such as olive oil, be worked into our diets more, and polyunsaturated fats should be reduced. He notes that animal experiments have indicated some possible negative side-effects of polyunsaturates, including the development of cancer, the suppression of the immune system, and drastic changes in the cell membranes.

Dr. Grundy is not saying that polyunsaturates should be eliminated completely from the diet, because, as he notes, a small amount of this fat is necessary for the body's system as what's called an "essential fatty acid." But he believes that it's wise to follow these guidelines:

- Keep saturated fats below 10 percent of total calories
- Keep monounsaturates at a level of 10 to 15 percent of total calories
- Keep polyunsaturates at 5 to 10 percent of total calories

In another study, Dr. Grundy investigated the impact of different types of fats on 11 patients during three dietary periods, each of which lasted four weeks. The average cholesterol levels of the patients at the beginning of the investigation were 251 mg/dl.



One of the diets included liquid foods, prepared in a laboratory according to a special formula, which were rich in monounsaturated fatty acids. This was clearly a "high-mono" type of diet. The second set of liquid diets was low in all fats; the third was high in saturated fatty acids.

The diets that were high in monounsaturated fats and high in saturated fats contained 40 percent of their total calories as fat and 43 percent as carbohydrates. The low-fat diet, in contrast, had 20 percent fats and 63 percent carbohydrates. Finally, the body weight of all the participants was kept steady by adjusting the amount of calories they consumed each day.

The final results, once again, suggested some definite benefits for a high-mono-fat diet. Specifically, the high-mono diet lowered average total cholesterol 13 percent. In contrast, the low-fat diet lowered total cholesterol only 8 percent. The high-mono diet also seemed to "attack" the levels of LDLs, or "bad" cholesterol, more effectively than the low-fat diet did. To put this more precisely, the high-mono diet lowered the LDLs 21 percent, and the low-fat diet lowered the LDLs by only 15 percent.

Just as important, the high-mono diet had *no effect* on the level of triglycerides or on the all-important high-density lipoproteins (HDLs). Conversely, the low-fat diet tended to raise the triglyceride levels and also *reduce* the HDL levels—two results that can threaten a healthy balance of cholesterol and other blood fats.

What Can We Conclude?

What can we conclude from these studies?

It seems diets that are rich in monounsaturated fats, such as olive oil, can be at least as effective and perhaps even more effective in lowering total cholesterol levels than diets that are low in fat and high in carbohydrates. As I've already indicated, the high-mono-fat diets seem able to "target" the type of cholesterol that most needs to be reduced—that is, the LDL cholesterol.

In other words, as the total cholesterol decreases with a high-mono-fat diet, it's the "bad" LDLs that go down; the "good" HDLs stay fairly constant. As a result, those on high-mono-fat diets tend to improve their total cholesterol/HDL cholesterol ratios and their overall cholesterol pictures more than do those who are on regular low-fat diets or diets high in polyunsaturates.

Dr. Grundy, who has done much of the major work in this area, is cautious in making generalizations about the precise long-term benefits of a "Mediterranean-type" diet, which is relatively high in monounsaturated fats. But he does believe—and I agree—that, in light of the present evidence, it would be wise to begin including an increasing percentage of monounsaturated fats in your overall fat consumption.

The Fiber Factor

In recent years there have been suggestions and theories about the health-

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THIS LITTLE PIECE OF GRAIN HOLDS AN AMAZING HEALTH STORY.

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FROM OATS COMES A WAY TO HELP LOWER CHOLESTEROL. OAT BRAN.

You may not think you have a cholesterol problem, but over 50% of all adults have elevated cholesterol. For children, it's as much as 25%. Years of eating a diet high in fat and cholesterol is one of the major causes. So changing to a diet lower in both can help. And including oat bran in that diet is a step in the right direction. This little piece of the grain contains the highest amount of soluble fiber of any grain. And that's the important part. Because some studies suggest a diet high in soluble fiber—and low in fat—may help bring elevated cholesterol down to a healthier level.

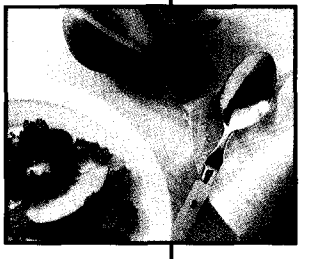
LOWERING YOUR CHOLESTEROL CAN HELP LOWER YOUR RISK OF HEART DISEASE.

Why do you want lower cholesterol? Very simply, for the sake of your heart and cardiovascular system. Left unchecked, cholesterol that the body can't handle collects on the inside walls of the arteries. It can build and build until your arteries become clogged. The result? Heart attack and other cardiovascular problems. But a diet low in fat and high in soluble fiber (foods like oat bran, beans and fruit) may help lower high cholesterol levels and help you counteract this problem.

MAKE OAT BRAN PART OF YOUR DIET FOR A HEALTHY LIFE.

As you can see, it makes a lot of sense to include oat bran in your low-fat diet. One of the easiest ways to do that is at breakfast. So enjoy cereals made from oat bran with skim milk, fresh fruit and whole wheat toast. You'll be getting a delicious meal low in fat and cholesterol, low in calories and high in fiber and carbohydrates. And you'll be good to your heart too.

This message brought to you by Kellogg's, where a healthy breakfast starts.



For more information on lowering cholesterol, including a Health Passport from the American Health Foundation, a special brochure on cholesterol and coupons for Kellogg's cereals, write to Kellogg's Healthy Life, P.O. Box 5452, Kalamazoo, MI 49003-5452.

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GET A TASTE FOR THE HEALTHY LIFE.™

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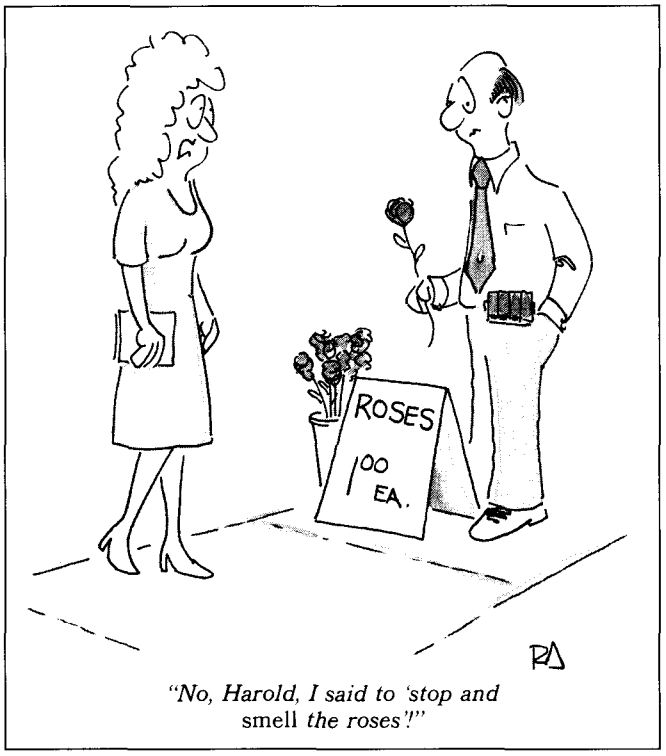
ful effects on cholesterol of various natural foods. The popular press has been flooded with accounts of the great benefits of brewer's yeast, pectin (which is found in apples and some other fruits), and a variety of other fiber-related substances. But perhaps the most promising findings involve the effects of oat products on total cholesterol levels.

The first thing to understand about this topic is that not all bran is the same. There's a difference between water-soluble fiber, which reportedly helps remove cholesterol, and insoluble fiber, which does not. Oats and dried beans are among the foods that contain water-soluble fiber; wheat bran has insoluble fiber. Still, I don't want to give insoluble fiber any "bad press," because wheat germ, vegetables, fruits, and other such foods containing insoluble fiber may help prevent colon cancer by assisting the body in cleaning out the intestines on a regular basis.

For our present purposes, however, we're mainly concerned about the benefits of water-soluble fiber, and especially oats. Why oats? Increasing numbers of studies indicate that oats can be a useful supplement to your diet to help balance cholesterol levels.

During a recent study at the Northwestern University Medical School in Chicago, 208 healthy men and women, aged 30 to 65, participated in a 12-week program designed to show the effect of eating oat products on cholesterol and other blood lipid levels. In the first six weeks, all the participants followed the American Heart Association's recommended diet, which limits fat intake to 30 percent of total calories. The meals contained an equal distribution of saturated, monounsaturated, and polyunsaturated fats. The dietary cholesterol in their meals was limited to 250 mg per day—considerably below the average of 450 mg per day of the general public. But during this first six weeks, those involved in the study didn't consume any oat products.

By the end of the first six weeks, the average cholesterol levels for all volunteers had dropped by 5 percent. At that time, the participants were divided at random into three groups, and all continued to follow the fat-modified diet. But group one was instructed to include two ounces of oat bran in their menus; group two was told to include two ounces of oatmeal; and group three, serving as the "control" against which the other two groups would be compared, didn't eat any oat products at all.



"No, Harold, I said to 'stop and smell the roses'!"

Group one reported later that they ate an average of 39 grams of oat bran per person per day, and group two said they consumed an average of 35 grams of oatmeal per day. In each case, this amounted to about one ounce per person per day.

By the end of the study, after a full 12 weeks had elapsed, members of groups one and two, who had been eating the oat products, experienced further reductions of 3 percent in their total cholesterol levels. The control group, in contrast, had practically no additional cholesterol reduction.

Other studies involving individuals with high cholesterol levels have reported even greater drops in total cholesterol. For example:

• One 1980 study focused on four men who ate 100 grams a day of oat bran (in the form of hot cereals and muffins) over a 10- to 13-day period. This diet resulted in significant reductions in total cholesterol levels.

• In 1981, eight men, aged 35 to 62, consumed 100 grams of oat bran daily over ten days. They reported 13 percent decreases in their total cholesterol levels.

• A third study, involving 20 men, aged 34 to 66, reported a 19 percent drop in total cholesterol levels over three weeks. The men consumed 100 grams of oat bran daily.

How Do Oats Work?

What's the mechanism by which these declines in cholesterol levels apparently occur?

Early researchers suggested that the loss of cholesterol through bile acids in daily bowel movements might have been enhanced by increased consumption of water-soluble fibers in foods such as oats. But later studies have indicated that not that much cholesterol is lost through the feces. According to another theory, oat bran may act as a kind of resin that binds bile acids and accelerates the clearance of LDL cholesterol from the blood. But considerably more research is needed in this area before we can hope to understand the exact impact oat products have on our bodies and blood.

Despite this lack of understanding, however, it seems reasonable to include increasing amounts of oat products in your diet, especially if you have a problem with high total cholesterol levels. It may be that your body won't respond to these foods in such a way that your cholesterol goes down. But then again, you may be pleasantly surprised to find that a bowl of oatmeal daily can produce some beneficial changes in your body and your blood.

About the author: Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D., M.P.H., received his M.D. degree from the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, and his M.P.H. degree from the Harvard University School of Public Health. He is the author of Aerobics, *the landmark book that coined that term and started America running. Dr. Cooper is the founder of the Cooper Clinic and is currently the director of the Aerobics Center in Dallas, Texas.*

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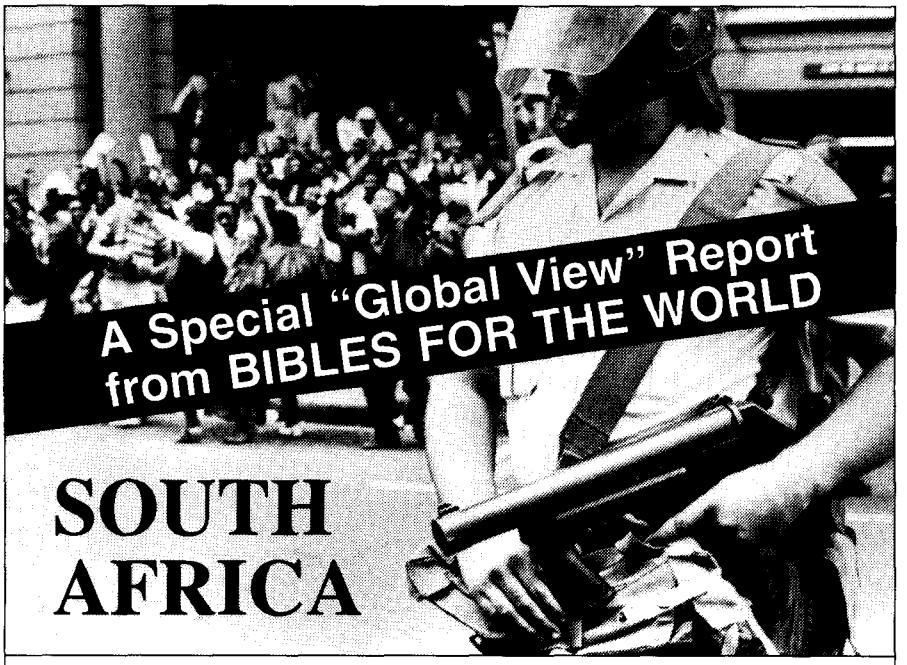

REUTERS/BETTMANN NEWS PHOTOS

Is Time Running Out?

Segregation, political and economic unrest have brought South Africa to the brink of revolution.

Rebellion and violence have been threatening this beautiful country due to government policies and slow reforms. Strife and turmoil confront this current ally of the United States.

South Africa is a nation of over 34 million people, and is twice the size of Texas.

Though people of Dutch and British descent govern this country, four-fifths of the population is Black.

At BIBLES FOR THE WORLD, we're trying to do something about changing what seems to be a collision course for South Africa. We know God's Word can have a significant impact on nations. Since 1972, Bibles For The World has distributed over nine million New Testaments to more than 60 countries at no charge to the recipient.

One of the nations we've targeted for heavy Bible distribution in 1988 is South Africa. Our plan calls for one million Bibles to be sent this year, starting with the administrative and legislative capitals — Pretoria and Capetown.

Our Bible distribution system is unique and effective. We mail Bibles to the names and addresses in telephone directories. Many thousands have written back to tell us their lives have been changed through reading the Bibles we sent.

You can get involved in this "hands on" missionary work, right where you are. You can become a "Billion-Bible Sower" and mail Bibles to countries like South Africa.

We supply you at no charge with 12 New Testaments, self-stick mailing wrappers, and pre-addressed mailing labels. All you do is package the Bibles, affix the labels, pray for each family, put on $1.34 postage each, and mail the Bibles.

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GOD'S WORD SHALL NOT RETURN VOID

By Rochunga Pudaite

At the close of the 19th century, the British branded the Hmar people in northeast India as "the worst headhunters". It was a label well deserved at the time.

But in 1910 a single copy of the Gospel of John came into my village and changed the course of history for the Hmar people. The "headhunter to hearthunter" story is one of the most thrilling accounts in missionary annals, and it is a prototype for the ministry of Bibles For The World.

Through that single copy of John's Gospel Chawnga, my father, was introduced to a revolutionary "new life in Christ". He and a few tribesmen "forsook all and followed Christ".

Today, the entire Hmar tribe of more than 100,000 members embraces the Christian faith without a single foreign missionary ever having lived among them. The new converts establish churches, open schools and send out teachers and preachers to other tribes. All of this is accomplished as the Holy Spirit uses the printed Word to teach the people the Truth.

Today, we apply the tested and proven wisdom of God to send His Word by using the names and addresses from telephone directories around the world for our mailing lists. We have mailed millions of New Testaments, and in response have received convincing proofs that these precious packages are received, opened and avidly read. Our files are filled with letters and testimonies of genuine conversion stories through reading God's Word.

Now our Bible mailing program requires multitudes of believers in this country who will catch the vision of personal involvement in the printing, packaging and mailing of Bibles.

Our Lord has said, "The field is the world, the seed is the Word of God, and the harvest is the end of the world." We must sow the SEED in the field of our Lord. May we count on you to give God's Word to those who have not had the opportunity to read.

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Praise of Pets

continued from page 86

during handling may be the last straw for a cat with a breathing difficulty. I have found that much of what you can do for a very sick animal depends upon the personality of the animal involved. My experience has convinced me that many of my severely ill patients instinctively sense that I am trying to help them and cooperate accordingly. Others seem to feel that they would rather die than submit to human intervention. And they usually do.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. Whiteley,

I am the owner of two wonderful cats. One is only one year old—a Siamese that was put in the pound because the coloring of its eyes was not blue enough. He is fine. We love him dearly. However, our other cat—an older and wonderful sweet Burmese mix, all brown-black and gold eyes—*is* overweight. But she has a cough that sounds congested, and it seems to come about when she is upset by the younger cat, or she wakes up with it. She was born with rhinitis of the nose too. Our vet has done X-rays of her lungs—they're clear—and cannot pinpoint her difficulty. I feel so bad for her, as she is very healthy otherwise. The vet also said her heart is fine. I give her vitamins too. She is four years old.

Any other suggestions you can give me would be very valued. I am sure my vet is open for any suggestions too. I'm trying to cut her food now too that the younger one is full-grown and he doesn't eat so often. They do get along fairly well—she seems to know he's still a baby. They are both declawed and neutered and spayed. And they're only house cats—never outside. She has had this cough about a year. It is not a constant cough—she may only cough once a week or three times a week. Sporadic!

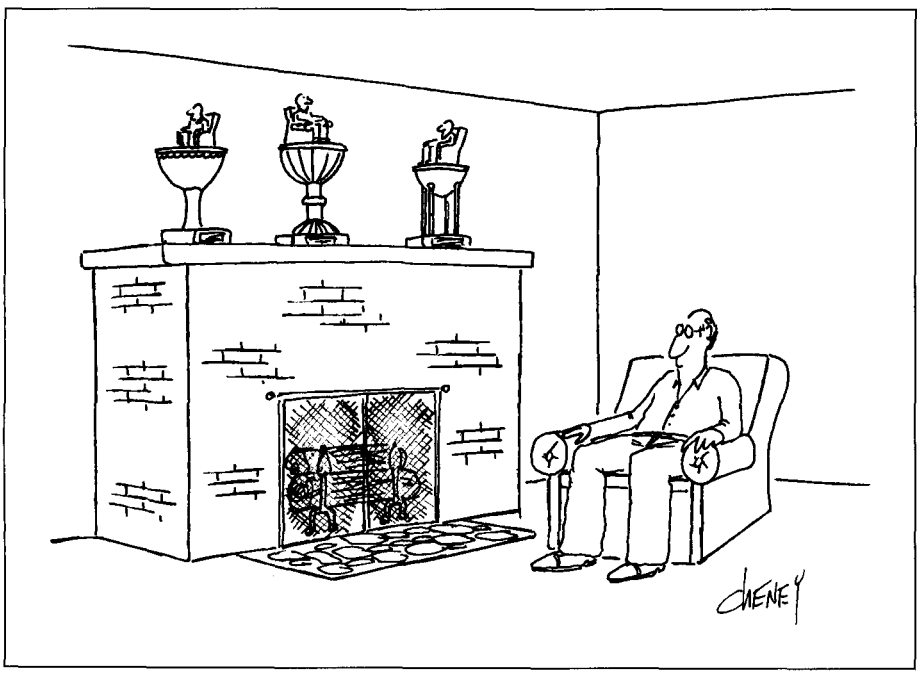
Joan Durning
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Dear Joan,

I am convinced from your letter that your Burmese's chronic cough is not serious and that she is being closely monitored by her veterinarian. Rhinotracheitis is a herpes virus that causes upper-respiratory signs in cats and kittens. Even though your cat has had the disease and is probably vaccinated against it yearly, she can show signs of the virus during the periods of stress. Other possibilities are hair balls, feline asthma, old injuries to the trachea, parasites, and heart disease. Perhaps there is also a psychogenic factor if coughing occurs when the cat is upset.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.



Turkeys in the Oven

continued from page 57

came in the form of a loud sniff.

During this time, apples were getting ripe. Have you ever picked apples while your dear wife held the ladder? I first tried to arrange the foot of the ladder on level ground. Failing this, dear wife solved the problem by shimming the low side with a piece of two-by-four, the underside of which was thoroughly rotten. The result was a real scream . . . from old hubby, that is, who was halfway up the ladder before the shim broke and who managed to keep his rib cage intact only by clasping one of the main limbs on his way down.

Because this cleared most of the apples on the lower part of the tree, and because no way would I remount the ladder for the apples higher up, the project appeared to be over. But never count out a woman possessing my dear wife's ingenuity. After studying the situation for no longer than a week, she decided to pick the rest of the apples using my golf-ball retriever. Her ingenuity also succeeded in removing all the metal fingers the retriever employs to grasp the golf ball. Anyone want to buy a real good three-section back scratcher for giraffes—cheap?

Perhaps this episode wouldn't have caused me to overdose on nerve tonic had it not followed so closely another tree fiasco. I refer to an attempt my dear wife and I made to keep the robins from robbin' the cherries from our big old North Star cherry tree.

We had spent the entire morning following her instructions on how to maneuver a basketball-court-size canopy of cheesecloth over the tree, she standing on one side of the tree, me on the other. Finally, after all attempts had failed, dear wife hit upon the clever idea of knotting one corner of the cheesecloth around a rock and throwing the rock over the tree.

When I came to, she told me I shouldn't have been standing so close. She also indicated that I was lucky the rock hit my head or I might have been hurt. I said how would she like a free face-lift? So we were right back where we were when I had my head caught in the fence.

Where we'll go from here, who knows? I'm guessing that the situation will improve. It had better. My space for lumps has all been taken.

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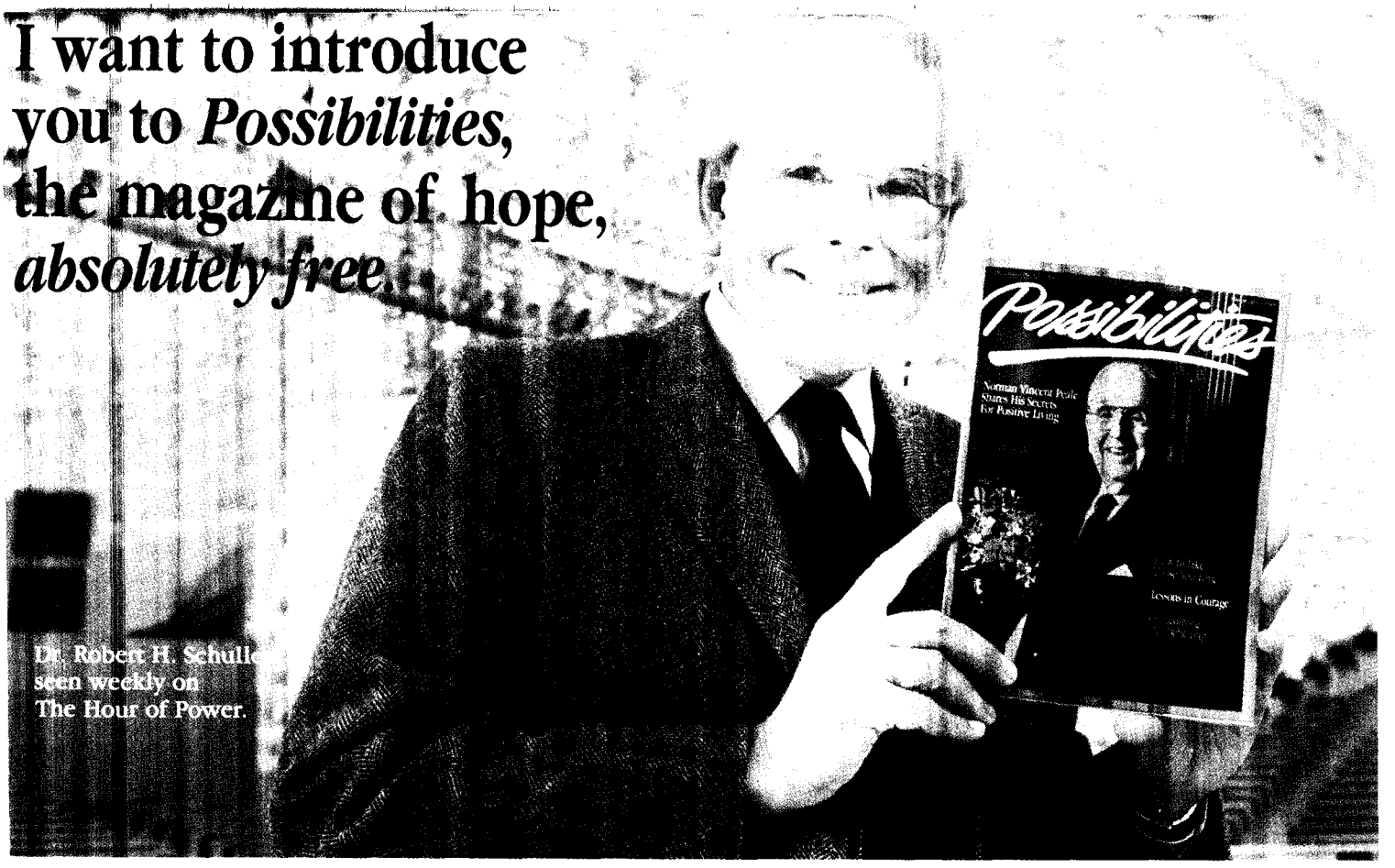
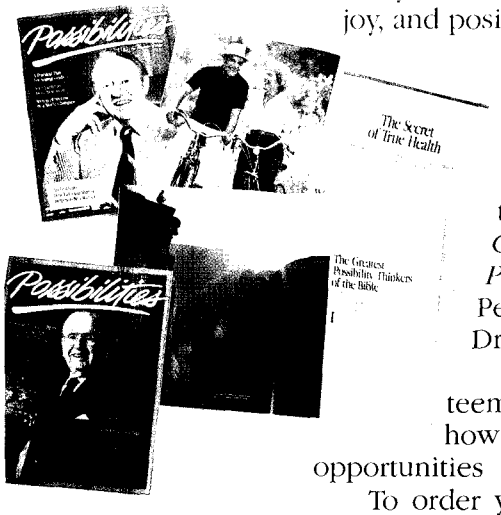
I want to introduce you to *Possibilities*, the magazine of hope, *absolutely free.*


Possibilities
Norman Vincent Peale Shares His Secrets for Positive Living
Lessons in Courage
Dr. Robert H. Schuller
seen weekly on
The Hour of Power.



That's right. I want to send you this beautiful inspirational magazine for an entire year without cost or obligation. It's my way of passing along the hope, joy, and positive message that I have seen change so many lives.

Each bimonthly issue contains exciting, inspiring interviews with people like Art Linkletter, Jayne Meadows and Steve Allen, Efrem Zimbalist, Mary Kay Ash, Olympic champion Carl Lewis, Della Reese, and many, many more. And you'll appreciate the informative, positive articles on topics like *How to Win in the Game of Life* by Zig Ziglar, *The Strength and Power of Jesus Christ* by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, and *Balancing Your Health* by Dr. Kenneth Cooper.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

Common sense is in medicine the master workman. —*Peter Mere Latham*

We Knew Him When—and Found the Health-Caring Side of Sen. Dan Quayle

All the furor about Sen. Dan Quayle and how he had help getting various jobs reminded me of the time he helped another get a job. Since the press has been mute about revealing these details, I'll let our readers know some good things about this fellow Hoosier. In Indiana circles, he's credited for having proposed Dr. Otis Bowen for Secretary of Health and Human Services. Creative thinking on Dan's part! Dr. Bowen, you remember, was the "godfather" of the catastrophic-health-care bill passed into law with bipartisan acclaim last July. There is something else in that bill that Dr. Bowen told us about on a trip to Indiana last month: It contains a mammography reimbursement rider that stipulates Medicare will reimburse 80 percent of the cost of mammography, up to $50. We hope this will reduce the need for our MAMMOBILE effort so that we can get on with the MALE MOBILE for prostate cancer. (About 40,000 women died from breast cancer last year—it is estimated that 16,000 of these women could have been saved had they had regular mammograms. Of the 24,000 women over 65 who died last year, only an estimated 10 percent had mammograms regularly.)

Thanks to the help from Senator Quayle, Dr. Bowen gave us a common-sense boost in reducing heartaches and health-care costs required to take care of advanced terminal breast cancers—we'll catch them early enough to cure them.

How did Senator Quayle know that "Doc" Bowen would be a resolute and compassionate health care public servant? Because Dan happened to live in northern Indiana, not far from Doc's hometown of Bremen. Dan knew all about how Doc had lost his first wife to a "catastrophic" cancer death. Dr. Bowen recently told us that by spring he'll be back to his five acres in Bremen, Indiana, taking care of the orchard he planted years earlier. He'll stay in the President's cabinet only long enough to be replaced. Dan Quayle recognized a good man with a few good years left to serve his country. He proposed him for the President's top health job just in time.

And what does Dr. Bowen have to say about the young Quayle? "He has proven his leadership in Indiana and in Congress by taking gutsy stands on school prayer and aid to

Hoosiers know that Dan Quayle is a caring person who has already made significant contributions to society. For Secretary of HHS, he suggested Dr. Otis Bowen—who was responsible for the catastrophic-health-care bill and Medicare payments for preventive mammography. On three occasions we found Dan Quayle had done his homework on health matters. Media please take note.

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the Contras. He also has proven to be a recognized expert in the Senate on defense and health-care issues. His knowledge of programs for the poor is detailed and enviable: "In my department, we are confronting the AIDS crisis and the high cost of health care. We are searching the ways and means to care for a graying population and end the domestic terrorism of illicit drug use. Nationally, the discussion must center on jobs, the economy, and continued opportunity."

One wintry day on a plane to Washington, I chanced to meet our Senator Quayle. I told him about the *Post*'s effort to get a Nobel prize for Purdue professor Edwin Mertz, who had discovered and bred high-lysine corn. I was pleasantly surprised to learn that Dan already knew all about high-lysine corn and its potential to save malnourished toddlers in underdeveloped countries where the staple food is maize—which lacks sufficient lysine, an essential amino acid—to support life in newly weaned toddlers.

Dan Quayle is a quick study. When I returned to my office in Indianapolis, there was a letter from Quayle with the names and addresses of persons we should contact to nominate Dr. Mertz for the Nobel prize in Stockholm, Sweden.

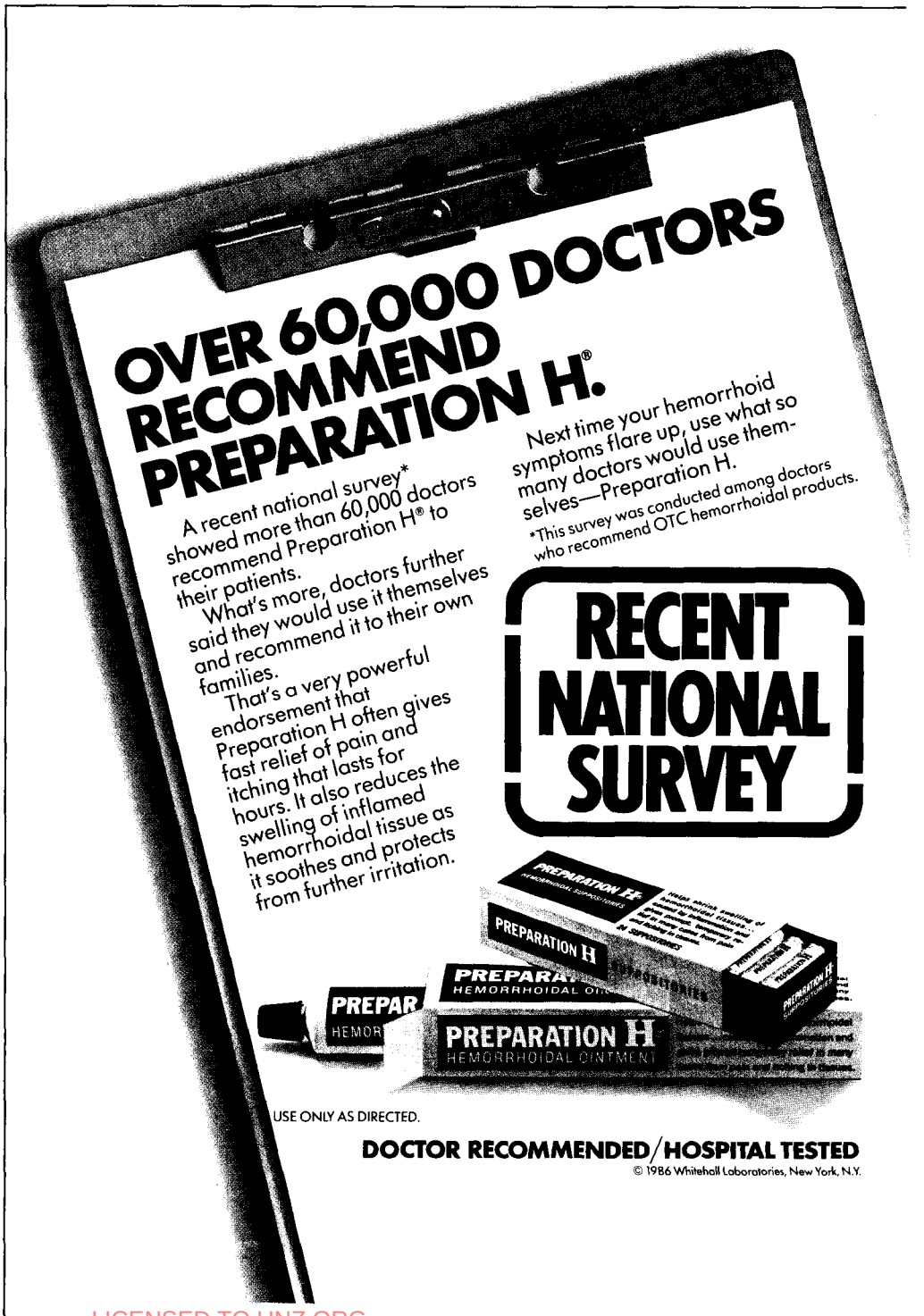
On yet another occasion, I was impressed by the depth of understanding of this junior Senator from Indiana. I was attending a seminar about organ transplants and artificial-heart research. The podium roster included an outstanding Stanford University heart-lung transplant surgeon and other medical men prestigious in their fields. Dan Quayle surprised me again when, with all his boyish good looks, he spoke and answered questions in a most credible manner about a subject with which most physicians have difficulty staying current.

He talked about the history of the artificial kidney. About how we had committees in the early days to decide which patients would get transplants or artificial kidneys and which would be left to die of kidney failure. ("Should a young mother be saved—or the young father, breadwinner of the family? Or an eminent scientist who had made great contributions to his country?") Artificial kidneys or transplants weren't available for everyone. And then a law made it necessary for the federal government to pay for all artificial kidneys—for rich or poor, for young or old. To this day, kidney dialysis is paid for by the federal government at a cost of $1.8 billion dollars per year.

In England, which practices socialized medicine, senior citizens 65 and older are no longer given kidney dialysis—even though to withhold this therapy when needed means certain death from kidney failure.

Without a doubt, we will soon be able to produce artificial hearts that will beat in those whose own pumps were occluded. Our seminar was being held at about the time Bill Schroeder from southern Indiana had received an artificial heart at Humana Hospital in Louisville. He was a heavy smoker. Can we ever support artificial hearts for all the smokers who will need them? (Three heart-disease deaths from smoking occur for every one lung-cancer death from smoking.)

Should the government appropriate funds to develop artificial hearts knowing that we will have to decide who should have one and who should die of heart failure?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These were weighty subjects our young senator was pondering with the best of our medical visionaries.

Dan Quayle is a forward-planning, innovative young public servant. It's unfortunate that most Americans will have to judge him only as he is portrayed by the national media. As a scratch golfer for his team at DePauw University, Dan might have become a world-class professional golfer. How fortunate we are that he chose instead to deal with significant issues in the public arena.

Tanning Fans

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My daughter tells me that it is O.K. for her to get a tan in a tanning booth because it will reduce her chances of getting a sunburn when she goes to Florida this winter. What do you think of use of tanning booth?

Clarise Anderson
Chicago, Illinois

We referred your query to Dr. C. William Hanke, who is a dermatologist at the Indiana University School of Medicine. He reports that tanning booths add further damage to that received from natural sunlight. Tanning booths contain bulbs that emit UV light that can cause sunburn, skin cancer, and premature aging of skin. Although a tan provides some protection against sunburn, skin damage continues to occur even in the presence of a tan.

Hair-Raising Experiment

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In reading the July/Aug. *SatEvePost*, I happened upon the letter from a Leta Kobielusz stating that her daughter was losing her hair. This struck a responsive chord as my older sister suffered the same condition many years ago. After trying many treatments, having her head shaved, etc., her medical doctor decided to try an experiment. He gave her injections of a drug called "Pituitrin (S.)" My sister's hair grew back thicker than ever, and curly.

I sincerely hope this remedy is still available and that it will help Mrs. Kobielusz's daughter's condition.

I look forward to receiving the *Post*, which is a gift subscription from a friend.

Ada E. Gladu
Lake Worth, Florida

Pituitrin (S.) is used for diabetes. We hadn't heard of using it for loss of hair. We're glad you wrote, for we have had a large number of letters from readers, particularly women, who have suffered from hair loss of the type you describe.

Rough Time of It

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I want to thank you for your Medical Mailbox and especially for your articles on Mrs. Patsy Ruff. I have been watching for further information about Mrs. Ruff.

I, too, have had emphysema plus asthma and allergies for 15 years. Each year it gets a little harder. I have prayed for the chance to have a lung operation, but so far, I understand no one does this kind of operation on a woman 65 years old. Maybe that will change someday.

Dr. Neil MacIntyre, M.D., head of the new Pulmonary Rehabilitation Program at Duke University Medical Center, has been the only hope and encouragement that I have found to give us "lungers" something to work towards. I have been in their program twice and plan to go back again soon. It doesn't cure but does increase one's capacity for all-over fitness.

This would be a very interesting program for your readers who have pulmonary problems. We really don't have too many places to turn to. The whole program lasts four weeks and is very reasonable.

I have no connection with this Duke University program, other than a happy participant, but I would like to see this wonderful project receive more publicity.

This is the best I've found to hold on to, till we can all receive lung operations.

Keep us all posted on Mrs. Patsy Ruff.

Mrs. Amy A. Wigginton
Terre Haute, Indiana

Please see the September '88 "Medical Mailbox" for the latest on Patsy Ruff. She plays golf. She goes out on speaking engagements. She's a full-time employee of the American Lung Association of Alabama now. You can write to her at: 108 Thames Drive, Prattville, AL 36067. She wants to help others and she'll be pleased to take your call: at

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A potent new weapon in the fight against high blood pressure.

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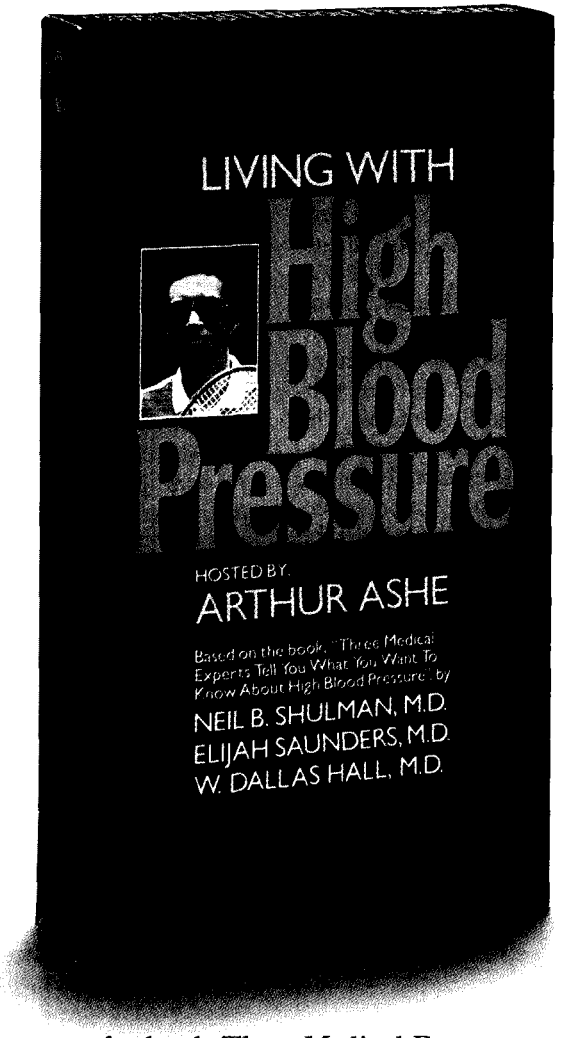
This valuable and highly informative video is based on the book *Three Medical Experts Tell You What You Want To Know About High Blood Pressure.* A portion of the proceeds will be donated to hypertension research.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ARTHUR ASHE
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home (205) 365-4943 or at work (205) 265-2765.

SuperChar Not for Gas

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

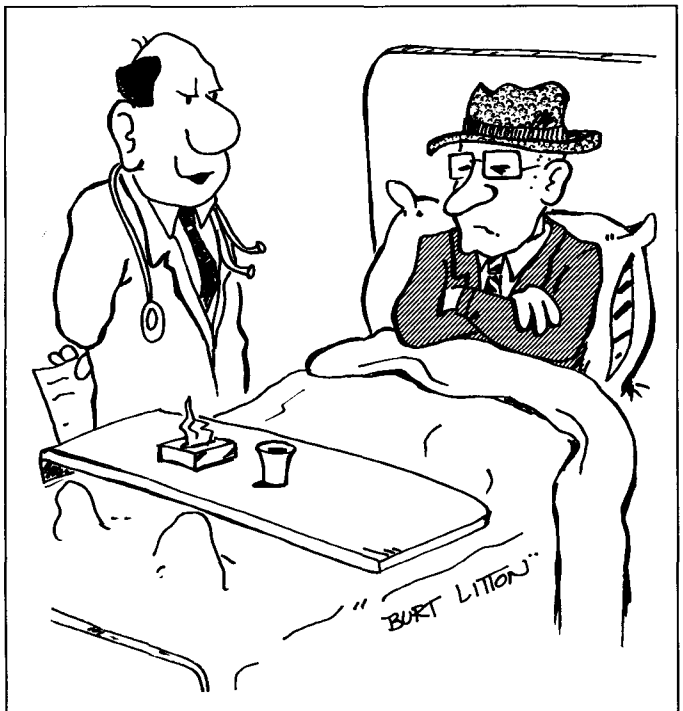
In looking for more information on charcoal tablets, I came across your column in the *SatEvePost* for November, 1985. Your column featured SuperChar for poisons.

While that column did not answer my question, it did give me an idea of a place to write to try to get the answer. My question is this—since charcoal is so absorbent, does it leach the system of beneficial substances, as well as contaminants?

I have quite a problem with intestinal gas, and find that if I take charcoal tablets, especially before I go to bed or after my biggest meal, I get almost total relief. But I'm wondering if I'm also "sweeping away," so to speak, any of the vitamins I take or the basic nutrients from the food I eat. Also, I take estrogen and calcium before I go to bed. Would the charcoal interfere with the efficacy of those?

Milli Way
Wheaton, Illinois

We talked with Dr. James Mowry, director of Indiana Poison Center, who told us that although the charcoal tablets you take are not as adsorbent as the SuperChar, the tablets would still adsorb some of the nutrients or medication. Since you are helped so much by the charcoal tablets, we would certainly advise you to talk to a gastroenterologist, who could let you know whether it would be beneficial to take your calcium and estrogen in the morning so that they would be adsorbed before you take the charcoal tablets. Again, in answer to your question about SuperChar, it is much more adsorbent and especially useful for poisonings in young children. A small amount that they can swallow adsorbs a large quantity of poison in less time. The product would be something you would not want to take for gas.



"Well, well, Mr. Connor, are we ready to go home?"

Does it strike you as strange that we do not target the HIV-positive persons for counseling and treatment?

Does it seem strange to you that with all the rhetoric and money spent for educating people how *you can't catch AIDS* that we hear little or nothing about our patriotic duty to go be tested for the AIDS virus if there is any possible chance we've become infected?

With the AIDS MOBILE, we have seen people from all over the country come forward to be tested—voluntarily, free, and confidentially. When you hear anyone say, "*People won't come forward for testing until we have federal antidiscrimination legislation in place,*" please tell that well-meaning but misguided person, "Thousands of persons will contract AIDS and eventually die because you're taking the focus off immediate voluntary free testing for all who want it." Delay testing while legislators quibble about antidiscrimination issues? What folly. We haven't skimmed the surface of testing those who would come forward voluntarily.

The Hudson Institute recently issued a report stating that they believe up to 3 million persons in the U.S. may be HIV infected instead of the top estimate of 1½ million last published by the CDC.

Some worst-hit zip-code areas in New York City report that 5 percent of the women delivering babies are HIV positive. Approximately one-half of their offspring will be destined to die from AIDS. Unless the New York City Department of Health can permit these women to be told they are HIV positive, the infected will *continue to unknowingly spread AIDS.*

Newborns are tested for a rare disease, galactosemia, in most states, even though it affects only one in 40,000 babies. Not discovering it can result in a child's becoming mentally retarded. Not notifying a young girl that she has AIDS before she becomes pregnant gives her baby a good chance for a fate worse than retardation.

We have seen people line up to be tested. . . . People do come forward to be tested if testing can be made available at no cost and conveniently . . . confidentially.

In Illinois, where premarital testing is required for a marriage license, ten persons have been identified with HIV positive results. Five of the ten were women—probably none of those tested—had suspected they were infected. Since the test is inexpensive to administer (about $3 done at Red Cross blood banks, $4 as done in the military), doesn't it seem like a practical plan for states to require premarital testing in counties where the incidence is known to be high?

If you believe this should happen, write to your congressman and to your state-legislature representative to help curb the spread of AIDS by targeting and helping those who are infected. Money should be appropriated for the specific purpose of testing for the AIDS virus.

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Bone Loss

continued from page 30

therapy after menopause to help prevent osteoporosis," says Lila E. Nachtigall, M.D., an associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology at New York University School of Medicine. Indeed, recent research has shown that exercise and calcium alone—without estrogen replacement—may not prevent the disease in high-risk women.

Some women have unwarranted fears about such therapy. "Considerable fear arose in the 1970s when it appeared that estrogen replacement therapy increased the risk of endometrial cancer," Dr. Nachtigall reports. Estrogen given alone and in the dosages then used actually increased the risk of such cancer to four times normal. However, researchers have learned to give lower doses of estrogen—just enough to obtain the desired benefits without duplicating the high levels of the reproductive years—and to give it in combination with another female hormone called progesterone. "We now know that with lower doses of estrogen, accompanied by progesterone, such therapy is safe and offers very little increased cancer risk," Dr. Nachtigall says.

The only other danger of estrogen-replacement therapy is a slight increase in the incidence of treatable gallbladder disease in women who take the estrogen by mouth. No increase has been seen in women who receive the estrogen by the new skin-patch method, in which estrogen in a Band-Aid-like patch is slowly absorbed through the skin.

Estrogen replacement is not advisable for women with histories of breast cancer or any other estrogen-sensitive genital cancer. Although the therapy does not cause such cancers, it may make hidden tumors grow more rapidly.

Who's at Risk?

Those at the highest risk of developing osteoporosis are light-skinned women who smoke, drink alcohol and coffee, don't drink milk, use a great deal of salt, or are physically inactive. Thin and small-framed women are more susceptible than larger, heavier people. Women with family histories of osteoporosis or who have had their ovaries removed at early ages—unaccompanied by estrogen-replacement therapy—are also at greater risk. If you fit any of these parameters, it's time to change your lifestyle in order to reduce your risk. And if you're coming up on menopause, discuss possible estrogen-replacement therapy with your physician. ✦

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 74)

1. Good Hope, Alabama
2. Point Hope, Alaska
3. Hope, Arkansas
4. Happy Camp, California
5. Security, Colorado
6. What Cheer, Iowa
7. Paradise, Kansas
8. Friend, Nebraska
9. Panacea, Florida

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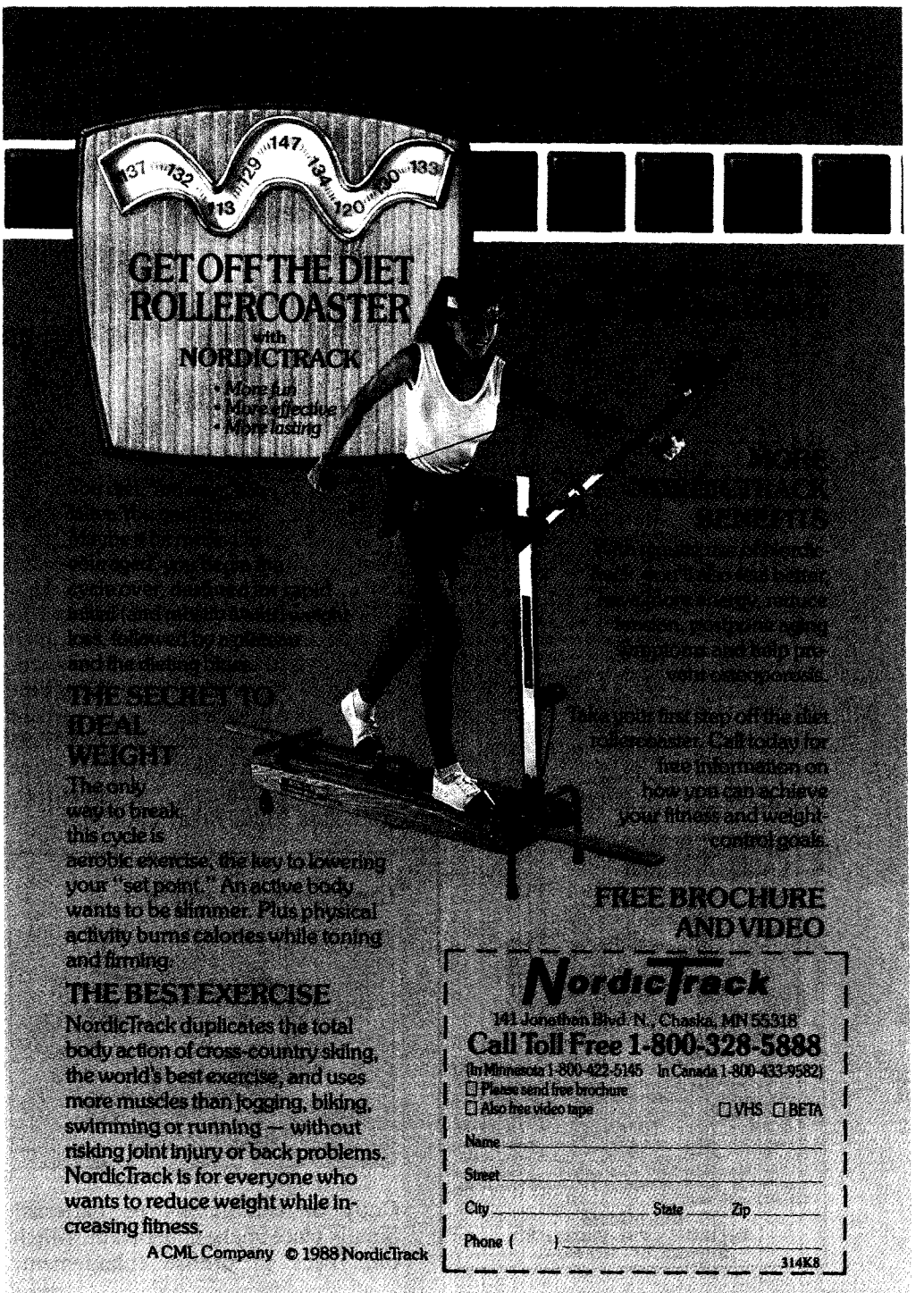
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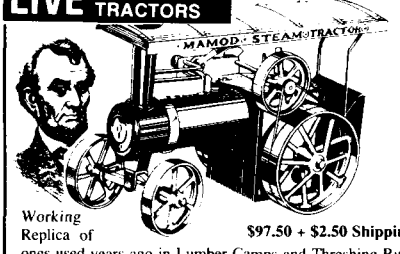

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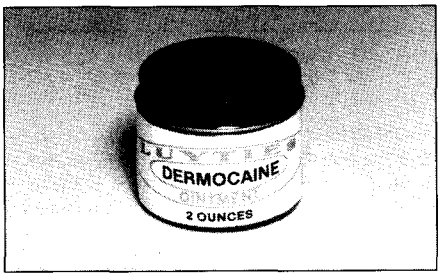
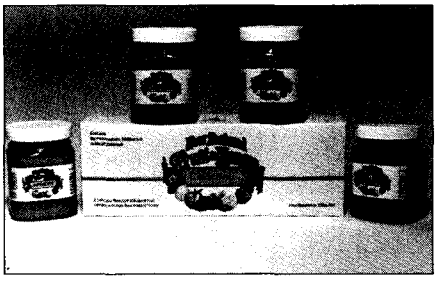
Dermocaine Ointment

Used for relief of pain and itching in skin lesions and to promote healing.



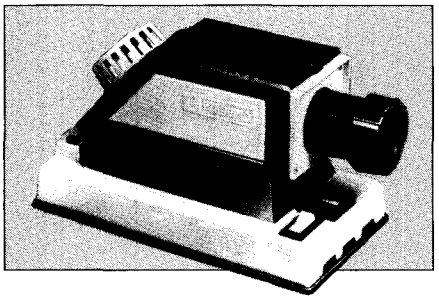
Safe for diapers; effective for dermatitis. Contains no hydrocortisone. Two-ounce jar, $3.75 plus $2.00 postage & handling. Visa and MasterCard. Luyties Pharmacal Co., 4200 Laclede Avenue, P.O. Box 8080, St. Louis, MO 63108.

Fruit N Honey collection



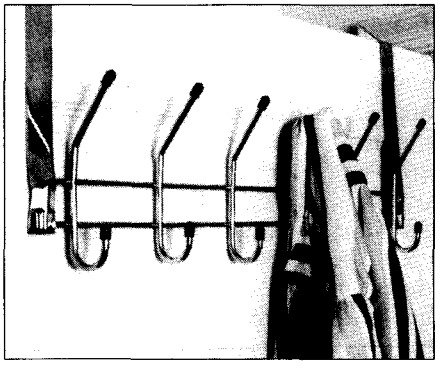
The New Zealand Fruit N Honey collection contains four varieties: apricot, boysenberry, orange & mango, and strawberry. The size is 250 grams (8.8 oz.). All varieties are 10 percent fruit and 90 percent honey. $11.95 per pack plus $1.50 s&h. Catalog free with order. Graham Bell Industries, P.O. Box 9339, Brea, CA 92622.

Craft projector enlarges



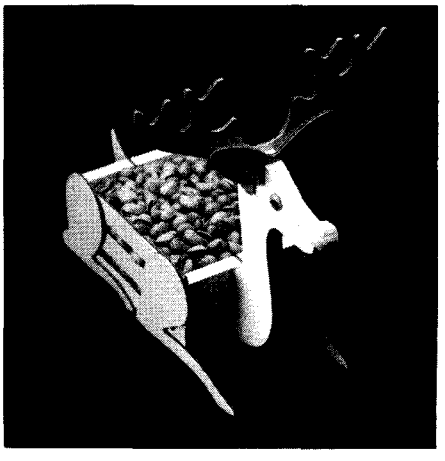
Copy or enlarge art or patterns! Simply place image underneath, switch on, focus to precise enlargement. Projects onto any surface for clear viewing or tracing. No. 450 Episcope Projector, $18.95 plus $1.90 p&h. Extra bulbs, only $2.00. Foster-Trent, Inc., Dept. 198LF, 2345 Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, NY 10538.

Overdoor coat rack



Slides over the back of your door, and you have 12 hooks to hold coats, sweaters, and anything else you need room for. Twelve rubber-tipped hangers stretch 20" wide. Handsome enough for any room! Set of 2 brass-plated racks $11.98 plus $3.25 p&h. NJ res. add 6% tax. Essex House, Dept. P11-8E, Rahway, NJ 07065.

The nutty reindeer



Señor Pistachio has been growing, processing, and marketing natural California pistachios for more than ten years. Their mail-order department offers a number of attractive gifts, including this reindeer. FREE annual four-color catalog: Señor Pistachio, Inc., P.O. Box 179, Terra Bella, CA 93270; 209-535-4449.

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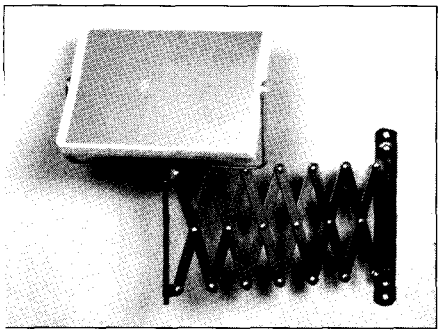
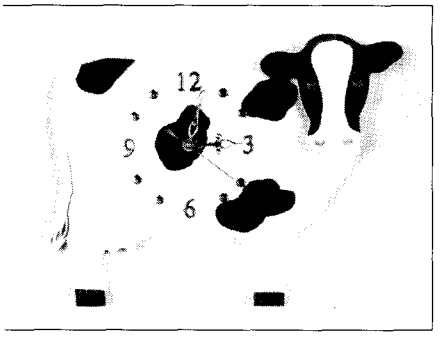
The extension mirror

Great for makeup, shaving. Gives a back view of your hair with hands



free. Two-sided mirror swivels. Extends 30″ from wall on seven extension arms. 6½″ x 8″ mirror. Folds flat; chrome-plated steel. $19.95 plus $2.85 pp. Holst, Inc., Dept SPM-1188, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48764.

3-D cow clock



Solid-wood Holstein clock will add country charm to any wall in your kitchen, family room, or office. Designed for easy reading; measures 12″ x 17″. Quartz function requires one AA battery (not included). $29.95 plus $3.45 shpg. Holst, Inc., Dept SPC-1188, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48764.

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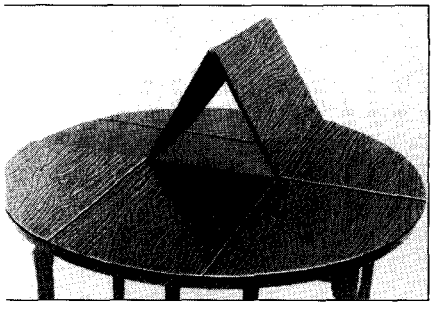

base. From America's oldest and largest table-pad manufacturer. Guaranteed proper fit and complete satisfaction. No advance deposit or C.O.D. Call toll-free 1-800-328-7237, ext. 269. Sentry Table Pad Co., 108 Briarcliff, Thomasville, NC 27360.

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Women's pant boot

Genuine leather; only $19.99. Plush acrylic lining, 6″ side zipper, thick crepe sole, 1″ heel. Imported. Black, taupe, brown. Full sizes only: 6-11 M, W; 6-11 WW. Add $2.50 p&h. (1 pr.), $3.50 (2). Money-back guarantee. Major credit cards. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. FCA1A, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713-5305.

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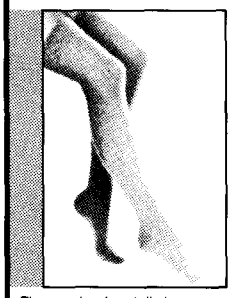

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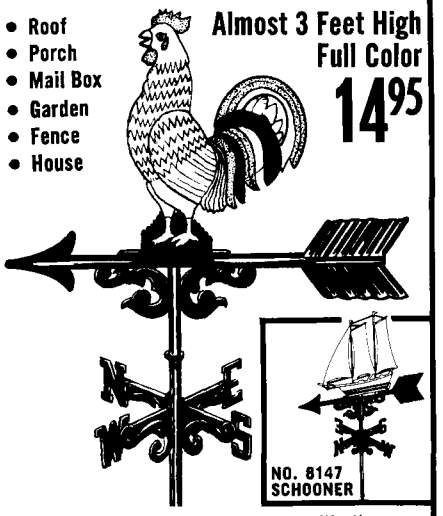

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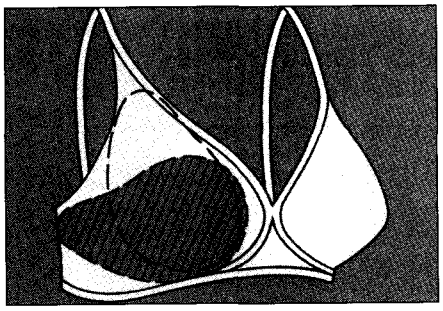

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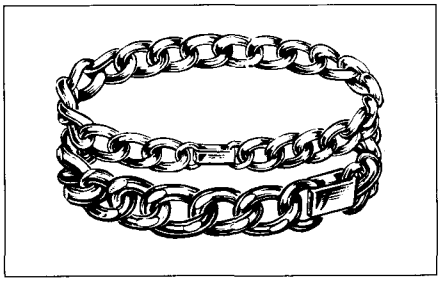
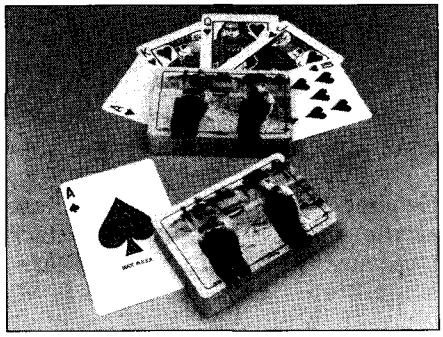
Legendary copper bracelets



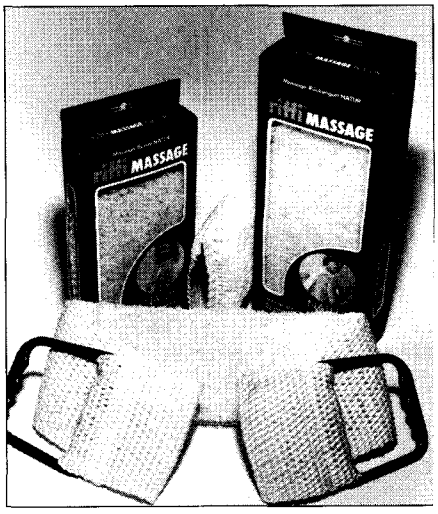
Cherished for centuries; now worn by people everywhere who want the latest in distinctive accessories. Thick, natural copper adjusts to any wrist size. No. 5083—Ladies Link, $4.98; No. 5082—Men's Heavy Link, $5.98. Add $1.90 p&h. Foster-Trent, Inc., Dept. 198LS, 2345 Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, NY 10538.

"Little Farmers™" playing cards



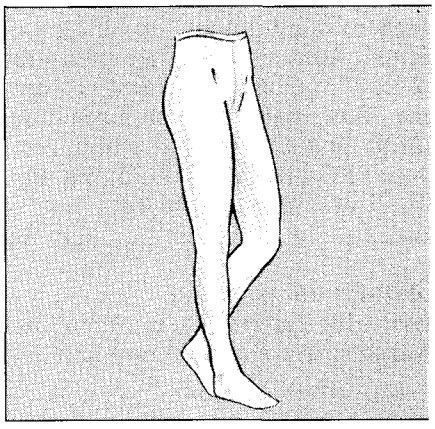
The boys are sure to double your fun because these cards come as a convenient double deck! Long-lasting plastic-coated cards feature big easy-to-read numbers. Only $7.95 (set of 2) plus $1.45 p&h; two (sets of 2) $15.50 plus $1.85 p&h. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPF-1188, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48764.

Riffi Massage from West Germany



Mitts and straps of high-quality sisal fiber. Manufacturer states: "Riffi Massage strengthens the circulation and activates the supply of blood." No. 110 neck and face brush, $9.95. No. 120 massage mitt, $14.50. No. 130 back and shoulder strap, $18.95. Add $1.50 s&h. Graham Bell Industries, P.O. Box 9339, Bria, CA 92622.

Cotton pantyhose



Eighty percent soft cotton for greater comfort year round. Special knit gives fashionable look. Choose versatile beige or black. One size fits up to 5'9" and 155 lbs. $8.90/pr. or 2 for only $19.70. Postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wittmann Textiles Dept. 132, Hobe Sound, FL 33475.

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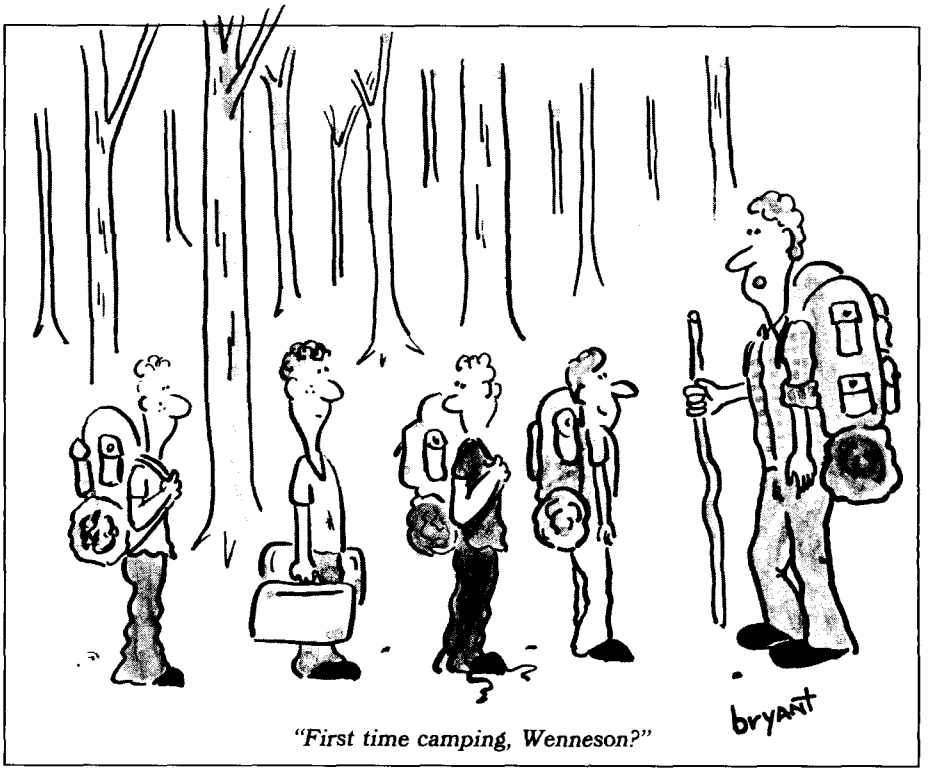

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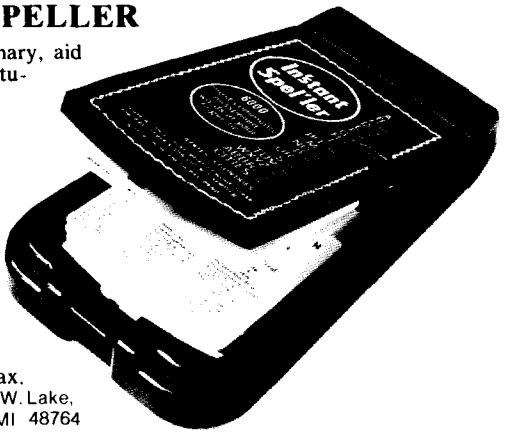

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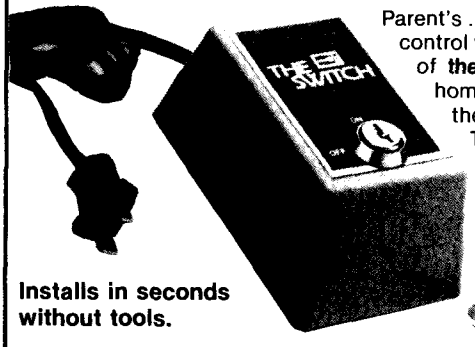

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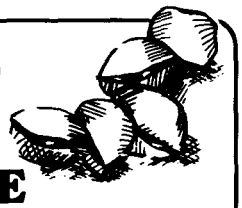

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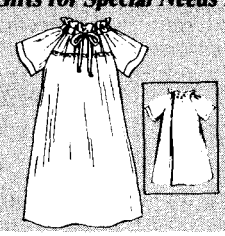

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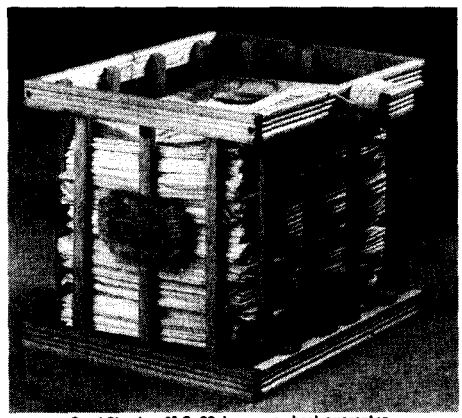

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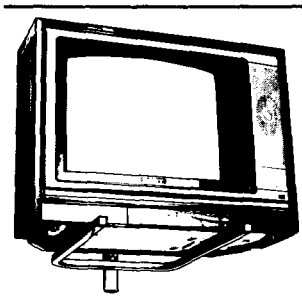

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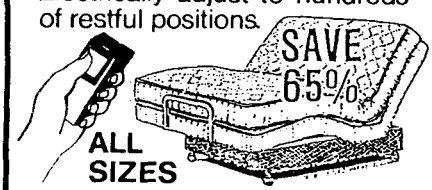

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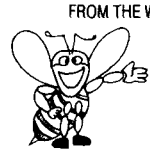

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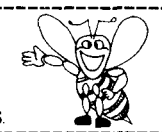

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45 Original Hit Recordings by the Great Stars of That Golden Era

On Records, Tapes & Compact Discs

STAR DUST/Artie Shaw • **MOONLIGHT COCKTAIL**/Glenn Miller w/Ray Eberle & The Modernaires • **PAPER DOLL**/The Mills Brothers • **I DON'T WANT TO WALK WITHOUT YOU**/Harry James w/Helen Forrest • **ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET**/Tommy Dorsey • **I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU**/Bing Crosby w/Carmen Cavallaro • **I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME**/The Andrews Sisters • **TOGETHER**/Helen Forrest & Dick Haymes • **ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL**/Frank Sinatra w/Harry James • **RUMORS ARE FLYING**/Frankie Carle w/Marjorie Hughes • **IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T (MA' BABY)**/Bing Crosby & The Andrews Sisters • **THERE GOES THAT SONG AGAIN**/Russ Morgan • **SHOO FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY**/Dinah Shore • **WHO WOULDN'T LOVE YOU**/Kay Kyser w/Trudy & Harry Babbitt • **JERSEY BOUNCE**/Benny Goodman • **YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU**/Harry James • **CANDY**/Johnny Mercer, Jo Stafford, & The Pied Pipers • **STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT**/Nat "King" Cole • **AMOR**/Andy Russell • **ON THE ATCHESON, TOPEKA AND THE SANTA FE**/Johnny Mercer • **TILL THEN**/The Mills Brothers • **WE THREE (MY ECHO, MY SHADOW, AND ME)**/The Ink Spots • **MY HEART TELLS ME**/Glen Gray & The Casa Loma Orchestra • **DREAM**/The Pied Pipers • **LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY**/Helen Forrest & Dick Haymes • **AMAPOLA**/Jimmy Dorsey w/Bob Eberly & Helen O'Connell • **DOLORES**/Tommy Dorsey w/Frank Sinatra & The Pied Pipers • **FRENESI**/Artie Shaw • **TWILIGHT TIME**/The Three Suns • **I HEAR A RHAPSODY**/Charlie Barnett w/Bob Carroll • **A STRING OF PEARLS**/Glenn Miller • **GOD BLESS AMERICA**/Kate Smith • **IF I LOVED YOU**/Perry Como • **SYMPHONY**/Freddy Martin w/Clyde Rogers • **TANGERINE**/Jimmy Dorsey w/Bob Eberly & Helen O'Connell • **SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS**/Bing Crosby • **BLUES IN THE NIGHT**/Woody Herman • **I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS**/Bing Crosby • **COCKTAILS FOR TWO**/Spike Jones • **RACING WITH THE MOON**/Vaughn Monroe • **I DREAM OF YOU**/Tommy Dorsey w/Freddy Stewart • **I HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM**/Harry James • **ONE DOZEN ROSES**/Dick Jergens w/Buddy Moreno • **BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS**/Tony Pastor w/Ruth McCollough • **(I'VE GOT A GAL IN) KALAMAZOO**/Glenn Miller w/Marion Hutton & The Modernaires

It was one of the greatest moments in our history . . . a time of celebration and joy . . . of family reunions and love ever after. And it was the golden age of America's popular music . . . the Hit Parade . . . the bobby soxers . . . and all the great men of our Armed Forces who came marching home to the sounds from America's bandstands . . . The Andrews Sisters promising that **I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME . . .** Glenn Miller's **I'VE GOT A GAL IN KALAMAZOO . . .** and the song on everyone's lips as the lights came on again, **TOGETHER** sung by Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest . . . the very special melodies and words that were a part of our lives and still are.

Every soldier, sailor and marine who endured the time of separation from loved ones will remember the thrill of that first homecoming embrace. It was a moment that will live forever in our hearts and in the music that helped keep the home fires burning . . . in such songs as **LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY** sung so beautifully by Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell . . . **ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL** by Harry James and Frank Sinatra . . . Kate Smith's immortal rendition of **GOD BLESS AMERICA . . .** Benny Goodman's famous **JERSEY BOUNCE . . . PAPER DOLL** and **TILL THEN** by The Mills Brothers . . . and the great Artie Shaw's unforgettable **STAR DUST.** Here are 45 original classics that will rekindle your warmest memories of that precious era when America's boys came home. It is a collection you will cherish and enjoy for years to come. Not available in any store.

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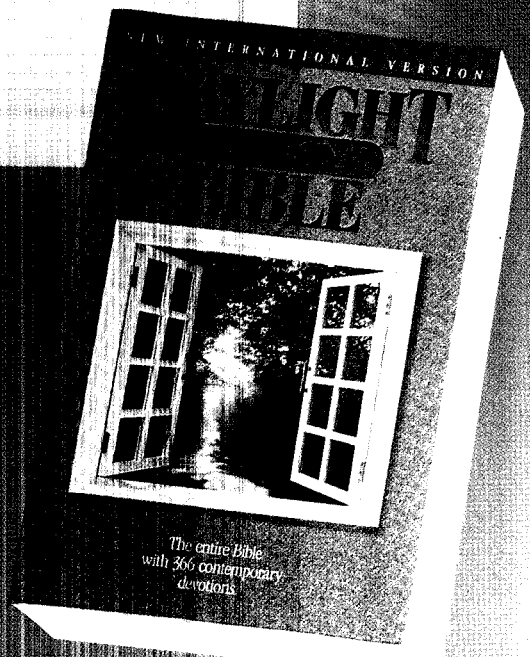
When you're looking for sunlight, open this.



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